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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR SPECIAL ISSUE

WHY MALCOLM FRASER'S IS BIGGER THAN YOURS

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW: NOBEL PRIZE WINNER GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ

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PLAYBILL

YOU CAN UNDERSTAND why Playmate of the Year, Amanda Dole, believes life can be a charming experience. The beautiful blonde has just taken delivery of the goodies which come with the title. Before Amanda graciously accepted her prizes, photographer **Bob Watson** captured our Playmate for the cover and your reward is his spectacular seven-page pictorial, styled by **Katrina Stead**.

When one of Victoria's most sophisticated commercial fishing boats sank in the Lakes Entrance channel with the loss of three lives, the disaster was just the first chapter in an ongoing tragedy. Freelancer **Phil Ackman** dredged deeply into the calamity and came up with a disturbing and macabre tale involving implications of bureaucratic bungling before and after the disaster. **Frants Kantor** crafted the illustration.

Have you ever wondered why a pioneer in medical research earns less money than a prostitute or why some guys can earn in five minutes what takes you a 40-hour week? Writer **Russell Deiley** shakes up the salary register to ruminate on work and its worth. The **Davis/Farrell** team supplied the artwork.

We confess at times to having a soft spot for good literature, and that just might have something to do with **Claudia Dreifus** securing an interview with Nobel Prize-winning novelist Gabriel Garcia Marquez.

Speaking of literature; **G.J. Murray**, who made his first PLAYBOY appearance in our January fiction supplement, appears again with a wacky domestic yarn about fascism in the home. **Miles Parnell** met the challenge with a captivating illustration. Back in the '60s and early '70s, students were just about the most demonstrative bunch of individuals ever to pass through the portals of our great institutes of learning. They were tagged the conscience of a generation, and a bunch of bloody ratbags, depending on who you listened to. They were anti almost everything establishment and, relevant or not, they made life pretty interesting. In Revolution —Not Now, We're Busy, regular feature writer **P.D. Jack** reports all quiet on today's campus front. As he suggests, they've not got the time for the revolution. The art is by **Chris Payne.**

Cocaine — that deplorably popular and lucrative Californian leisure industry — comes under the microscopic gaze of **Asa Baber** as he hangs out with that State's biggest dealers to file Behind Hollywood's Mirrors.

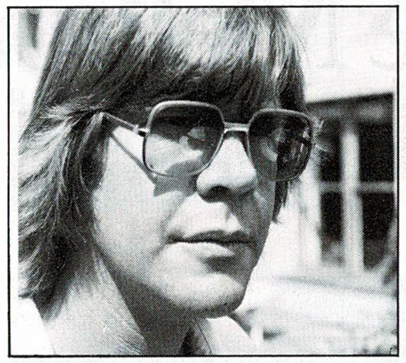
It's exotic, colorful, alternative and, what's more, it just might offer The Answer. These days it's not just a matter of naming your religion. . .you get a whole host of options thrown in. In PLAYBOY's Guide To The New Religions, theologist **Greg Tillett** runs his eye over the field. **Philip Quirk's** cameras produced the visuals.

April is a great month to get into the body. You know, fitness, exercise, physical and feeling good. To bound into our Body Shop bonus, editor **Phil Jarratt** completes the final leg of his Honolulu Marathon saga: the race itself. Arthur Jones, the amazing inventor of the Nautilus exercise machine and admirer of young, fit females and other exotic pursuits, is the subject of a 20 Questions segment. What's the word in sports fashion? Photographer **Rico Mettbach** and models show how to score a knockout in and out of the ring.

Alison Owens is a fiction writer with a difference. Her idea of the complete fantasy trip involves baring more than her soul as she settles down over the typewriter to dash off her creative prose. Photographer **Brent Melton** snapped the shots while Alison was preparing a piece of fiction called Broken Record.

Ace Australian detective writer **Peter Corris** places his hero Cliff Hardy on the trail to Santa Cruz to retrieve a victim of radical politics. It's a deadly and dirty pursuit as Hardy learns just how much is at stake. Latest Cliff Hardy book *The Empty Beach* (Allen and Unwin) is due any day along with a 30-part ABC radio serial. Speaking of trips, **John Bryson** shops around the Taiwan "pirate" markets in the travel section.

The April Playmate of the Month is gorgeous Melinda Mays, shot by **Arny Freytag.**



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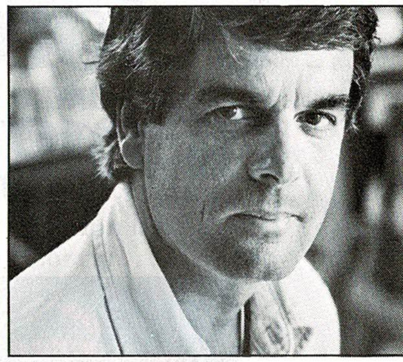

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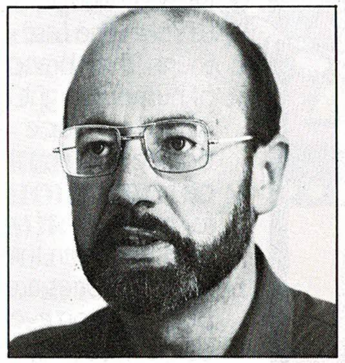

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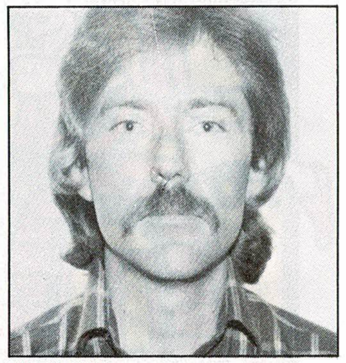

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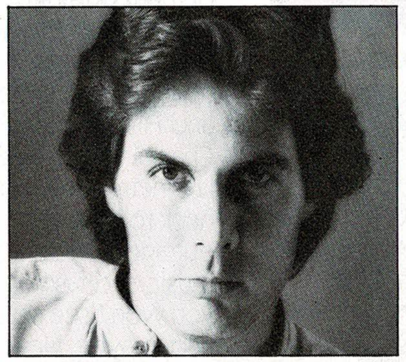
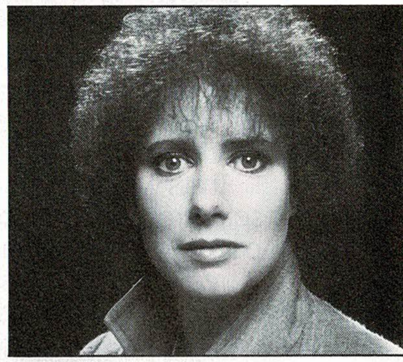
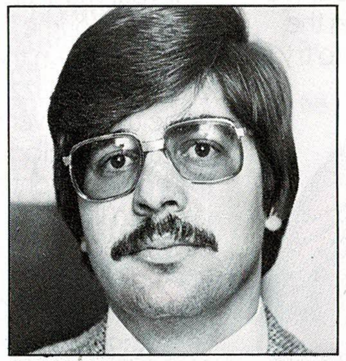


WATSON



DREIFUS



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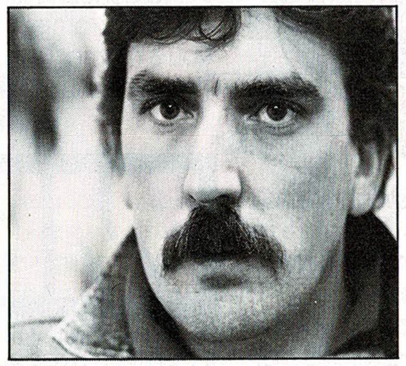
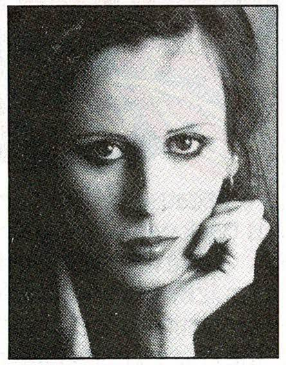


PAYNE



STEAD

You'll run out of nights before Melbourne runs out of nightlife.

"In no other place does immorality stalk abroad so unblushingly." – Sydney Morning Herald, Nov. 4, 1852.

That's what Grannie Herald spluttered over her starched collar, back in the days when Melbourne roared to the Gold Rush. One hundred and thirty years later we don't say you'll find you're being followed by fallen women, but we can promise you a hot time in the old town any night you care to try us.

Disco

Because Melbourne's nightlife is back with a bang.

Just a revolver shot from where Squizzy Taylor died of acute ventilation there's the comedy belt, the cafes and theatre restaurants that are like no others... The Flying Trapeze, the Comedy Cafe, the Banana Lounge, Le Joke, The Last Laugh. Their brand of humour might make Bob Hope boggle, but you'll be howling for more.

In between these laugh factories are pubs, one on every corner it seems, and all of them pulsing.

Melbourne rocks to more than 500 bands. And we're not talking about Victor Aspidistra and His Tea Time Five. Down Chapel Street, where three kilometres of shops break a neck to beat each other in the outrageousness stakes, there's a music and fashion underworld you won't see outside London and, maybe, New York.

If your musical taste runs to jazz, Melbourne's talkin' to ya! This is the town that put Australia on the world jazz map. Trad jazz came up the river from New Orleans to Melbourne and it's the home of contemporary jazzmen like Tony Gould, Brian Brown and Keith Hounslow.

And of course it's the home of the Arts Centre. Hear Roger Woodward in the Concert Hall and we promise you a memory to treasure.

Afterwards, for a change of pace, stroll from the Arts Centre along the Yarra. Head for the restored three-masted barque, Polly Woodside, cross the river and you're in disco land. Getting in is relatively easy; getting out is the hard part. When you do, we suggest you take a walk on the Via Veneto. (On the map it's called Lygon Street.)

At two in the morning it jumps. Lygon Street boasts 150 restaurants and at any hour of the day or night the air is thick with broken English and flying pizza dough.

Of course Melbourne's reputation for restaurants, theatre and entertainment should be no surprise, unless you've never enjoyed a visit.

Come and see Melbourne.

MELBOURNE TOURISM

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MT 193

MELBOURNE

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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
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APRIL 1983

Cover: Amanda Dole
Photo: Bob Watson

DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
SEX 14
TRAVEL 18
MOVIES 22
MUSIC 24
BOOKS 30
BOOZE 32

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Nobel Prize-winning Colombian novelist Gabriel Garcia Marquez talks about fame, his pursuit of love, and his Leftist connections 35

WHY MALCOLM FRASER'S IS BIGGER THAN YOURS
Russell Deiley discovers who makes the highest wages, and why 38

THE DEATH OF THE SHARK
Three men died when the *Shark* sank off Victoria. Phil Ackman unearths disturbing facts underlying the tragedy 42

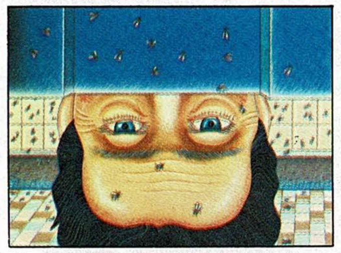
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Electric young actress and model Amanda Dole celebrates. Photography by Bob Watson 47

PLAYMATE PRIZES
Playmate of the Year is hardly just a titular role. It means toys galore for Amanda 54

REVOLUTION — NOT NOW, WE'RE BUSY
So P.D. Jack learned on his return to the classroom 56

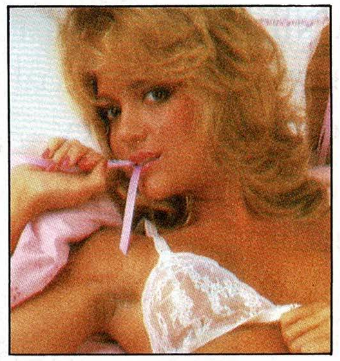
HARD CELL



A wacky domestic tale about the perils of fascism. Fiction by G.J. Murray 60

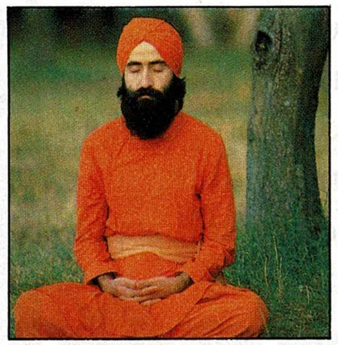
BEHIND HOLLYWOOD'S MIRRORS
Asa Baber gets tight with LA's biggest coke dealers 64

MELINDA



Playmate of the Month, Melinda Mays, photographed by Arny Freytag 68

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE NEW RELIGIONS



Greg Tillett offers a primer on what the latest cults are all about, with photos by Philip Quirk 82

PAPERBACK WRITER
Alison Owens bares more than her soul in this revealing glimpse of a writer at work 89

DEAD-END DREAMS
Investigator Cliff Hardy follows this trail to seedy Santa Cruz. Fiction by Peter Corris 96

LIMPING HOME
To kick off our April *Body Shop* section (page 99), Editor Phil Jarratt flirted with death at the Honolulu Marathon 100

20 QUESTIONS
Warren Kalbacker talks with man's man Arthur Jones, inventor of the Nautilus exercise machine 104

LOCKER-ROOM KNOCKOUTS

Sports fashion and gear, photographed by Rico Mettbach with PLAYBOY models .. 107

VERY PERSONAL COMPUTERS
Seth Gregory demonstrates the seduction of taking a computer home with you 116

WORLD OF PLAYBOY
A zoologist who can practically charm a snake out of its foreskin 130

CHARCOAL MELLOWING
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CAPACITY

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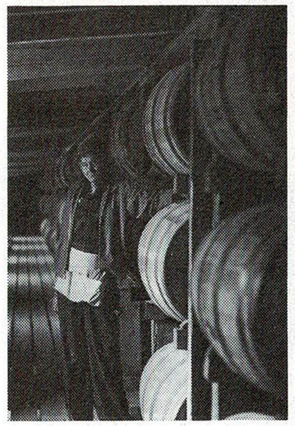
AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we fill vats like these with hard maple charcoal to help make the world's smoothest whiskey.



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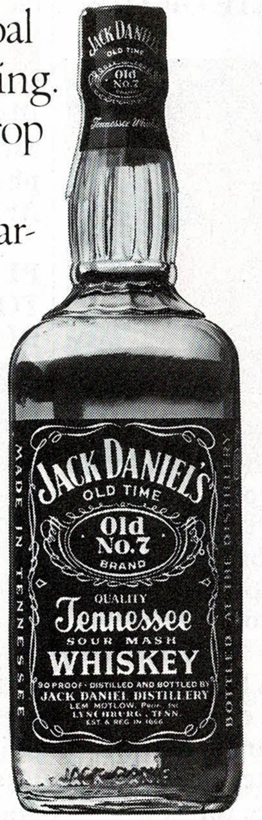
For over 110 years, we've done something special to our whiskey. We "charcoal mellow" it before aging. That means every drop must filter through a vat of hard maple charcoal ten feet deep—a process that takes many days. But the results are worth it: a flavor smooth enough to win six gold medals in whiskey competitions all over the world. Once you try Jack Daniel's, we believe you'll appreciate why we charcoal mellow every drop.



London 1914
Liége 1905
St. Louis World's Fair 1904
Amsterdam 1981
Ghent 1913
Star of Excellence Brussels 1954

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AUSTRALIAN

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Computer (page 117) courtesy of Computerland, Burwood, NSW; Paperback Writer pictorial: clothes by Gamebirds, Sydney.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

IN THE SWIM AT NOOSA

I loved your PLAYBOY pictorial on The Girls of Noosa in your December issue.

I am a regular nudist at the popular nude beaches of Granite Bay and Alexandra Bay in the Noosa National Park. That is where I do my swimming training and I currently hold the world floating record of five hours, the Australian continuous swimming record of 30 hours 24 minutes, and the Australian treading water record at 17 hours and 30 minutes.

I would love to see any of your beautiful Girls of Noosa at Noosa's nude beaches while I am training!

Les Stewart,
Mudjimba, Qld.

NOOSA'S NICER

Well, what a lovely surprise it was to open the December issue of your magazine and see such a good pictorial as The Girls of Noosa.

I really do hope, though, to see a lot more of the stunning Natalie Wilson in PLAYBOY. She's a knockout — maybe she'll appear as a centrefold?

"Happy Reader",
Queensland.

The Girls of Noosa? Big deal! Apart from Natalie and Simone, I wouldn't know them from a bar of soap and I'm a third generation born and bred Noosa local and a great admirer of the females in this town.

What happened to Tammy Van Lutphen, who has appeared in our local papers and on the cover of *Post*? I consider her to be more "local" than those girls that appeared in your PLAYBOY spread.

Also, congratulations to Richard Fegley on his superb photography of Marianne Gravatte. Such a perfect body, and using light to add a sheen to her golden tresses and lean hips helped produce the perfect portrait of her. She can look me up for a quiet local tour of Noosa any time.

Lo Diener,
Noosaville, Qld.

MUSCLE MACHINE

My compliments to your motoring writer Rob Luck on his Muscle Machine as featured in your December issue.

Many beauties from your magazine have been included in my dreams, but this beauty is my latest inclusion. It's my dream machine from the desert duellers right up to the Targa roof conversion. I guess I can describe it in two words — simply awesome!

Hey Rob. . . race ya around Hyde Park for it!

D. Greenberg,
St. Lucia, Qld.

IN LOVE WITH LONNY

My eyes just about popped out of my head when I saw the absolutely delicious Lonny Chin in the February issue of PLAYBOY. I'm in love! She's a DOLL — far and away the most gorgeous creature I've yet seen in your pages (and that sure is saying something). Have you got any more photos of Lonny that you could put into the Dear Playboy page? Please!

L.P. Arthur,
Blackheath, NSW.

How could we possibly refuse such an earnest request? Here's the luscious Lonny — Ed.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO. . .?

I think your articles on the rock music scene are very well written. In a future issue, could you please do something on what ever happened to the various members of the 1960s Australian bands? Groups like the Twilights, Masters Apprentices, Iguana, Max Merritt and the Meteors and many more.

I'm sure that a lot of your readers, particularly those between 25 and 35, would have got great enjoyment from these bands in their younger days.

Mick Cooper,
Athol Park, SA.

APPLE OF HIS EYE

I have lived in Tasmania all my life and I can't ever remember seeing a local lass as lovely as Denise Robinson who was featured in your February issue as the Playmate of the Month.

Maybe there are other beautiful Tasmanian girls who are hiding someplace and you could persuade them to display their attributes in PLAYBOY? It's a real turn-on to see someone who could be "the girl next door" in the centrefold.

P.L.J.,
Hobart, Tas.

TORCH MAN

In regard to your article Torch Man by Frank Robson (October), don't you think it may be possible that John Stuart *did* actually fire-bomb the Whiskey-Au-Go-Go? Can't you see that the verdict reached by the jury could possibly have been the correct one?

Instead of castigating Dan Stuart, why not show a little compassion for him? He must have gone through a private hell when he had to decide whether or not to make known the information regarding his brother/playmate. Surely he would have known that, if accepted by the jury, it would have meant a life sentence. Surely the brotherly love for his protector would have been a great mental burden as he tried to decide between the right thing to do for society and the right thing to do for his brother, even though that brother had committed a serious crime against society.

I believe that Dan accepted his role as a responsible citizen and did the right thing and did not follow the life of crime that John Stuart followed.

Before condemning him, don't you think it would have been only fair to allow Dan to express his side of the affair in the article by Frank Robson, instead of kicking him while he had no chance of explaining?

Name and address withheld.

GOANNA'S PISS

In reference to the letter from Mr Webber in Forum (December), I think he is just trying to say that he enjoyed the article but would have liked to see more emphasis placed on the emotional aspects of mating. The rest of his letter isn't worth a cupful of goanna's piss!

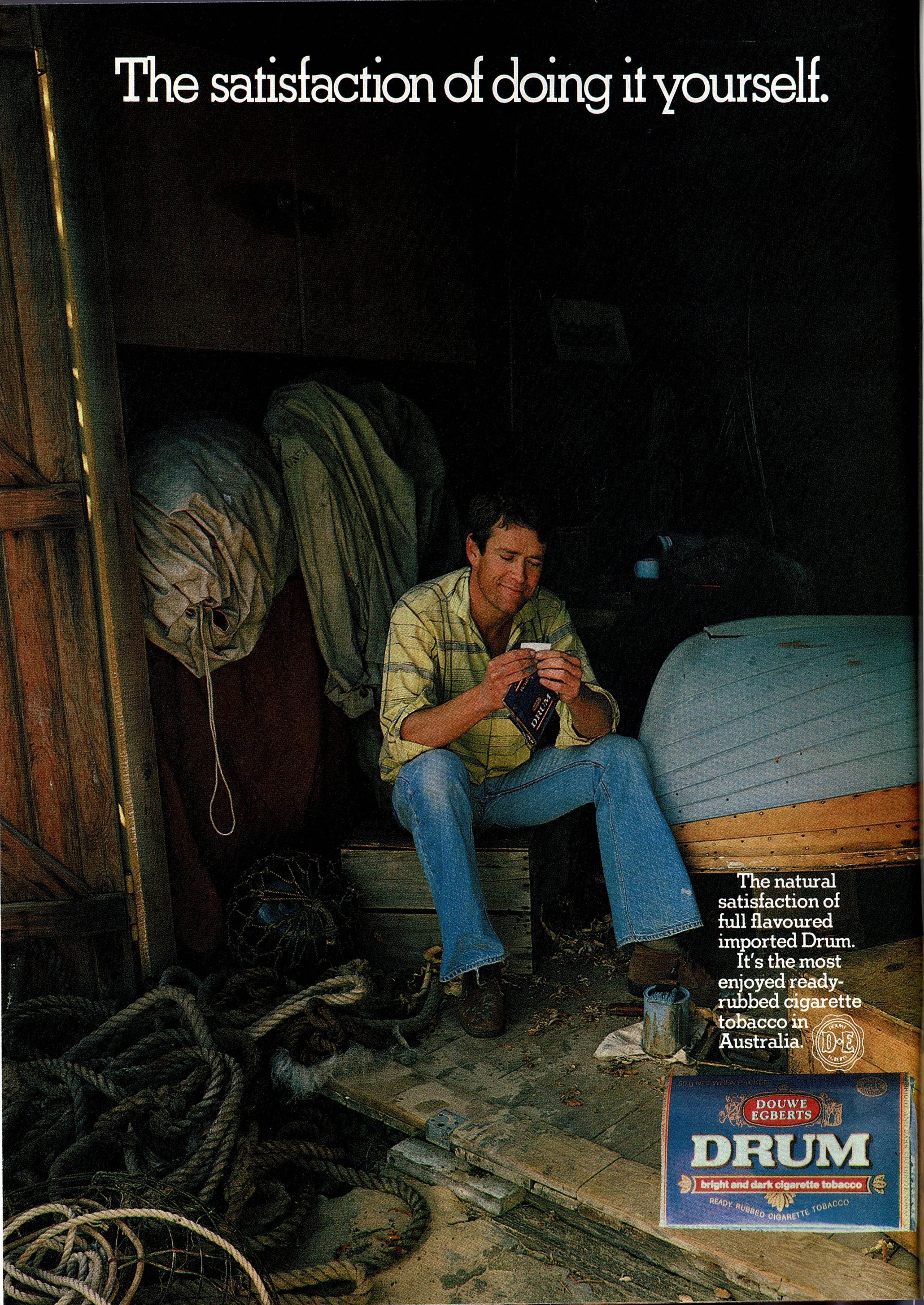
Paul Henley,
Mt. Isa, Qld.

IT'S A DOLE

I would be extremely grateful if you could tell me who belongs to the delectable body introducing your article on red wine in the August issue. Better still, please show me the rest of the body!

G. Marshall,
Southport, Qld.

Amanda Dole and that delectable body belong together. Turn to page 47 for further glimpses of this amazing combination — Ed.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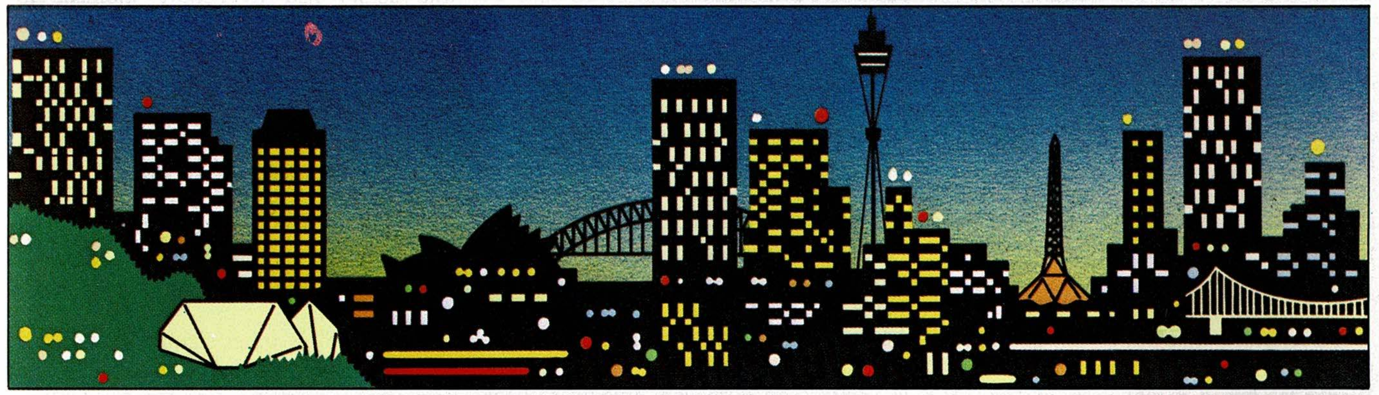
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SKIN DEEP

When it comes to pleasuring a woman Asian style,there is nothing new under the skin. While the Sumatrans have long inserted pebbles under the penile skin, a Sydney doctor who has examined kilometres of Asian merchant naval cock is no longer surprised to what lengths of gimmickry the lads from the near north will go to add to the joy of sex.

Still, as he relates in a recent edition of the *AMA Gazette,* his first experience of a loaded joy stick came as something of a shock. . .

"Work among seamen not infrequently involves examination of the penis — they come in all colors. Long ago, when about to take a swab for a discharge, I was taken aback to discover that the organ was surrounded by a ring of near-spherical excrescences under the skin. Palpating with a gloved hand, I found they were hard. My reading of text books, tropical or venereal, had never covered this bizarre condition. The patient seemed indifferent to my aroused interest. Questions through the interpreter led to the reply that they were lead shot under the skin.

" ' How did they get there?'

" 'He had them put in.'

" 'Why?'

"Her stacatto questions seemed to be getting rather sheepish replies. I knew her face well enough to know there was a smile behind the oriental passivity.

" 'He says it is because he thinks the girls like it; he thinks it gives them a thrill.'

"Since then, I have seen scores of such modified organs and have ceased to remark on them. Today there was a variation. A young male graduate was interpreting.

" 'This man has had small glass balls put in his foreskin and it has become infected.'

" 'How long ago did he have them put in?'

" 'About two weeks.'

" 'Where were they put in?'

" 'On the ship.'

"There had been no doctor or medic aboard and the mind boggled at picturing the procedure being carried out."

The doctor subsequently discovered that there was a lot more to the swollen prepuce than mere crystal balls which had been inserted without anaesthetic. The lesion was alive with all manner of nasties which would have brought little joy to the girls.

MACHO MOTIONS

Is quiche a genuine laxative? Maybe not, but the maxi-macho sport of arm wrestling can have alarming effects on the normal bodily functions, as proven by one NSW country grappler. Emboldened by the intake of a few beers, he tackled the arm-wrestling machine installed as the star attraction in the local pub.

This brutish combination of steel and rubber had already scored its share of arm injuries and bruised egos but it was about to claim its most notorious conquest. As this particular combatant's determination bordered on the brink of busting a gut, he audibly and quite spectacularly shit his pants. Regular drinkers at the pub say he hasn't been back for a re-match.

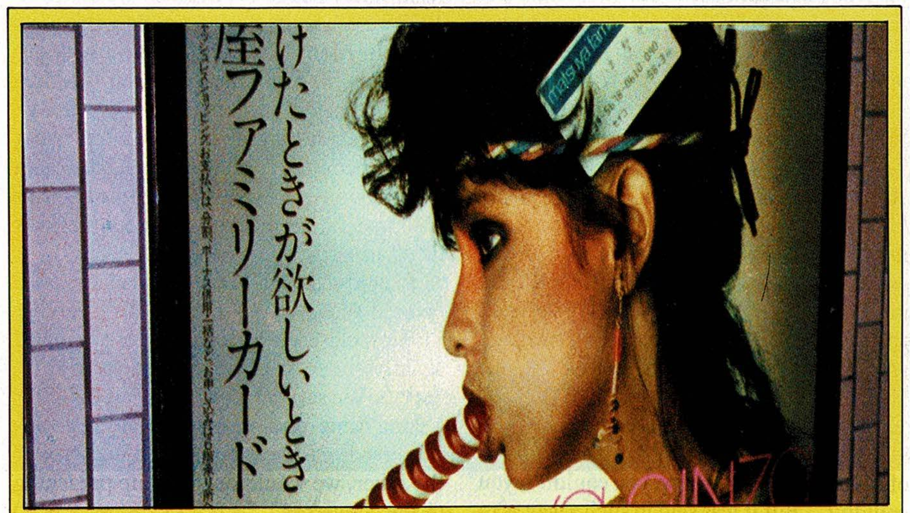
AROUND THE WORLD

A recent scan of publications around the world revealed the following embarrassments: *The Anchorage Daily News* ran the headline, "MARIJUANA FINE DROPPED TO $100 BY JOINT PANEL"; *The Denver Post* published a story headed, "AID TO STUDENTS SLOW IN COMING" (we think that's taking welfare a bit *too* far); *The Los Angeles Times* listed a movie all about sex and hygiene in their TV pages "IRMA LA DOUCHE". *The Birmingham Post-Herald* scores two raspberries for amending earlier published information under a section headed, "CORRECTIOONS AND CLARIFICATIONS".

NYAH, NYAH, NYAH, NYAH

Are you a spurned lover, an angry spouse or just an average guy who can't stand his relatives? If you lived in Massachusetts, USA, you could do something about it. We're waiting for some enterprising local firm to take up the challenge. The American outfit, The Bitter Bouquet, specialises in sending out the very worst to people you like the very least.

"We try to come up with the things people send on good occasions and then find


けたときが欲しいとき
屋ファミリーカード

This colorful Matsuya "family card" billboard is prominently displayed in subway stations and other conspicuous Tokyo locations. We've yet to decipher an exact translation but we presume that this large department store chain offers credit services especially geared for suckers. Thank you, David Hill, for bringing this new piece of plastic power to our attention. We're offering 12-month subscriptions to Australian PLAYBOY *for readers who can come up with pix and snappy captions for the After Hours page. Send your contributions to: PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010.*

something else," says spokeswoman Paula Keefe. "Instead of sending someone a basket of fruit, we send lemons."

So far, happy customers have sent squashed chocolates to their mums on Mother's Day, deflated balloons to hated people on their birthdays and bouquets of dead flowers to those really special someones.

Other offerings in the range include sour grapes, half-empty bottles of flat champagne and packets of laxatives.

NEVER ON SUNDAY?

We've heard that things can be double the fun in the twin cities of Albury-Wodonga, but a recent scan of the TV Guide in the *Twin Cities Post* confirmed our suspicions. Tune in to Channel One at 6pm on Fridays and you'll be treated to *Cuntdown Sunday*. Now, not only do they get a bit confused down there about days of the week, but they obviously aren't too sure about poor old Molly, either.

CHECKING IN

For a man who describes himself as a storyteller, 31-year-old script-writer ***Terry Hayes*** *deals almost exclusively in hot items. To leap from the automated mania of the* Mad Max 2 *script to a television mini-series treatment of the Whitlam sacking, is just about the complete pan-to-fire act.*

Hayes is relatively new to the script-writing game, but can cite a hard apprenticeship in metropolitan journalism and radio production as a perfect grounding for the imaginative yet disciplined world of movies.

His association with the constitutional crisis of 1975 started when, as a general reporter for the Sydney Morning Herald, *he secured the first interview with Margaret Whitlam following Gough's sacking. Seven years down the track and with the research, writing and televising of* The Dismissal, *he has become somewhat an expert on that big bun fight back in November, 1975.*

PLAYBOY: What was the starting point for *The Dismissal?*

HAYES: During the editing stage of *Mad Max 2,* we were idly discussing what we might do next. Byron Kennedy, the executive producer, said it would be a good idea to do a quality television mini-series. I gave it some thought and said, "If we had any guts we'd do the dismissal of the Whitlam government."

PLAYBOY: What was the reaction?

HAYES: Byron and George Miller (director of *Mad Max 2*) said, "Aw, you couldn't, you couldn't." But it was said in such a way as to mean "why not?" and that's where it started.

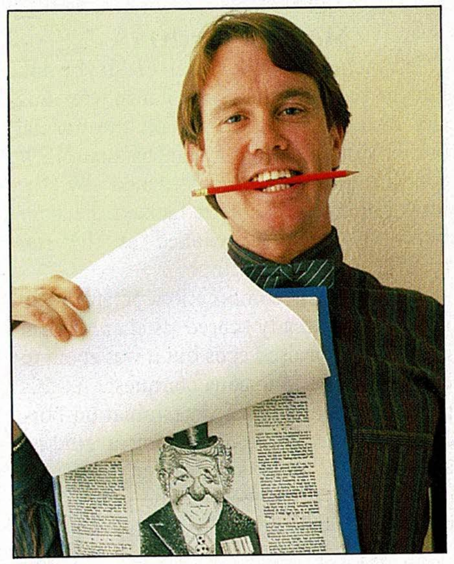
PLAYBOY: As it is such recent history, and the subject of such emotional opinion, other people might have been frightened off by the project. Why weren't you?

HAYES: Well, history presented us with a great story and it would have been a pity to let the passage of time cloud its impact. Of course, there were elements of the story which horrified us.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

HAYES: It's a story about people, most of whom are still alive. Some still hold the most important positions in the country. All of them have been willing to sue in the past and I assume would be just as willing to do so in the future. People have likened it to *All The President's Men.* I'm not so pretentious as to make comparisons with that fabulous movie, but the point is that the one outstanding advantage the makers of that movie had, was that they were not bound by the same defamation laws as we encounter in Australia.

PLAYBOY: The Bernstein-Woodward book was the basis of the movie, *All The President's Men.* You would have had to furnish your own research. How difficult was this without the assistance of the principal characters?



HAYES: We had a very committed research team. They had to be, because the events of 1975 were heavily documented by the press and television. However, it would not have been possible to make the series if Whitlam and Kerr hadn't written their own books. Their accounts were not merely important for their content, but what was left *out;* and how they differed. We had to come to terms with that, and it meant looking for the most likely thing to occur.

PLAYBOY: Almost every Australian has a favored theory on the events of November 11. How closely did your team have to guard against biases or pre-conceived ideas?

HAYES: We sat down and talked about it for a long time and resolved that if it was perceived to have been biased one way or the other, we would only end up preaching to the converted.

PLAYBOY: That must have been hard because artists, writers and film people have traditionally been viewed as Labor supporters.

HAYES: This comes down to conviction. Take John Meillon, who played Sir John Kerr — he had to genuinely believe that Kerr was going to try to save the country by faction. The Fraser part meant believing Gough Whitlam was the worst thing to happen to this country. To play the parts, the actors had to believe moment to moment in the actions of the characters. To achieve this, we got people like Tony Staley, Malcolm Fraser's great mate, to talk to John Stanton, who plays Fraser, and convince him what a good bloke Malcolm Fraser is, and what he was going through at the time, in order to instill that conviction. The process was like listening to two sides of a great argument — both very convincing. That's exactly what happened in Australia in 1975.

PLAYBOY: What other significant help did you get from people associated with the principal characters?

HAYES: There are many people of no particular political persuasion who considered a great violence was done to Australia in November 1975. They were most keen to see that the story was treated accurately. There were also people like Graham Freudenberg (Whitlam's speechwriter) and Sir Billy Snedden who were of great help. As Speaker of the House, Sir Billy Snedden could have made things difficult for us, but he gave us every cooperation.

PLAYBOY: What would have been the worst possible reception the series could have received?

HAYES: If either the Liberal Party or Labor Party had loved it or hated it. That would have meant we'd fail. Now, if they *all* hated it, I'd be happy. Why I think some politicians will have hated it is because so many of them are vain. One rang me up to ask why we hadn't spoken to him and I said, "Well, you're not in it." He said, "What do you mean? I was involved with this and that and I'm going to do everything to make sure I retain my role in history."

By the same token, I don't think I'd want a program made about me. I'd be looking at the part and wondering, "Am I really like that?" or, "Was I that much of a prick?"

PLAYBOY: Do you respect politicians?

HAYES: I think since my early journalism days I've always had a healthy cynicism about them. I don't hero-worship them.

PLAYBOY: Did any Labor-ites have misgivings about the series being shown by Rupert Murdoch's Ten Network?

HAYES: Bill Hayden was worried. The Labor people still have bad memories of the way some media groups covered the events of '74 and '75. Actually, one of the rumors as to why the series didn't go to air earlier was that the Ten people were putting the scissors through parts of it. But I can assure everybody that it wasn't touched.

PLAYBOY: What did *The Dismissal* reveal for you?

HAYES: Many things, notably that Whitlam, as a lawyer, read the constitutional drift according to the book. Fraser read the situation according to how people would act.

— NEIL JAMESON

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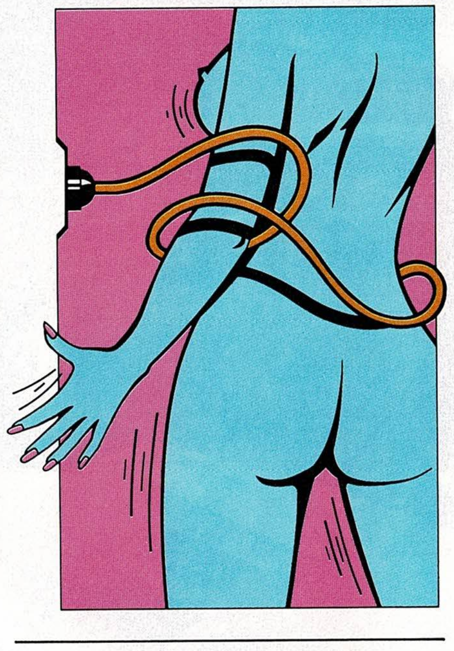
SEX

Having finally accepted the hint that my normal physical capabilities do have their limits, I'm willing to explore the value of vibrators. From descriptions and illustrations in pamphlets and magazines, there seems to be a wide and varied array of vibrators, some having general functions and others for more specific use. Some appear to be designed for vaginal insertion but I understand there are others for the purpose of clitoral stimulation or massaging other parts of the body. Another mystery is that there are vibrators suitable for male and female use, but I'm not certain what they look like or how they are used. It's obvious I need a little professional advice before I blow my dough on a bit of gadgetry that may offer dubious assistance.

It's nice to find a man who recognises that the vibrator can be man's best friend, rather than a threat to the ego or competition for the attention of his lady love. Vibrators are designed to take the labor out of lovemaking. They provide an easy route to orgasm for many women, even women who have never climaxed before. For women who require lengthy periods of foreplay, they can provide quicker, easier arousal. Let's face it, there are always times when you feel like a quickie, even though you know you have a train to catch or the children are due home from football. It's usually easy for a man to climax in these circumstances and why should she miss out?

I know it's easy to become confused when confronted by the vast array of vibrating gadgets now available. Most vibrators sold through sex shops are still the phallic-shaped, battery-operated models designed primarily for vaginal stimulation. This is fine, provided this is what the woman really wants. There are women who masturbate using vaginal stimulation and some of the latex rubber or even hard plastic battery-operated models work well for this purpose. Most women are not interested in the enormous larger-than-life models, they prefer something nearer to what they're used to.

However, most women masturbate without inserting anything in the vagina. They prefer clitoral stimulation, and although the phallic-shaped models can be used for this, they are not ideal. The electric vibrators such as the Pifco or the Foreplay to Love tend to be better suited for this purpose. The Pifco has a soft sponge rubber attachment ideal for clitoral stimulation; the Foreplay to Love comes with a range of attachments designed for clitoral and vaginal stimulation. The Pifco body massager is manufactured by Breville and is available through many department stores (approx. retail price $57.00). The Foreplay to Love is often difficult to obtain but may be purchased through select mail order companies such as Private Collection (write to PO Box 118, Woollahra, 2025 for a free catalogue).



vibrators — tremulous tools to raise the thrill factor

Unfortunately, most vibrators manufactured for males don't appear to work very well. When I was editing *Forum* magazine, we once conducted a consumers' guide. Not one vibrator tested by our long-suffering panelists managed to induce orgasm. We don't think our panelists were particularly over-exposed or immune to normal sexual stimulation, but it may be that some of the devices do work well for *some* men. The Foreplay to Love does have a cup-shaped attachment for stimulating the head of the penis. Some males report this gives them a terrific buzz, others hate it.

THE G SPOT

The latest revelation from the world of sex research is the G Spot, and the discovery of this new female erogenous zone has really set the cat among the pigeons.

The Grafenberg or G Spot is a small sensitive area inside the vagina which, for some women, may trigger vaginal orgasm. It is located on the front wall of the vagina, about half-way between the back of the pubic bone and the front of the cervix. Imagine the vagina as a small clock with 12 o'clock pointing towards the navel; the majority of women will find the area between 11 and one o'clock. Confusing? Yes. . .read on.

The Grafenberg Spot was first noticed in the early 1940s by German gynaecologist, Ernst Grafenberg. Grafenberg noticed that stroking the middle of the upper wall of the vagina produced an intense orgasmic response. However, no one took much notice of Grafenberg's discovery and when Kinsey came along in the early 1950s and announced the clitoris was the centre of female sexual arousal, the G Spot was relegated to obscurity. The potential of the G Spot evaded Kinsey's scientific investigation because he explored the vagina by poking around gently with a small probe. In fact, the G Spot is only sensitive to a firm stroking action — it is quite unmoved by a gentle tickle.

In the 1960s, Masters and Johnson confused things still further by conducting their research using only women who responded to clitoral, not vaginal stimulation. This selection partly accounts for their conclusion that there is only one type of orgasm, involving direct or indirect stimulation of the clitoris.

So, until recently, clitoral orgasm reigned supreme but there are women who have not welcomed this wave of clitoromania. Those females have really liked vaginal stimulation or intercourse using rear entry positions where the clitoris is far removed from the action. But, lest they were regarded as old-fashioned freaks, those vaginally-responsive women have kept quiet.

But now we've come full circle. The publication last year of *The G Spot*, a book which topped the US best-sellers list for months on end, has changed the emphasis. This work promotes the G Spot as the key to vaginal orgasm. Written by two psychologists, Alice Kahn Ladas and John Perry, and a nurse, Beverly Whipple, it contains some fascinating material, some of it highly controversial. I'll try here to sort out some of the G Spot facts from the more far-fetched fantasies.

•

How common is the G Spot? Ladas, Perry and Whipple examined 400 women and claimed to find the G Spot in every one of them. It now seems they may have been a little carried away by their own enthusiasm, as the G Spot does not appear to be universal. Sydney therapists are finding about half the women they examine seem to have a G Spot. But there's a catch. You can't see the G Spot. The only way you can tell if you have hit the Spot is when the woman being examined reports a change in sensation. So someone — a doctor, lover or a husband — has to feel around the vagina, applying firm upwards strokes until the woman gives the word.

The initial sensation produced by G Spot stimulation may not feel all that terrific. Usually, the woman experiences an initial urge to urinate plus other fairly uncomfortable sensations. Further stimulation should lead to arousal and orgasm.

Dr Derek Richardson, Sydney sex therapist and president of the Australian

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Association of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists (AASERT), has found that many women find such examination in the surgery to be an unpleasant experience. When they are encouraged to seek out the G Spot at home with their lovers, about half seem to find it. For some of these women, discovery of the G Spot has helped them reach orgasm in intercourse for the first time. As Dr Richardson points out, vaginal orgasm isn't the ultimate goal, but many women continue to think they are missing out on something if they have to rely on direct clitoral stimulation.

●

Why don't women discover it? There *is* the silent minority who have always responded to vaginal stimulation. Surveys show one to two-thirds of women seem to need direct clitoral stimulation to climax; the remainder can reach orgasm through penile thrusting alone. Some of these women use positions for intercourse where there is plenty of direct clitoral stimulation, such as where the male's pubic bone rubs against the clitoral area. But there are also women who have always known that they have a sensitive area on the top wall of their vagina.

The reason why this discovery has eluded other women may lie in the urge to urinate caused by G Spot stimulation. And this is where the plot really thickens. . .it is believed stimulation of the G Spot causes female ejaculation.

●

Can women ejaculate? Masters and Johnson claimed female ejaculation didn't exist. Ever since the publication of their research, the sex experts have told women that only *males* release fluid at orgasm. Women who reported orgasmic squirts of fluid were told they must be urinating. But, the authors of *The G Spot* claim that women *do* ejaculate. They believe stimulation of the G Spot causes the release of a fluid from the urethra (the urine pipe) which is chemically indentical to the male ejaculate (semen), minus the sperm. The response from hundreds of readers of the book has confirmed their beliefs:

After I was married a few months, at age 19, I had my first "terrible" experience of a liquid orgasm. I thought I was urinating when this happened, and years later I was still feeling I was some kind of a freak. I would and do get this full feeling and pressure, and I need to push, and during this a very hot liquid is discharged. I have been searching all these years to discover anything like what I experience, with no luck. But now I am very light-hearted to think I may be quite normal, and maybe I can relax and enjoy my husband instead of holding back these intense feelings I have when I feel so full and delightful.

It makes sense to assume that some women stop themselves responding to G Spot stimulation out of sheer embarrassment. To quote Dr Richardson: "A number of my women patients in the age bracket 35-65 have told me that for years they have held back or not allowed themselves to experience orgasm because of fears of wetting the bed or shocking their partners. These women have been relieved to hear about the Grafenberg and its link with "female ejaculation" but saddened to realise how much they missed owing to these inhibitions."

A significant proportion of women do ejaculate fluid at orgasm. Whipple and Perry have produced a film showing liquid squirting four feet from the urethra at orgasm. Ejaculation seems to occur mainly though vaginal stimulation, particularly of the G Spot, but also through clitoral stimulation.

●

What is female ejaculation? Here the evidence isn't quite so clear. The sex researchers are arguing bitterly over whether or not the liquid released is urine or some other fluid similar to the male ejaculate. Many women seem convinced that it's not urine — it smells, tastes and looks different.

Some women do ejaculate fluid at orgasm. Whipple and Perry have produced a film showing liquid spurting four feet from the urethra.

Basically there has not been sufficient research using chemical analysis of the liquid released to prove the issue one way or the other. Some research suggests it probably will turn out to be urine, and in some ways it will be a pity if it turns out that this magical "female ejaculate" doesn't exist. The thought of peeing themselves may take the shine off the Grafenberg orgasm for many women *and* their partners.

●

Is the G Spot a female prostate? *The G Spot* authors are suggesting that the G Spot is the equivalent of the male prostate: erectile tissue containing a network of blood vessels plus glands and ducts which surround and empty into the urethra. There is not much argument about the idea that there is erectile tissue present — we know the G Spot swells on stimulation and anatomical evidence (in a recent book called *A New View of a Woman's Body*) confirms that the area does fill with blood during arousal in the same way as erection of the penis. We know very little as yet about the connection between stimulation of this area and the process whereby fluid is released from the urethra.

●

A different kind of orgasm? The G Spot researchers suggest that the orgasm produced by G Spot stimulation is different from clitorally-induced orgasm. For a start, the shape of the vagina is apparently different. Clitoral stimulation results in the "inverted tent"-shaped vagina described by Masters and Johnson, where the top balloons out and the vaginal entrance contracts. G Spot stimulation results in an "A-frame effect" at orgasm, where the top contracts and the vaginal entrance expands. I've spoken to many women and men who have told me vaginal orgasm can squeeze the penis right out of the vagina. Some women are aware of a "bearing-down" sensation similar to childbirth.

It's a very complicated issue and there are now many theories suggesting these different types of orgasm are controlled by different reflexes. "Blended" orgasms, involving a combination of both reflexes, are also common.

What's really upsetting is the elitist suggestion that many women find vaginal orgasm or blended orgasm to be more satisfying than clitorally-induced orgasm. Such a view is bound to make a lot of people feel inadequate. Two quotes from *The G Spot* prove this:

My husband used to ask whenever we made love, "Did you come, did you come?" I didn't like that very much. It seemed to me that he should know without asking, and it also felt like a demand. Now guess what he says? "Did you spurt?" Sometimes I feel like hitting him. . .

Now my husband insists that every woman has a G Spot, and last night he spent an hour trying to get me to find mine. I have always enjoyed clitoral stimulation, and until we learned about your work, he was perfectly content with our sex life. Now he's so eager to explore new ways that we're fighting all the time.

●

If you would like to contribute to unravelling the mysteries of this fascinating development in sexology, I would love to hear from you. Have you known women who respond to stimulation of this area? Have you encountered female ejaculation? Do women you know have different types of orgasms? Can they describe what they feel like? Can *you* notice any difference? Write to me c/- PLAYBOY and share your experiences. — BETTINA ARNDT

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Smith waved from the corner. I've known Smith for years. He turned up last night at the Hilton. He is the sort of chap who turns up on the flat at Newmarket with a straw of semen secretly drawn from Phar Lap on his death-bed and you can have it for a grand, or in the pub at Birdsville with a sketch-map of the desert which Mrs Lasseter threw out while cleaning up the attic.

Smith introduced Mr Lew. Mr Lew spoke English with an accent which would have placed him as a graduate from any university where you can major in poker and billiards. The other guy was an American in his 30s. I did not catch his name at first, and he seemed to have difficulty when I asked him again. His name was I.Q. He wore an army jungle-cap appropriate to the rank of Colonel, and his T-shirt read: Kindle-Detente with Napalm.

"I.Q. and I are, with Mr Lew, in Arts and Antiquities," said Smith. That was a surprise, for I knew that Smith's wife thought he was presently the mouthwash buyer for Woolworths. But it explained why Smith had grown a grand beard in the year since I had last seen him, and why, although the lighting in our cubicle was sepulchral, he had not removed his dark glasses.

The lady, Miss Pei, made me welcome. Miss Pei was at my elbow. Little parts of her rested on it. She was the manager, not of the bar, but of a band of lasses who wandered between the tables in search of a smile. Miss Pei suggested I should call her Daisy. Daisy's figure was as lean as a mantis in training for courtship. Although her command of English was not wonderful, she enlarged her vocabulary in a tactile idiom with amazingly strong fingers. For some time, her words were indelibly imprinted on my thigh.

"You like Taiwan girls?" she asked. "Tidy. Well brought-up."

"I'm sure they are," I said.

"What denomination you have?"

"Church of England," I said.

Daisy had more in mind the denomination of my banknotes. She was an expert on money. Her interest in it was detailed and passionate. Daisy believed that the purchasing-power of my currency could not stay at such favorable levels for very much longer. Not longer, evidently, than about 11 o'clock.

She was interrupted by Mr Lew.

Mr Lew was dismayed that my flight was to leave at midnight, but was pleased my trip had yielded no purchase of crippling value.

"My dear chap," he said, "that is precisely where I can help you."

"Are we sure this guy's cool?" said I.Q.

As Mr Lew explained it to me, I had, by the merest chance, stumbled into the one remaining cultural storehouse of the world. London was threadbare, Athens had crumbled, Venice was sunk. I may not have noticed it, but the pivot of the universe had moved, in collectors' terms, to Taipei.

"I suppose," I said, "authentication is a bother with the older pieces?"

"No problem at all," said Mr Lew. "Every piece has a wonderful certificate. Customs clearance. Inoculations. Everything."

"Taiwan wasn't born yesterday," said Smith, darkly.

"True," I said. "The number of yesterdays it was born ago must now be around fifteen thousand."

"How's that again?" said I.Q.

"Look. This will amaze you," said Mr Lew. He held out a handful of coins. They shone. The markings were so frail I could not make them out.

"Taste one," said Mr Lew, "with the mouth."

"Salt," I said. "The beer nuts?"

Mr Lew shook his head. "The sea," he said. "You are now holding in your hand pieces of buried treasure more than three hundred and fifty years old."

"You mean these are really pieces of eight?"

Mr Lew leaned closer. "More valuable still," he said. "Pieces of nine."

"I'm not sure they are exactly what I need," I said.

"Look," he said, lifting a sample-case on to the table. "Religious artifacts are up-market at present. There are more than 30,000 discreet sects in the Christian world. Keeping up with the demand for saintly garments alone is a hard job, I can tell you."

"He reads," said Smith. "Try him on books."

"Let us take something absolutely at random," said Mr Lew. "Books." He laid on the table a case the shape of a cigar-box. "Here is an item so delicate that, for reasons of insurance, it cannot be opened except in a humidicrib at the time of the Equinoxes. Normally priceless, I can ship to you F.O.B. for as low as $18.99, depending on quantity."

"What in heaven is it?"

"The Book of Genesis. Author's proof."

"Signed?" I asked, God only knows why.

Mr Lew held up his hands, palms uppermost. "Would I offer you anything less?"

It was getting late. I had to go. I.Q. said nothing, but Daisy affectionately bruised my hand. "You are really knowing how to hurt a girl," she said.

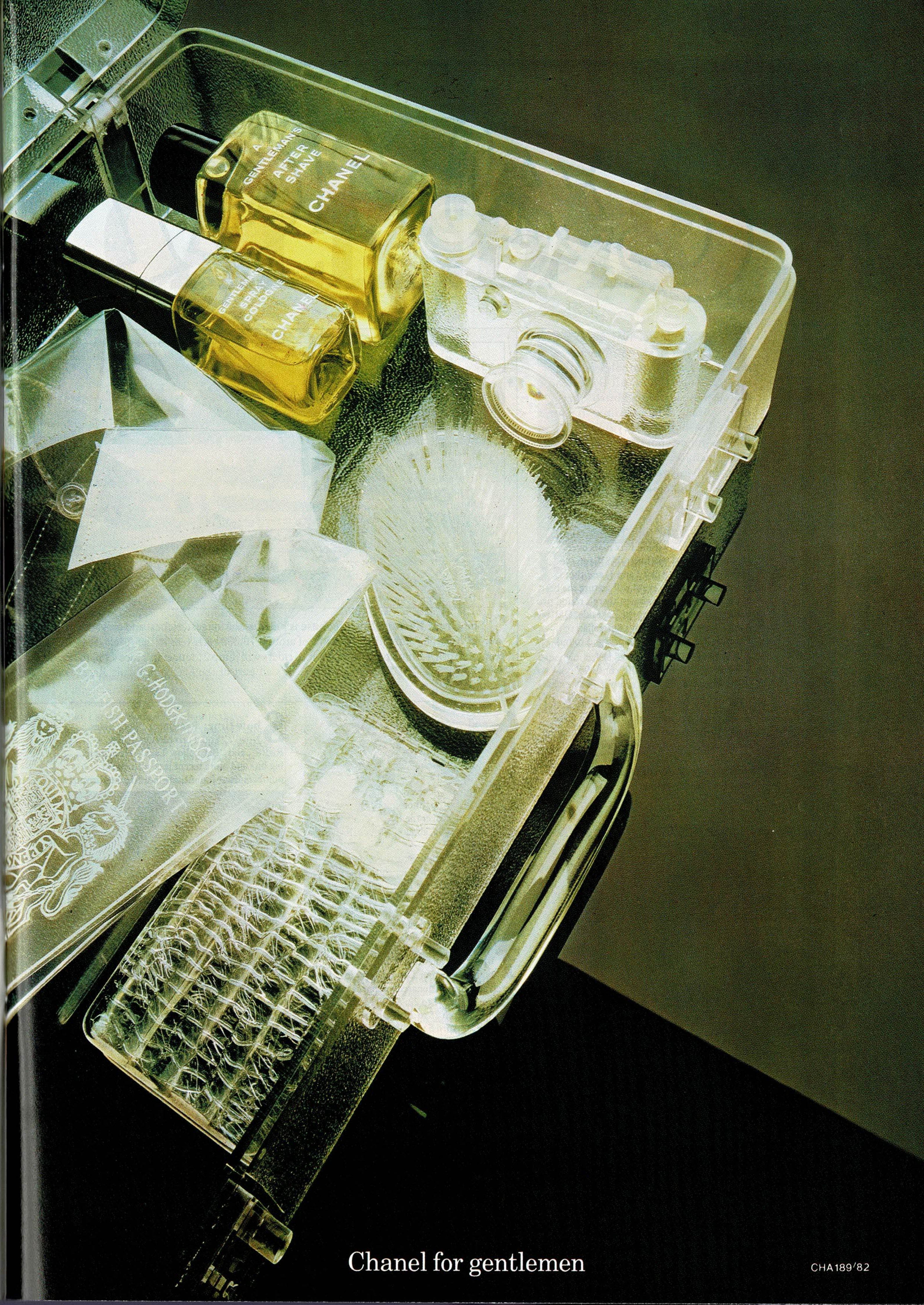
I turned to Smith. "Your wife will be proud to know how well you're doing."

"Don't be a fool," said Smith. "Tell her I stood you up."

"A moment more," said Mr Lew. "I do also other numbers you might not describe as, strictly, antiquities, and which I am not permitted by law to carry about my person. A brace of ICBMs, press-button start, range from about here to Canton, or possibly an atomic submarine, one owner, low mileage, your choice of color?"

Within an hour I was in the air. The aircraft had restocked at Taipei. Over the South China Sea, first-class was served a selection of legendary clarets, with no care for their astonishing rarity. In economy the self-same vintages were splashed into your tumbler at 50 cents a throw. It took me at least three great years before I regained my equilibrium.

— JOHN BRYSON



Chanel for gentlemen

CHA189/82

CAMEL CALENDAR

Take in a play or two, check out the latest in ski equipment and tours, see the petrol predators and yank tanks at an All-American Auto Show, visit blockbuster art exhibitions, add an antique to your collection, ogle the Royal Couple, take in major sporting events (steeplechase, waterskiing and pistol shooting) and get your tickets now for Joni Mitchell and Peter Allen concerts.

Vroom at the top: The Australian Motor cycle Grand Prix roars over Mount Panorama, Bathurst, NSW, on the Easter Weekend. (April 2 and 3) and this premier motor cycle event will feature the best of the bikies. On four wheels, there's round two of the GT Championships at Lakeside, Qld, on April 10, round three of the Australian Formula 2 at Sandown, Victoria and round four of the Australian Touring Car Championships at Wanneroo, WA, on April 24.

All the way from America: Petrol predators and yank tanks out in force at the All-American Auto Show at Flemington Racecourse, Melbourne, on April 10. Studebakers, Corvettes, Model T Fords —real nostalgia time. Barbecue facilities available to make it a full-day outing.

The Great Eastern Steeplechase is billed as the longest, richest and most difficult race in Australia and attracts a crowd of around 70,000 each year to the Adelaide Hills. This year, on April 4 from about 3pm, 15 or so riders will jump 21 fences in a race 4950 metres long to compete for $35,000 in prize money. It's all part of the Oakbank Picnic Races over the Easter weekend.

Good sports: Australia's best tournament water skiers (jumps, tricks and slalom) vie for the national titles on the Derwent River, just outside Hobart, from March 30 to April 4.

For action of a different kind, there's the 26th National Pistol Shooting Championship in Adelaide, also over the Easter Weekend. The location is Virginia, about 30km north of the SA capital.

Adelaide's Olympic Sports Field in Kensington is the venue for the Australia vs New Zealand Multiple Event Test Match on April 2 and 3 — top male and female track and field athletes from both sides of the Tasman will compete in the Decathlon, high jump, broad jump and track events.

Top trio: The Royal Couple and bonny baby tour Down Under in March and April. Monarchy maniacs take note: NT from March 21 to 22; ACT, March 24 to 26; NSW, March 28 to 29; Tasmania, March 30 to 31; SA, April 5 to 6; WA, April 7 to 8; Queensland, April 11 to 12 and Victoria, April 14 to 15.

Show time: Remember "Both Sides Now", "You Turn Me On, I'm a Radio", and "Big Yellow Taxi"? Hear these big hits and more recent jazz-influenced numbers from Joni Mitchell during her concert season. Relevant dates are Sydney, March 11 and 12; Brisbane, March 14; Melbourne, March 16 and 17; Adelaide, March 19 and 20; back to Melbourne, March 21 and 22 and Sydney, March 24 and 25.

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Films to watch: Peter O'Toole stars in *My Favorite Year,* a devastatingly funny look at the early days of live TV; *Diner* is about five young men who can't make up their minds whether to get married or to stay single and keep the gang together; luscious Mariel Hemingway stars in *Personal Best,* the tale of two women Olympians, and Clint Eastwood's latest is *Honky Tonk Man.*

International Motor Show: See the latest in motor vehicle gadgetry at the Adelaide International Motor Show at Wayville Showgrounds from April 9 to 16.

Canberra happenings: An exhibition spanning the career of internationally acclaimed photographer, Ansel Adams, is on show at the Australian National Gallery throughout March. From April 11, costumes and designs from the ballet *Sheherazade* will be displayed, and also in April, the opening of a showing of famous French prints from the 1890s.

Street machines: Fantasy vehicles —rolling cocktail bars and bedrooms —plus more practical conveyances on show from April 28 to May 1 at the Motor Club Show in the Undercroft parking area, Macquarie Centre, North Ryde, Sydney. All the work of fanatical remodellers and motor club maniacs.

Operabatics: The opera you go to when you're not going to the opera: The Peking Opera specialises in acrobatics, martial arts and mime. This show of shows is on at the Melbourne Princess Theatre from March 15 to 20; Sydney's Regent Theatre from March 22 to 30 and April 5 to 9; the Canberra Theatre on April 2 and Brisbane's Her Majesty's Theatre from April 11 to 16.

Trade Fair: Countries throughout the South-east Asia region exhibit a wide range of wares at the Asean Trade Fair, Perth Entertainment Centre, April 13 to 16.

Antiques galore: More than 36 dealers will be exhibiting goods ranging from 17th Century oak pieces to 20th Century daring deco at Chaucer's Antique Fair, Chaucer's Reception Centre, Canterbury, Melbourne, from April 15 to 17.

Ski '83: The latest in ski equipment and tours and all you need to know to improve your image and style on the slopes next season. All yours at the Melbourne Ski Show '83 at the Victorian Expo Centre from April 28 to May 1.

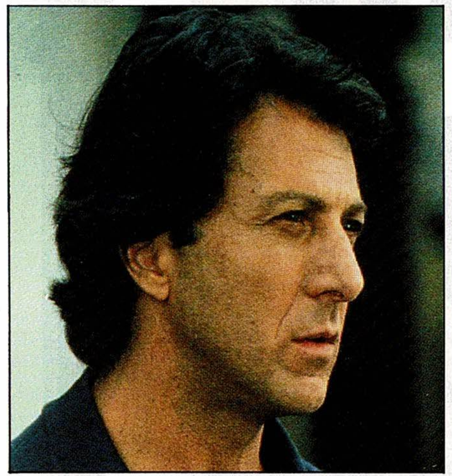
Live on stage: Harold Pinter's menacing, magnificent play, *The Caretaker,* presented by the National Theatre Company at The Playhouse, Perth, from April 6 to 23; Graham Bond's really rotten tragedy about the social order of the Public School, *Boys' Own Macbeth,* kicks off at The Playhouse, Brisbane, from April 7; top talents such as Ruth Cracknell, John Gaden and Robyn Nevin shine in William Congreve's Restoration comedy, *The Way of the World,* at the Sydney Opera House from March 16 to April 23. (It's a Sydney Theatre Company production with Richard Wherrett at the helm.) Federico Garcia Lorca's gripping play, *Blood Wedding,* is on at Adelaide's Lighthouse Theatre from March 18 to 26 and April 27 to 30 — on the surface, the plot deals with everyday Spanish nuptials, underneath it's a drama of tense passions. And, Downstairs at the Nimrod, Sydney, throughout March to April 10, you can catch *Performing Seals,* a contemporary drama by playwright Barbara Pepworth.

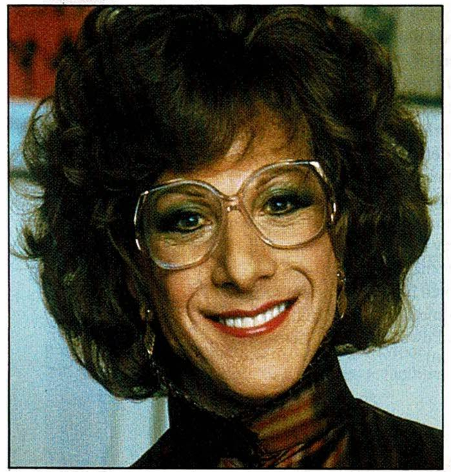
He still calls Australia home: Peter Allen brings his frenetic energy and inimitable style to the Hilton chain for performances in April. Catch his act in Sydney from April 6 to 9 and 12 to 16; Melbourne from April 19 to 23 and Adelaide from April 26 to 30.

Blockbuster art exhibitions: The Entombed Warriors exhibition from China (featuring seven life-size terracotta warriors, two horses and dramatic mirrored effects) is at the Art Gallery of NSW until April 24 and at the Queensland Art Gallery from May 4; Idemitsu, a showing of Japanese paper works, closes at the Art Gallery of WA on March 20 and reopens at the National Gallery of Victoria on April 20; Wagga Wagga City Art Gallery is the venue from April 13 to May 15 for International Directions in Glass Art, a show which highlights recent radical changes in this medium (this exhibition moves on to Sydney's Power House Museum from June 8 to July 10).

MOVIES

Drag films are beginning to become just that. First we had to endure Julie Androgynous in *Victor/Victoria* and now Dustin Hoffman, of all people, makes the ultimate post-*Graduate* transformation by turning transvestite in *Tootsie*. While Hoffman just attempts the male/female double turn without trick in reply to Andrews' female-playing-male-playing-female triple twist, *Tootsie* takes out the contest.


Dustin Hoffman, before. . .


and after, in Tootsie.

The plot is strangely familiar. Hoffman plays an unemployed actor named Michael Dorsey who, told that he will never get another role because of his temperamental outbursts, becomes Dorothy Michaels, new actress in town, and immediately gets a spot in a TV (no, no, television) soapie. Presumably, Dorsey has recently seen *Victor/Victoria* but he doesn't have the good grace to mention it.

Hoffman as Michael is terrific cinema. The role is sensitively drawn and brilliantly portrayed. . .a penetrating and poignant study of an actor without an audience. Hoffman as Dorothy inevitably, and quickly, becomes a sort of musical hall caricature. Contrived and predictable misadventures conveniently pop up whenever the pace lags. He gets the hots for the soapie's star (Jessica Lange) but can't let on. She thinks he's a lesbian, her father makes a play for him, and his regular girl, who he's avoiding, thinks he's become gay.

> *sophie and streep:*
> *the obvious choice*

Director Sydney Pollack (*Three Days Of The Condor; Absence Of Malice*) revels in his new-found comic capability — he even plays the role of Michael's agent — and lives in the farce lane until he remembers "the message". Then he has to stop the carousel to clumsily underline the point that Michael is becoming a better man by being a woman. Holy hormones! The film becomes as schizophrenic as poor Michael/Dorothy and, in the final analysis, you can't help harboring a grudge that so much that is so good is scuttled by so much more that isn't.

It is a tribute to Hoffman's soaring talent that he even manages to establish Dorothy as a figure you care about, before the slapstick and tickle begins. Whatever you do, don't come late. *Tootsie* scores all her points in the first 45 minutes.

●

If Hoffman is the actor by which other performances will be judged this year, Meryl Streep is the actress. She may not provide the total fascination of Alan Pakula's *Sophie's Choice*, but without her haunting performance, the rest of the intrigue would have unravelled.

Sophie Zawistowska is a woman with a past and, perhaps, a future. . .but her present is a bit like the Dice Man's. Her love life has known complications before, in Poland before the horror of the death camps left her an emotional time bomb. Now, in New York, two men again compete for her attention and trigger off glimpses into her guilty secret.

William Styron's book topped the best-seller lists despite being too complex by half, and Pakula exercises great deference in his faithful reproduction of the story. Not that his own contribution isn't admirable. A master stylist, his long film glistens with possibilities like a case of duelling pistols. The detail in his work is impeccable and there's obviously artistic inspiration as well as technical talent.

Meryl Streep in Sophie's Choice.

The interaction between Streep and Kevin Kline, as the possessed lover, makes for one of the most exciting screen pairings in recent cinema and spotlights fine direction of fine acting. Streep reproduces all the mystery and guilt of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and throws in a generous sprinkling of holocaust haunt as well. It's a remarkable performance, fluctuating wildly between the absolute extremes of the emotional scale without ever threatening to look like performance at the expense of character.

Kline matches her blow for blow in the portrayal of obsession and Peter MacNicol adds to the admirable depth of the whole production as the other contender for Sophie's affections.

●

Fast Times, from rookie director Amy Heckerling, is *Happy Days* and *American Graffiti* and even a bit of *Puberty Blues* as the old high school stereotypes dash like lemmings in fuck-trucks between America cute-as-apple-pie childhood and conservative middle-class responsibility.

The high school fraternity doesn't need to be drawn in anything more than rough sketches. We can all fill in the acne spots of the excruciations of adolescence. There's Linda, worldly-wise, mature and looking like she might, pursued by Rat, the nervous, shy Elvis Costello freak. There's Mike who fills the Fonz spot as the cool, assured dude with t-e-c-h-n-i-q-u-e. And there's Jeff, the class clown whose ambitions and responsibilities hover around his dope supply and surf conditions.

It's a bit of a cheap recipe, this one, because if you can laugh at yourself, you can laugh at the movie. Director Heckerling's contribution to the ingredients are an energetic assurance and unashamed hyperbole.

Fast Times does give us a sense of evolution from the picture painted by *American Graffiti*. The innocence has gone, the wit is much more sardonic, and the kids are much more cynical about the world that awaits them. But, basically, it doesn't stand too much analysis. It's a celebration of the fact that sometime in our lives, inanity, the enervating awfulness of inexperience, and wit in its lowest forms, can provide a giddy entertainment that we'll always regard with some nostalgia.

But if *Fast Times* is life in the fast lane, I'm happy to watch from the median strip.

— ROBIN INGRAM

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MUSIC

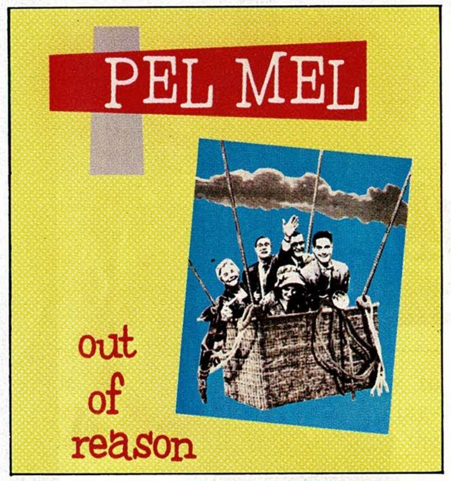
If it is originality you desire from contemporary Australian music, then it is absurd to overlook The Reels. One of the first groups in this country to extensively utilise synthesisers, The Reels have pursued their own highly idiosyncratic notion of pop ever since they emerged from Dubbo more than four years ago.

Lack of fortune and a reputation for inconsistency have bedevilled them from the beginning. So it has been a very good move for The Reels to team up for a one-off venture with K-Tel. If that company doesn't know how to sell a record in these hard times, then nobody does. Reels singer David Mason has always demonstrated his passion for MOR and C&W songs and on the new album, *Beautiful* (K-Tel), he indulges it to the full. But what at first might seem like old soap, with time assumes the sheen of a bright new wash. *Beautiful* is a remarkable update of traditional popular music with the ability to appeal to ears of all ages.

The Reels are now not only unique, but uniquely accessible as well.

●

Pel Mel first attracted attention in 1980 with their debut independent single, No Word From China. The record was a total surprise. Not only because the group derived from Newcastle (not known for its strong musical culture), but also because the song's naive melodiousness and charm were totally at odds with the desolate punk scene of the time.



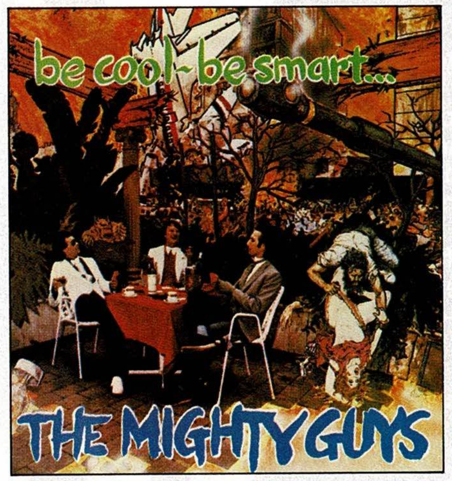
In the two years since that single, Pel Mel have remained fairly anonymous. They have been content to play around Sydney's small inner-city venues, while they rationalised their personnel and musical direction. This time invested in their future has now finally paid off. Their debut album, *Out Of Reason* (Gap), is one of the few triumphs of new music to emerge from Australia.

mighty guys run pel mel into a bunch of hitmen

Employing gentle funk rhythms, concise instrumentation, a skill for simple, effective melodies, and for the most part, Judy McGee's sweet, high voice, the great strength of this album is its general air of unassuming ambition. For it is quite misleading — Pel Mel have the attributes to become one of the most important and popular new groups in Australia.

●

The Mighty Guys are composed of a couple of veterans — guitarist Mick Hamilton, from the '60s Melbourne band The Vibrants, and drummer Leon Isackson, once a member of Johnny O'Keefe's DJs in the late '50s — and a comparative youngster, bass player Phil Eisenberg, a one-time compatriot of Jimmy & The Boys.



Conceived originally as a fun band and vehicle to unwind from their other musical activities, The Mighty Guys have been so successful jiving pubs and clubs throughout Sydney that it has now become a serious venture.

Well, not quite. The Mighty Guys give out with some of the most fun-loving interpretations of '50s rock'n'roll to be found anywhere. There ain't no intellectual obsessions here. All you need is a strong set of legs and there is no barrier to full enjoyment of their debut album, *Be Cool Be Smart* (Rivet). Their cool and smart adds up to a lot of taste and energy. Be prepared, this is the genuine article.

●

Sydney's Hitmen have retained allegiance to their mob ever since they formed in 1978 around the corpse of Radio Birdman. Their intense approach to rock could best be characterised as massacre now, ask questions later.

A full-frontal assault on the lobotomy is their preferred mode of elimination and their second album, *It Is What It Is* (RCA), sees them execute it with a nice clean finish.

Laden with machine-gun bursts of guitar and a rhythm section that pounds like a chain gang on speed, the 'Hitmen' serve up a wealth of hard rock to support the garotted vocals chords of Johnny Kannis.

The Hitmen have been waiting in the wings a long time to make an album as powerful and disciplined as *It Is What It Is*, and it is sure to provoke a lot of bands from around the world to come gunning for them.

●

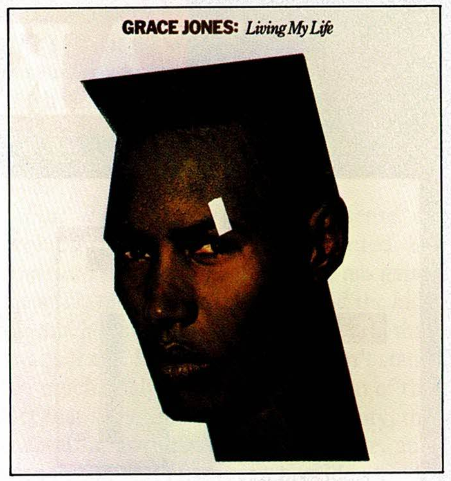
The years pass, members come and go, and the albums roll on. Often ignored, but never forgotten, Poco have produced their 16th album since they first formed in 1968. In that time, only one original member has survived, steel guitarist Rusty Young. The other key member, guitarist and vocalist Paul Cotton, has been with the group since 1970.

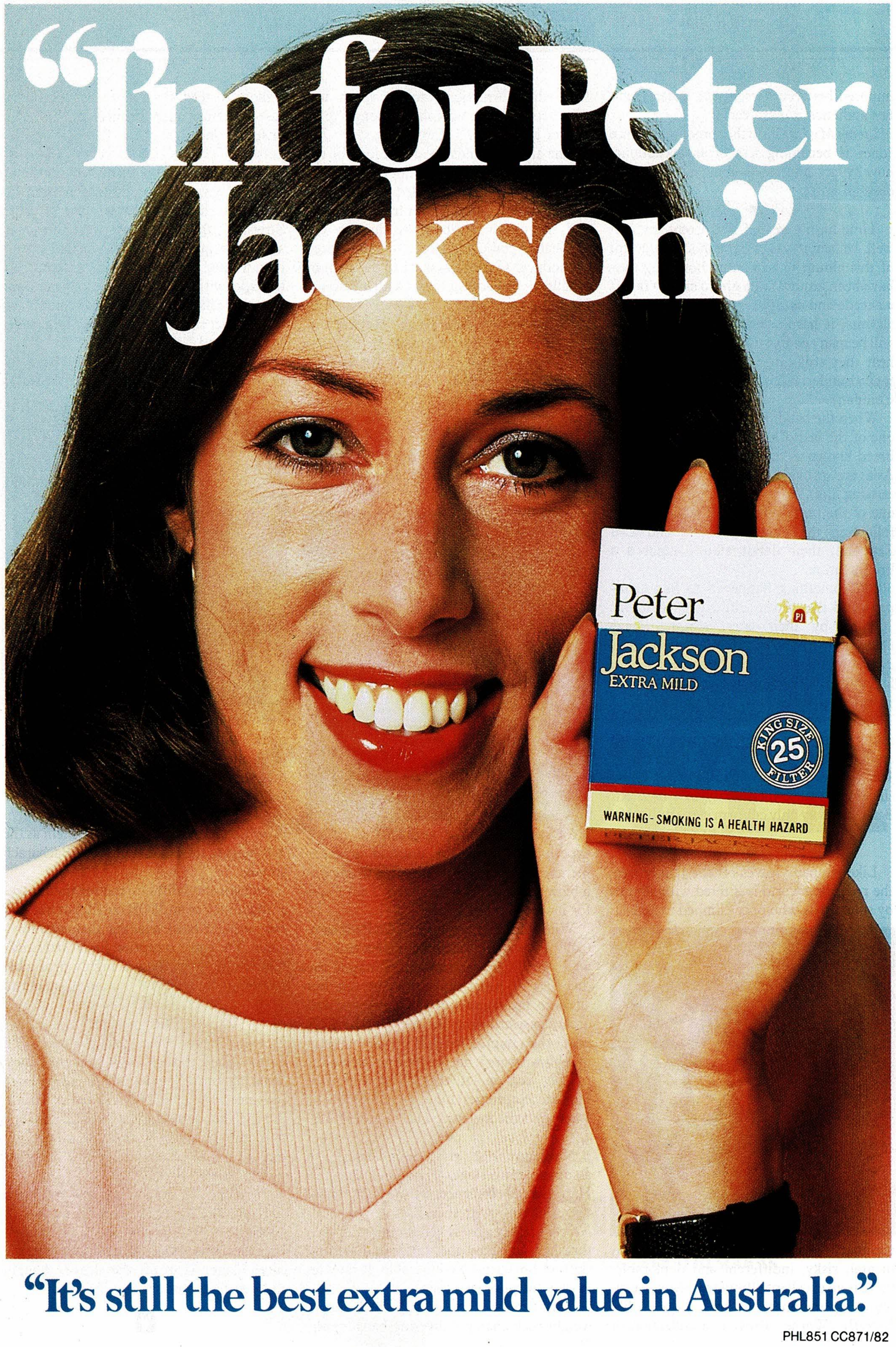
Over the years Poco have moved away from the country/rock style they pioneered with founder member Richie Furay. With *Ghost Town* (WEA), they are continuing to write the easy listening pop they have been producing since the late '70s. Like The Eagles, they tread a fine line between the compelling and the bland. Rather than rock the world, they seem more intent on inspiring a state of suspended animation.

●

The shock of Grace Jones on record — her stilted vocal style and expert dub-influenced reggae music — has largely passed during the last few years. Though this ex-model's stage performances will probably always retain their ability to suspend belief with their outrageous acts and sets.

With her newest album, *Living My Life* (Island), Grace relies far less on covers than before and her own songs display a far funkier approach than on previous records. Recorded in Jamaica with those reggae masters, Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar, *Living My Life* sees Grace loosening up her approach to singing and consequently much of the distance she had


GRACE JONES: Living My Life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imposed between herself, her material and her audience is dissolved.

Living My Life is further proof that Grace Jones is becoming less of an exceptional novelty act and developing into a highly original artist.

●

Time hasn't treated Bad Company that well. In fact, it was rather a shock on receipt of this album to reckon up how long they have been around. The group are not far off a decade and except for their first couple of albums, it hasn't been memorable. There will be many people who will be surprised to hear they still exist. Since Foreigner stole their thunder, it has been easy to forget Bad Company.

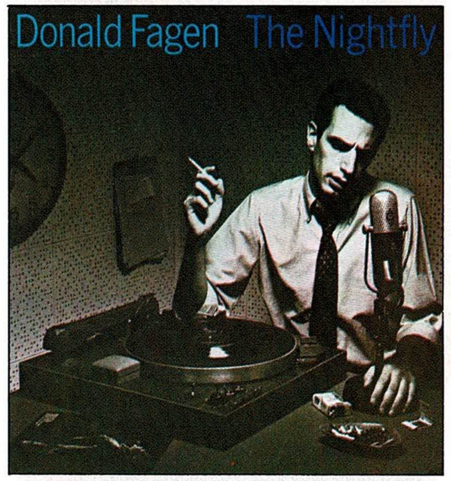
When the band formed in 1974 they were one of the last of that curious, now extinct breed known as the "supergroup" (though Asia are proving to be something of a missing link). Arisen from the ashes of Free, one of the best English hard rock bands to follow in the wake of Cream and Led Zeppelin, their debut album augured a bright future.

But something happened to Bad Company and they never fulfilled expectations. Judging by their latest album, *Rough Diamonds* (Swan Song), the reason was probably America. These boys seem to have forgotten they are English and are trying to pass themselves off as just another hack Texan bar band boogieing for a beer. They might get away with it if there weren't some really great Texan rock'n'raunch like that of Joe Ely or Delbert McClinton. These singers can raise mediocrity to a high art. Bad Company only confirm it as a dull craft.

— KENT GODDARD

●

Like so many leaves off the family tree, the recording world is littered with albums by solo artists who once climbed to fame as members of groups. Amid the experimental, risky, indifferent and deplorable, there is an excellent album from Steely Dan founding member, Donald Fagen. *The Nightfly* (Warner Bros) is a collection of hard-edged American music; seven unashamedly autobiographical songs plus Leiber and Stoller's Ruby Baby.

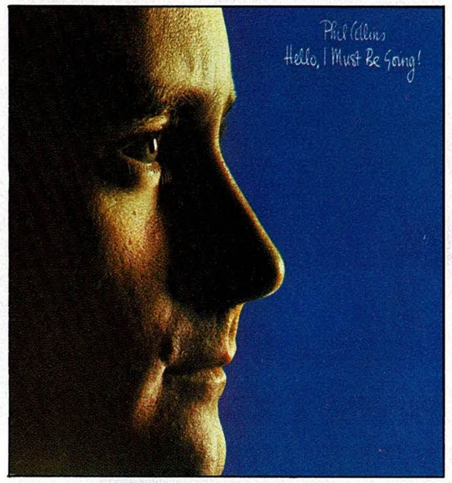


The album sounds good; not just for the quality of Fagen's material nor the excellent musicianship. It was recorded and mixed on 3M digital 32 track and four track machines and the clarity is about as close to the original as you could expect for the price.

Producer Gary Katz went to the limit of excellence by backing Fagen with musicians of the standard of guitarists Larry Carlton, Rick Derringer and Hugh McCracken, drummer Jeff Porcaro and keyboardist Michael Omartian. It's nearly the perfect combination between technology and creativity and warrants high praise and solid sales.

●

Phil Collins' *Hello I Must Be Going* (WEA) is a progressive step from his loudly-applauded *Face Value*. While that is great news for those appreciative of his experimental flair for unusual arrangements and rampant diversity, it will come as a blow to everyone who bought *Face Value* for its commercial appeal.



With the aid of engineer Hugh Padgham, Collins has undertaken a complex task. As an Englishman determined to master the diversity of American music, he sets out again to incorporate brass, string and full orchestra overdubs to his melodies. It might give the impression of being slightly overblown were it not for the relief provided by his version of the Holland-Dozier-Holland (Supremes) tune, You Can't Hurry Love, and the melodic, Thru These Walls.

●

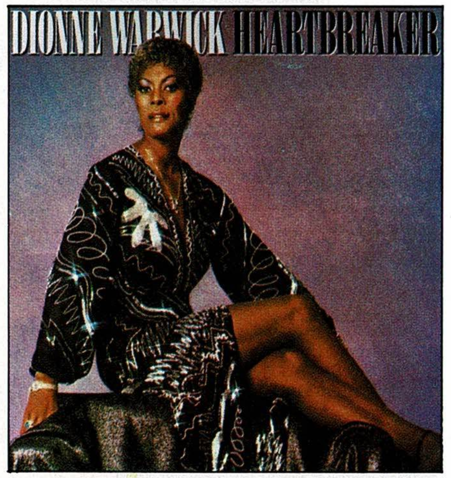
Not zany nor mysterious enough to assume centre-stage, following Deborah Harry's sudden silence, Pat Benatar almost makes up for it with sheer erotic energy. *Get Nervous* (Chrysalis) is her latest album and, thrashed along by the guitar and writing skills of boyfriend Neil Geraldo, it rates an A-plus for pure aggression.

This time Benatar is less the featherweight rock champ delivering bang, crash, wallop. Instead, it's a more frenetic, short-fused performance primed to blast the unsuspecting.

●

When Barry Gibb furnished the demo tapes of a collection of songs he and his brothers had produced for Barbra Streisand, the studio guys were so excited about the quality of Gibb's arrangements they wanted to lift an album straight from the tapes with Gibb singing lead over a basic backing. That didn't happen, of course, and the product ended up as *Guilty*, a huge seller for Streisand.

That bankable formula is the basis for Dionne Warwick's *Heartbreaker* (Arista), a work appropriately acclaimed as a "landmark" album. Luxuriously arranged and performed, the songs are unmistakeable for that unique writing style of the brothers Gibb. As a writing team, Maurice, Robin and Barry have hit a post *Saturday Night Fever* patch certain to nominate them as the '80s heirs to the Hal David-Burt Bacharach crown.



Perhaps the Gibbs do not see themselves as that much of an MOR outfit, but like it or not, they've been heading that way for a while. The eager reception for *Heartbreaker* suggests it is, at least, a highly profitable course.

— NEIL JAMESON

●

SHORT CUTS

Scarred For Life (Alberts) is Rose Tattoo's latest aural assault on the heavy metal market. The group are sounding more and more like AC/DC with each album. But the Tatts have got Angry Anderson, one of the great singers in this guerrilla genre, and he mouths it like it is in a series of snarling social observations.

Vanity 6 (WEA) is the name of the album and also the appellation of this LA, all-female trio. And what a bunch of females! This album is almost worth buying for the cover alone. Strip off the sleeve, though, and expectations are not fulfilled.

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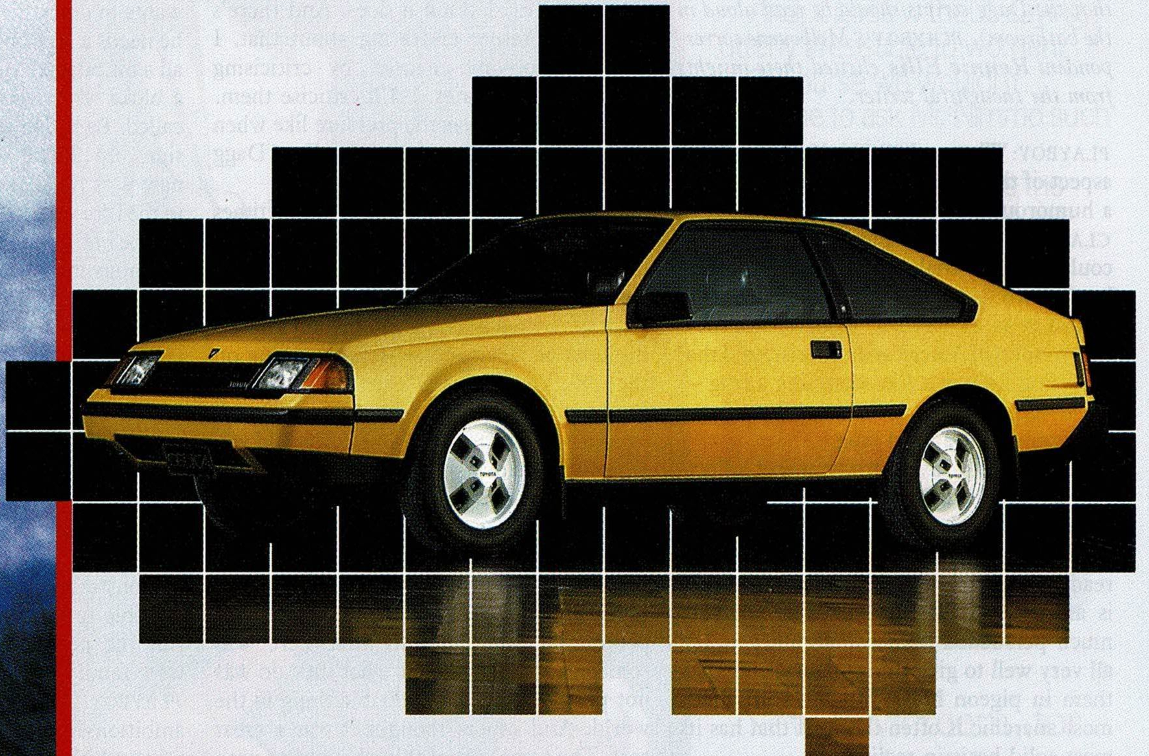
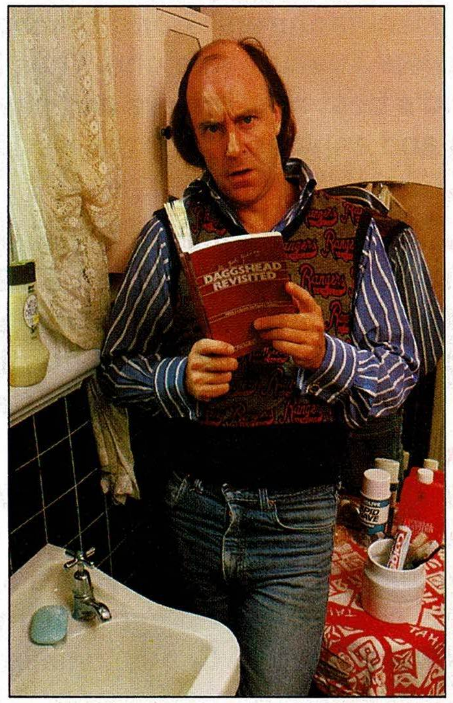


TOYOTA

BOOKS



the man behind the dagg persona spills his guts

When The Fred Dagg Scripts *was published by Nelson in December, 1981, the edition was sold out before Fred's creator and alter ego, New Zealand humorist John Clarke, could get from Sydney to Melbourne for personal appearance promotion. It was reprinted and reprinted and within a year, sales shot to over the 20,000 mark.*

For three years, six days a week, on the ABC's Drive Time *radio slot, Fred Dagg's satirical monologues pinpointed, probed and parodied those issues and aspects of the merry-go-round that, for better or worse, touched our lives. Listeners to 83 of the ABC's 93 stations throughout Australia responded to his wonderfully convoluted swipes and their dead pan delivery, and he built up a considerable following which needed its daily shot of Daggery.*

The media loved him and he was called everything from a verbal cartoonist and a cult figure to "the laconic folk philosopher of the airwaves". Then, in March, 1982, John Clarke and Auntie abruptly parted company after a disagreement about suitable topics for discussion, and he began writing film scripts for Adams Packer productions. Last year he co-wrote Lonely Hearts *with director Paul Cox and it won the Australian Film Awards prize for Best Film. The second collection of his radio monologues,* Dagshead Revisited, *was published in December and looks like being another best seller.*

In a bathroom interview (Clarke advises that the Dagg scripts should be read aloud in the bathroom), PLAYBOY'S Melbourne correspondent ***Rennie Ellis*** *elicited these insights from the thoughtful writer.*

PLAYBOY: What makes people laugh? What aspect of their psyche do you tap into to get a humorous response?

CLARKE: I'm really not quite sure. You could try and analyse it but I'm not sure how it would look on paper. I prefer to regard it as an instinct. Robert Benchley, the wonderful American humorist, said that analysing humor is like analysing a frog — it's a very interesting exercise, but in the end you've got a dead frog.

PLAYBOY: They say art imitates and reflects life. Do you think humor also does that?

CLARKE: Yes. I think it's got to. I think humor is really a kind of documentary. I read sometimes that a certain kind of humor is anarchic or off-the-wall. I'm not very much persuaded by those arguments. It's all very well to give things names and stick them in pigeon holes, but the stuff that's most anarchic is often the stuff that has its most solid basis in reality.

PLAYBOY: Is there a defineable and peculiar Australian sense of humor?

CLARKE: Yeah, but I don't think I'm the person to define it. I flatter myself that I'd recognise it if I saw it in a crowd, but I don't know quite what it is. There's something in the Australasian, perhaps even colonial, sense of humor that is very Irish.

PLAYBOY: Do you think "the rubbish" plays a crucial role in Australian humor?

CLARKE: Yes, I think it does. And there's something rather endearing about that. I won't honor my enemies by criticising them. I've got mates. . .I'll criticise them.

PLAYBOY: What was the pressure like when you were writing six two-minute Fred Dagg scripts a week for ABC radio?

CLARKE: That pressure was sometimes considerable but it was one that I imposed on myself. It was a bit of a treadmill but it was a nice treadmill. You get better in this business by really doing it. You don't have a diploma of japes and wheezes hanging on the wall. You've got to learn it out there in the world.

PLAYBOY: In those Fred Dagg days did you get much feedback from the people in the industries you sent up? Was there laughter or anger?

CLARKE: Yeah, a bit of both. I did a piece on advertising that found its way into that industry fairly rapidly. Certain advertising people got rather irked that here was someone suggesting that what they do was not perhaps the most valuable thing in the world. And others thought it was a great rort. The same sort of thing happened with the piece on real estate. Some branch of the NSW Real Estate Institute or something had me fitted for a pretty substantial pair of concrete gumboots.

PLAYBOY: Do those in positions of power see people like you as a threat?

CLARKE: Well, I'm not on the radio anymore and I think that's not without its significance. I was asked to keep off politics and current affairs which is why I'm no longer on the ABC. And that's owned by the government. It's not even a privately-owned outfit. There's no boss. You try finding the boss in the ABC. There's people dying of old age in the ABC who went to look for the boss.

PLAYBOY: During 1982 you were writing a film for Adams Packer Productions called *Blockbuster* which is, I believe, a send-up of the film industry. What can you tell us about it?

CLARKE: I wrote it with a friend of mine called Andrew Knight. The script is finished, but at the moment the Australian film industry is a by-product of the tax avoidance industry and as such is likely to go out of existence if a whole lot of dentists in Perth can do better in macadamia nuts. So it's all a bit up and down. Last (financial) year there were about 36 films made. This year it's about six at the most. The ABC will be able to hold the 1983 AFI Awards in that little gap between the weather and the news. It will be the only film awards in the history of the world where the number of categories exceeds the number of entrants.

Blockbuster is about an Australian guy who's made quite a lot of award-winning films that are extremely earnest but a little on the boring side. He decides he really wants to crack the box-office and to do that he needs a lot of big name stars. But they're all a bit pushed for time. So he finds there's a bloke who owns a garage in the suburbs called Paul Newman, and eventually he signs up 20 or so people with the same names as the global superstars, sticks them in the film and then things start to go wrong. But he battles through and finishes up being a famous international genius like everyone else in Australia.

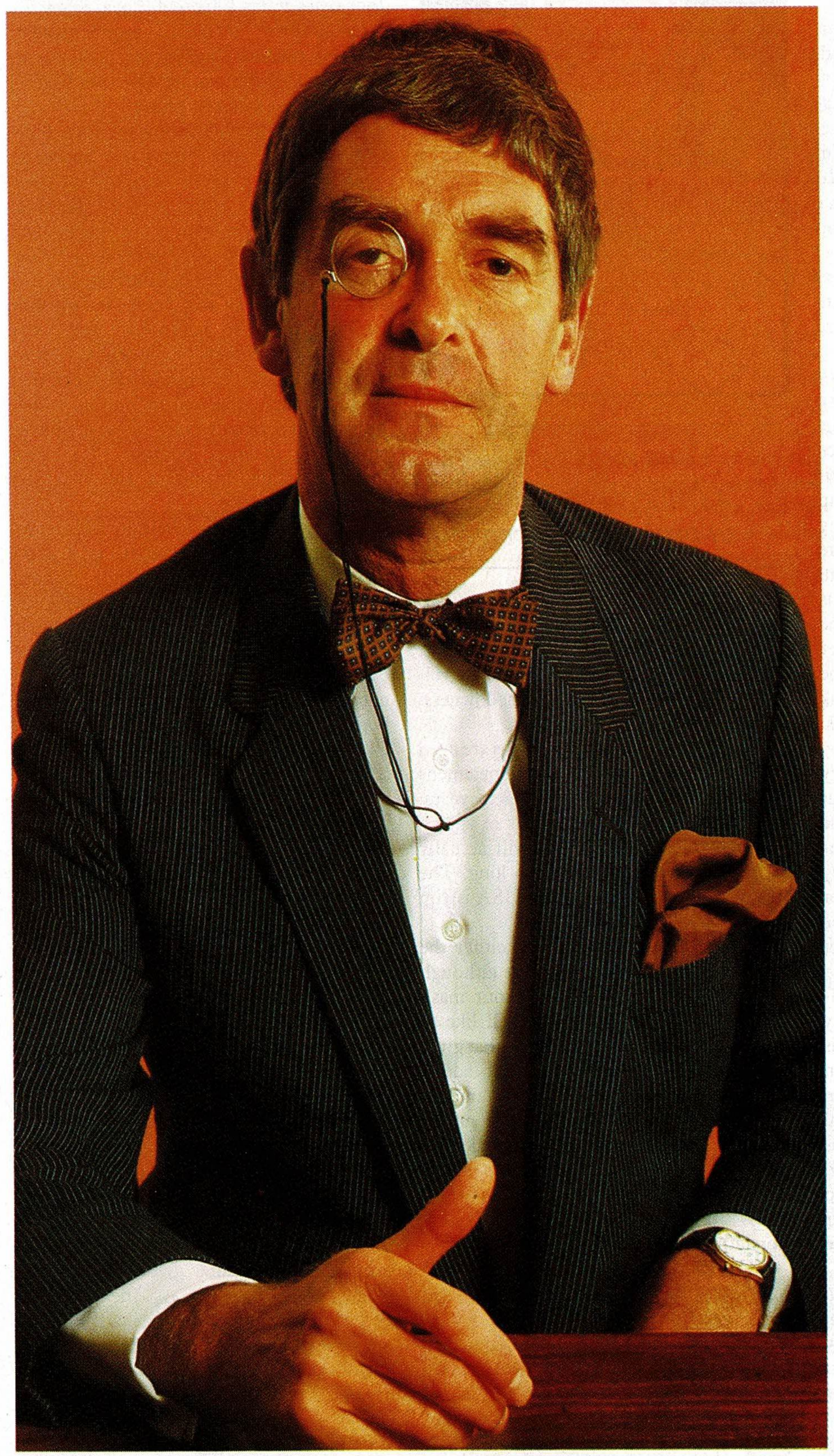
PLAYBOY: Who are some of the comedians you admire and which of them, if any, have been influential in your development?

CLARKE: The people I most like are usually writers — Flan O'Brien, Robert Benchley. Milligan was very important. I'm a great admirer of Barry Humphries. But I think the only famous comedian who directly influenced me was Peter Cook who demonstrated for all to see that it was possible to talk about nothing, hilariously. But the people who influenced me most were family and my friends.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any special goals or ambitions?

CLARKE: Nah. Never did have. The last one I had was to get out of secondary school. When I pulled it off I thought, "Well I've been lucky so far, I think I'll quit while I'm ahead."

PHOTO BY RENNIE ELLIS/SCOOPIX



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Of course we wouldn't presume to ask Mr. Nimmo such candid questions.

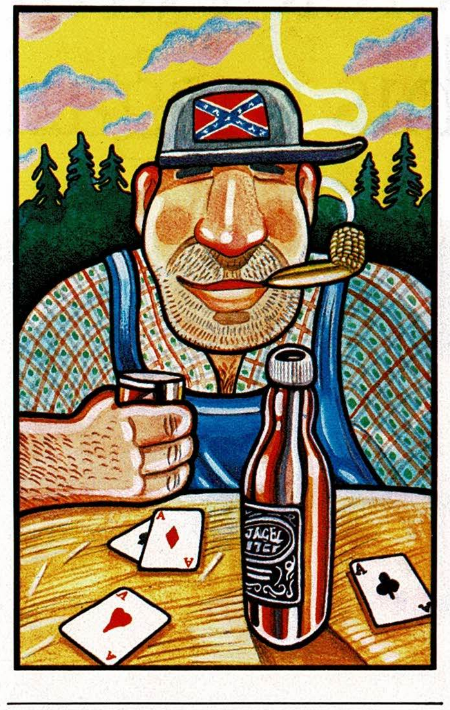
But does that look like the face of a loser?

New Brylcreem, for naturally healthy hair.

BCM 027

BOOZE

and now, for a few rye comments in praise of bourbon



Like all American whiskies, bourbon is a unique product and certainly not a clone of its Celtic forebears. Its rich, deep-bodied flavor and fruit-like sweetness give it an unmatched vigor and exceptional warmth. Bourbon is as American as Mom's apple pie, and it accounts for half of all US domestic whiskey production.

Although proud of their indigenous drinks, Americans have started, unpatriotically, to swing away from bourbon and over the past 12 to 15 years, it has steadily trickled down the popularity scale. The increased competition of vodka, gin, Scotch, rum and American blended whiskies has contributed to bourbon's decline from its position as America's top distilled spirit. But there are signs of a renaissance: many maturing baby boomers are now turning away from the light white spirits of their first youth to the more mature taste of bourbon.

Kentucky is virtually synonymous with bourbon, but historians are still deciding whether it's the Blue Grass State or Virginia that has the strongest claim as the birthplace of bourbon. In Virginia, they give the credit to Captain George Thorpe who brewed up the first corn "likker" in 1620, before being clubbed to death by Indians after a mere two years of drinking pleasure. But to Kentuckians, the Reverend Elijah Craig is the man to be thanked for perfecting the right combination of corn, rye, malt, barley and other grains, and then having the inspiration to mature it in charred oak barrels to complete the miraculous process.

Colonial whiskey was first distilled by Scottish and Irish settlers using the barley they had employed in their homelands, but on the new continent, it was easier to raise other grains. Rye was the first non-traditional grain to be used, and then early distillers turned to the indigenous corn or maize, and this substitution is one of the main reasons why bourbon and other American whiskies are so unique.

Bourbon is named after the now non-existent county of Bourbon in Kentucky where the Reverend Elijah first set up his still and, even today, over half the bourbon distilleries in the US are situated in Kentucky. Far from being a geographical accident, the reasons are highly logical as the huge limestone shelf that runs through northern Kentucky and Tennessee helps to filter any minerals from the fresh water springs that could spoil the taste of the whiskey.

A good bourbon is always produced from a fermented grain mash of the finest corn, rye and occasionally barley, with federal law dictating a minimum 51 percent corn content. Like Scotch, the water used is of great importance to the final taste and should be clear and soft. Distilling at over 160 proof (Am) is not permitted, as this would hinder the full flavor characteristics of bourbon. And it must be matured for at least two years in special charred oak barrels to produce its quintessential mellowness, fragrance and attractive color.

In practice, most good bourbons are aged for at least four years with prized specimens being left to mature for six to eight years. Beyond this period, the benefits of ageing are negligible, and bourbon will actually begin to deteriorate if kept too long. The biggest-selling bourbon in the USA is Jim Beam.

Bourbon can be made using either the sweet or sour mash method but although most bourbon is made by the sour mash method, many manufacturers still like to imply that it is a special technique that gives their own particular brand that added "something". Some experts agree, and say that the sour mash method does give a smoothness of character and magnifies the flavor and aroma to give a superior product. Others maintain that, except for the most finely attuned palates, this is rather overstating the method's importance.

A sour mash is produced by blending up to a third of the volume of hot slightly acid spirit "beer", or working yeast left over in the still, into the fresh mash and then allowing it to cool for 24 hours. The whiskey is then distilled off, exhibiting no trace of sourness or acidity. With the less widespread sweet mash method, only fresh yeast is used and the fermentation period is shorter.

Although widely touted by drink snobs in the '30s, the designation "bottled in bond" on a bottle of bourbon is not a guarantee of superiority. It *can* be, but really it just means that the bourbon has been aged for four years and is 100 proof. It was originally a government safeguard against watery bourbon that was flooding the market in the late 19th Century, and it was no indication of what went into the bottle.

Some drinks refuse to fall into neat classifications, and when it comes to bourbon, the biggest renegade is Jack Daniel's. It is a whiskey of the bourbon type, being made from a rye, barley and corn mash and distilled according to the same proof guidelines as bourbon, but it is strictly referred to as a Tennessee whiskey because of one additional and very important process. Straight after manufacture, the young whiskey is dripped through maple charcoal to lend an added finesse and eliminate much of the definitive corn taste of most bourbon. It's extra mellow, highly distinctive and must be made in Tennessee.

Because of their very definite flavors, no form of whiskey is classified as a good mixer, but the sweeter and rounder American types are far more versatile in cocktails and mixed drinks than their European counterparts. Bourbon forms the basis of several classic cocktails, most notably: *The Sour* — a sharp blend of bourbon and lemon juice, lightly sweetened with sugar; *The Manhattan* — a very '30s concoction of bourbon and rye, sweet vermouth and Angostura bitters chilled with ice and then strained; *The Old Fashioned* — a drink for which there are innumerable recipes, but which is basically a melange of sugar, bitters, bourbon or rye and cracked ice.

But perhaps the most famous of all bourbon drinks is the legendary *Mint Julep*. Evocative of beautiful Southern belles, suppressed sexuality and long hot summers, its adherents are legion and their fights are fierce. According to The Bourbon Institute, the classic proportions are 60ml of bourbon, 30ml water, one lump of sugar, four sprigs of mint and crushed ice. All the ingredients except the bourbon are placed in a tall glass, then the all-important liquor is added last.

One poetic drinker once pointed out that bourbon and mint are lovers, and like a woman's heart, mint gives its sweetest aroma when bruised. As the Bourbon Institute strictly forbids stirring the drink, any gentle roughing up of the mint should obviously be done prior to the final act of union.

— ELISABETH KING

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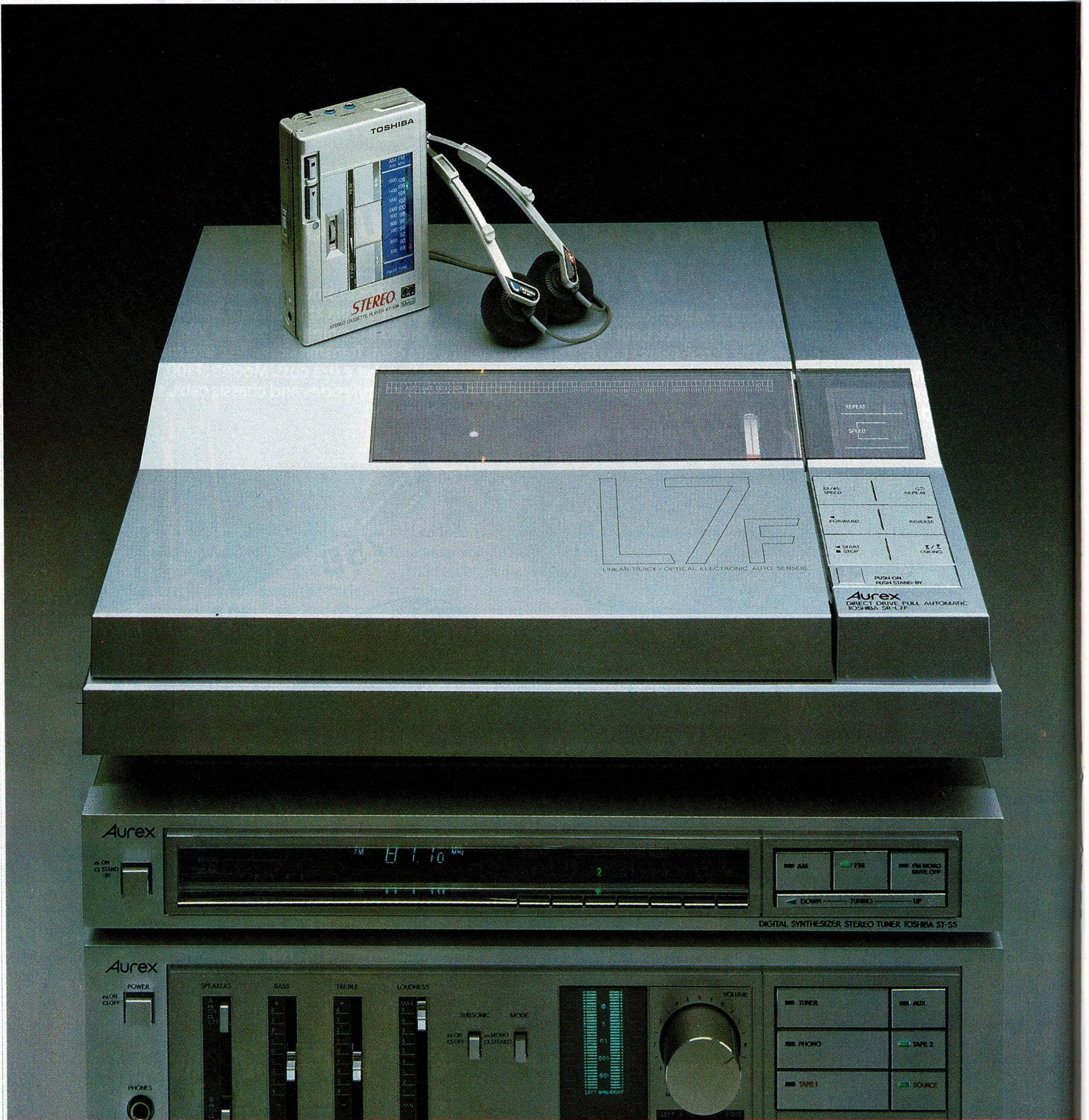

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ

a candid conversation with the nobel prize winner about his novels, his friend fidel castro, life, love and revolution in latin america

It came as no great surprise to the literary community when Gabriel Garcia Marquez was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in October last year. For years, critics had been waxing ecstatic about the author of One Hundred Years of Solitude, *hailing him as one of the world's great living novelists, comparing his work to that of William Faulkner and James Joyce. Indeed, among the literati, Garcia Marquez — "Gabo", as he's known to his friends — has long been talked of as a Nobel contender. The only question was when, not if.*

A few basic facts about Garcia Marquez: he is the foremost practitioner of Latin America's "magic realist" literary style, a form in which fantasy and reality are blended into a uniquely New World form of storytelling; his masterly novel of life, love and revolution in a Latin-American village, One Hundred Years of Solitude, *has sold more than 6,000,000 copies in 30 languages; before garnering his Nobel, Garcia Marquez won every international prize worth having.*

Beyond his literary accomplishments, Garcia Marquez is a political activist, an advocate of social revolution in the Third World and in Latin America in particular. He is a close friend of many world leaders, including Cuba's Fidel Castro and France's Socialist President Francois Mitterrand. His leftist views and background have made him a controversial figure in the US.

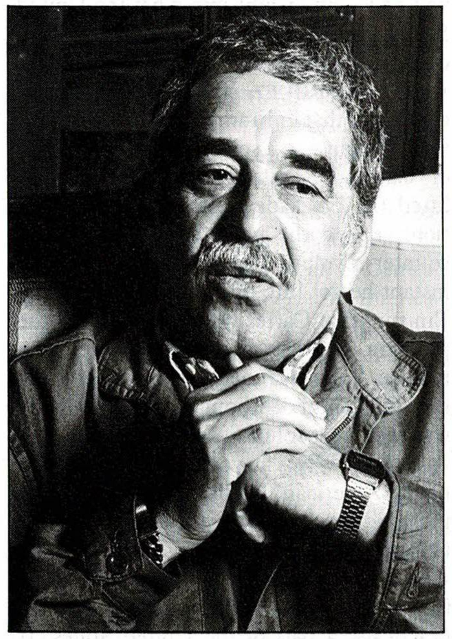
When One Hundred Years of Solitude *was published in the United States in 1970, critics fell over one another to pronounce Garcia Marquez a genius. That was followed in 1975 with* The Autumn of the Patriarch, *a wildly surreal work about a Latin-American dictator who's been in power so long that no one remembers how he got there. His latest novel is* Chronicle of a Death Foretold, *the story of sex, murder and retribution in a South American town.*

Born in the Colombian coastal village of Aracataca in 1928, the writer grew up in an atmosphere that made him a natural storyteller. Aracataca, he always said, was a wonderful place of "bandits and dancers". His grandfather, a former colonel who'd fought the liberal cause in the Colombian civil wars, told young Gabriel true tales of war, injustice and politics. His grandmother, a superstitious woman, recited bedtime stories of the supernatural.

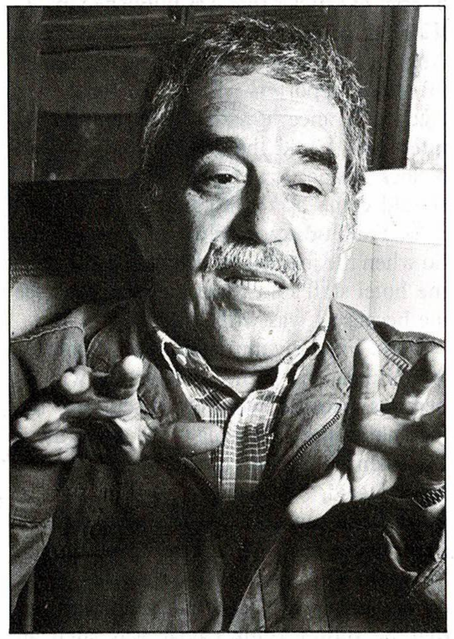
Since the age of 18, Garcia Marquez knew that a big book about Latin America brewed inside him. As a young man, he studied law at the University of Bogota — a pursuit he continued until, in the late '40s, he quit to eke out a living as a writer and a journalist. During the '50s and '60s, he lived the itinerant life of a reporter in Paris, Rome and Caracas, including a stint as a correspondent for Prensa Latina, revolutionary Cuba's news agency. On one brief trip back home in 1958, he married his childhood sweetheart, Mercedes Barcha. When not writing for newspapers, Garcia Marquez wrote fiction: Leaf Storm, No One Writes to the Colonel, In Evil Hour *and* Big Mama's Funeral, *works that some scholars now consider first drafts of* One Hundred Years of Solitude. *By 1965, freelancer Garcia Marquez found himself in Mexico City, supporting his wife and sons, Rodrigo and Gonzalo. It was there the idea for* One Hundred Years of Solitude *was crystallised. In the years since its publication in 1967, Garcia Marquez has been catapulted to wealth, political influence and the international renown usually reserved for movie stars and statesmen. The Garcia family now maintains elegant residences in Paris and Mexico City, and he has used his influence to become an unofficial ambassador for leftist Latin America. He has tried unsuccessfully to ignore his fame, saying, "I detest being converted into a public spectacle."*

Last year, before the Nobel Prize was awarded, PLAYBOY *gave journalist* **Claudia Dreifus** *the green light to put some questions to this unusual writer. Her report: "To describe Garcia Marquez as elusive is to make an understatement. He does not answer letters, fearing that his correspondence may be sold at auction. His telephone seems to be perpetually out of order. I wrote to him at various addresses in Paris, and periodically telephoned his agent in Spain. Nothing happened. Then, one afternoon in New York, the author's English-language translator telephoned: 'Gabo is in New York, just for the afternoon. If you rush, you might catch him.'*

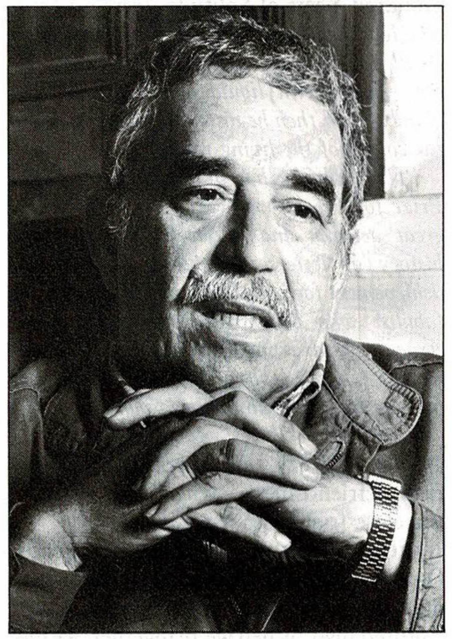
"In a flash, I contacted Garcia Marquez at his Park Avenue hotel — he was nearly out the door to go to the airport. 'Mr Garcia Marquez, there's so much that's been written about you and so little of it is true,' I said



"In Colombia, I am national property, national patrimony. I have not one ounce of privacy."



"People find it difficult to believe my friendship with Castro is based on a mutual interest in literature."



"One Hundred Years of Solitude *is not a history of Latin America, it is a metaphor for Latin America."*

quickly. 'With a PLAYBOY *interview, you could clear up all the fiction. What's more, with the situation in Central America being what it is, people would be interested in hearing a different voice speaking on Latin American realities. Why don't you tell us* your *side of the story?'*

"Garcia Marquez was intrigued. In March of 1981, he'd suffered the unpleasant experience of having to flee his native Colombia after the military there tried to link him with a Castroite guerrilla organisation. In the US, he was having problems with the State Department, which, because of his Castro connection, would only grant him a limited US entry visa. Yes, he would like to talk. Did I speak Spanish? Did I speak French?

"What did I speak? German? 'We'll figure something out,' said Garcia Marquez. 'I'll see you in either Paris or Barcelona — your choice. But I must go and catch my plane now.'

" 'I prefer Paris,' I replied. 'Ah yes,' he laughed, and then added, 'This conversation is beginning to sound like a scene from a Dos Passos novel.'

"Two months later, we met at his charming modern apartment in a high-rise that towers over Paris. For nine days, we talked, argued, parried. Sometimes, his wife Mercedes, a dark woman with a quiet manner, would sit in on the sessions. Incidentally, our conversations about Latin American politics occurred when El Salvador was in the headlines, and before the outcome of the Falklands conflict last year and the renewed tensions in Nicaragua. These discussions should be read within that context.

"Oddly enough, the playful black humor that is the trademark of Garcia Marquez's writing came out only after lengthy coaxing. Gabriel Garcia Marquez was making an interview for posterity and, God, was he ever serious about it. Once, in a fruitless attempt to make him laugh, I brought him a box of truffles from Paris' best chocolatier. *In* One Hundred Years of Solitude, *there's a priest who levitates every time he drinks chocolate. 'Will you levitate with these?' I asked. 'It only works with liquid chocolate,' he said glumly. And then he tossed the chocolates to a far corner of the living room.*

"No doubt he has appreciated the Nobel Prize for Literature a lot more — the cash, great acclaim and a certified place in the history of letters. It must be a delicious achievement for Gabriel Garcia Marquez, the fabulist who began his writing career in Aracataca, drawing cartoons of his grandmother's occult tales; the man who writes because he wants 'to be loved more.'"

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about one of your famous friendships — with Fidel Castro. It *is* a close friendship, isn't it?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: We are good friends. Ours is an intellectual friendship. It may not be widely known that Fidel is a very cultured man. When we're together, we talk a great deal about literature. Fidel is a fantastic reader. As a matter of fact, the friendship really began after he'd read *One Hundred Years of Solitude,* which he liked very much.

PLAYBOY: Castro once said of you, "Garcia Marquez is the most powerful man in Latin America." If that is an accurate quote, how do you think he meant it?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: The phrasing doesn't sound like Fidel, but, if he did say that, I'm sure he was referring to me as a writer, not as a political man.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you don't talk about politics with him?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Well, it would be hard not to. But we don't really talk about politics *that* much. Most people find it difficult to believe that my friendship with Fidel Castro is almost totally based on our mutual interest in literature. Very few of our conversations concern the fate of the world. More often, we talk about what good books we've read.

PLAYBOY: But people think you do, as you say, conspire with Castro, don't they?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: There are some in the government of Colombia, my own country, who think that. But let me really tell you about my friendship with Fidel, because perhaps this is the place to clear up all the misunderstandings about it. I'll begin with a story I think is typical.

I am absolutely convinced that in Jimmy Carter's plans for a second term was a solution for the problem of Cuban-US relations.

In 1976 and 1977, I went to Angola to do a series of articles that was published in *The Washington Post*. On the way back from Angola, I stopped in Cuba. Well, in Havana, reporters from Reuters and Agence France Presse asked me for an interview. I told them that I had a seven o'clock plane to Mexico but that they should come by the hotel at four. Around 3:30, Fidel unexpectedly arrived for a talk. So when the journalists dropped by at four, the hotel staff told them they couldn't see me because I was with Fidel.

I told Fidel my impressions of Angola for 10 minutes, and then, I don't know why — perhaps because we were discussing the food shortages in Angola — he asked me if I'd eaten poorly there. "It wasn't bad for me," I said. "I managed to find a tin of caviar somehow and I was very happy." So Fidel asked if I liked caviar. And I said, "Very much." He told me that that was a purely cultural, intellectual prejudice and that he didn't think caviar was such an exquisite dish. Well, one thing led to another, and we continued talking for hours about food — lobsters, fish, fish recipes. The man knows *everything* there is to know about seafood. So when it came time for me to leave for my plane, he said, "I'll take you to the airport." At the airport, Fidel and I sat in the VIP lounge and talked more about fish — while the plane was held up.

PLAYBOY: How do you go about maintaining a personal relationship with someone like Castro?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: It's difficult, obviously, because it is a friendship with limitations. Fidel is a man with few personal friends. It's inevitable, of course, given his job and his power. Once, someone asked him — in front of me — if he didn't feel the solitude of power. He said no. However, I wonder if those who have power really feel how alone they are.

PLAYBOY: One of the rumors about you is that you give Castro a first look at your novels — before you submit them to your publishers. True?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Well, with my most recent book, *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*, I sent him the manuscript, yes.

PLAYBOY: Did he like it?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Fidel? Yes! The reason I showed it to him is because he is a very good reader with a really astonishing capacity for concentration — and also because he's so careful. In many of the books he reads, he quickly finds contradictions from one page to another. *Chronicle of a Death Foretold* is structured as carefully as clockwork. If there had been an error in the works, a contradiction, it would have been very serious. So, knowing about Fidel's quick eye, I showed him the original manuscript hoping he might catch any contradictions.

PLAYBOY: So you use the President of Cuba as a literary muse?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: No, as a good first reader.

PLAYBOY: Knowing Castro as you do, do you have any insight into what the United States might do — or might have done — to change its relations with Cuba?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Yes. I am absolutely convinced that in Jimmy Carter's plans for a second term was a solution for the problem of Cuban-US relations. He would have lifted the blockade, restored normal relations, ended the harassment of Cuba by counter-revolutionary groups. Reagan, the instant he got into office, did the opposite. I'm sure that Carter would have solved the problem of those hostilities in the same manner John Kennedy wanted to when they killed him. Without a doubt, Kennedy was seeking a solution for Cuba.

PLAYBOY: Why, in your opinion, have so many American Presidents — Kennedy included — had such an obsession with Cuba?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: For two reasons. The first is that Cuba, until the revolution, was practically a part of the United States. It was completely, completely United States territory. It was an incredible loss for the North American financial interests that controlled the country when the Cuban revolution proved a true revolution — both national and social. And that's the second reason for this obsession. Before Cuba, all revolutions in Latin America offered the possibility of sooner or later falling under the control of the United States. Cuba changed Latin-American history.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps, but it also merely switched its dependency from the United States to the Soviet Union.

GARCIA MARQUEZ: A lot of that was artificial and caused by the US economic blockade. The Cubans were very lucky that the Soviet Union provided aid when it did, because the United States was trying to starve them to death. But that doesn't mean that the situation isn't artificial. It is not possible for a country like Cuba to have all its energy sources 14,000 kilometres away indefinitely — an oil supertanker arrives there every 32 hours. Well, that has to change. It could change if the United States recognised that the Cubans are entitled to their own revolution in their own style — that they're entitled to it.

What many in North America don't realise is that Cuba has great affection for the people of the United States. If the blockade ended, there would be good relations.

PLAYBOY: How do you see the situation in El Salvador? Do you think Reagan sees it purely as evidence of more Soviet activity?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: I think what the United States Government wants in Central America is governments it can control. Fortunately — or, depending on what you believe, unfortunately — the US can't get that without war. It's hard to know what Reagan's motives are.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that the Soviet Union is expansionistic?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: I believe that the Soviet Union will take advantage of situations — especially when the United States refuses to support the nonconformist side. But to get back to El Salvador, it's a very dangerous situation. When one contemplates possible scenarios, you think that the world might be coming to a very great conflagration. First of all, we're not talking about a war in El Salvador alone. If the United States intervened there as it did in Vietnam, the war would soon spill over to all of Central America — perhaps all of Latin America. Yes, the United States might go into Central America militarily, because that is a weak place. Then, as a next step, the US might create a naval blockade to prevent the Cubans from helping the Central Americans. While I don't think that Cuba would do anything as preposterous as provoke a war with the United States, it certainly would defend itself against a North American invasion — which would also be a possibility.

PLAYBOY: You are obviously negative about Reagan's foreign policy, but do you think it's very different from that of his predecessor?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Very different. When it came to Latin America, Carter was extremely well informed, and during the last few years of his office, he was greatly influenced by the late General Omar Torrijos, the former leader of Panama. Torrijos was one of my closest friends, and I know of many of the things that were said between them. I know, for instance, that Carter and Torrijos together were trying to work out a negotiated political solution for the problems of El Salvador. Carter's policy on signing the Panama Canal treaties was a major step in improving relations between the United States and Latin America. The treaties, for which he fought hard, proved to be the most important of all Carter's international policies. When he signed them, he showed that the United States was beginning to deal with Latin America in a fair way. And, also, Carter's human-rights policies were often commendable. I admit that, when he was in power, I thought his human-rights campaign was a facade, window-dressing.

Under Carter, for purely psychological reasons, the Latin-American dictators felt watched, uncertain. In the United States, the power structure has never been monolithic. So, during Carter's term of office, you had the Pentagon and the CIA telling the dictators not to worry. You also had the State Department, at the same time, telling them that they had to respect the human-rights of their citizens. The double message made the dictators feel insecure. As a result, those of us who are involved in human rights work were able to rescue many people. However, since Reagan's election, you have Jeane Kirkpatrick running off to Chile and telling Augusto Pinochet that his is the kind of "authoritarian democracy" Latin America needs. Since her visit, it has been impossible to get *one prisoner* out of Pinochet's jails! Nor can we get answers from the Argentine government about the 15,000 Argentine citizens who've disappeared.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned your friendship with Torrijos, who died in a private plane crash in 1981. Is it true that you've developed an ulcer since his death?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Yes and no. I have a chronic problem in my duodenum that is affected by stress. Some years ago, the ulcer haemorrhaged, but it was fine for the longest time. But then, when Torrijos died, I was terribly upset. He was a dear friend of mine. No, he was *more* than that. I considered myself one of his closest friends. Aside from that, he was an extremely important man for Latin America. Moreover, I barely missed joining him on the fatal flight. As you can well imagine, all that taken together caused my ulcer to haemorrhage.

PLAYBOY: You haven't lived in Colombia regularly since 1955. Why? Is it that writers simply never can go home again?

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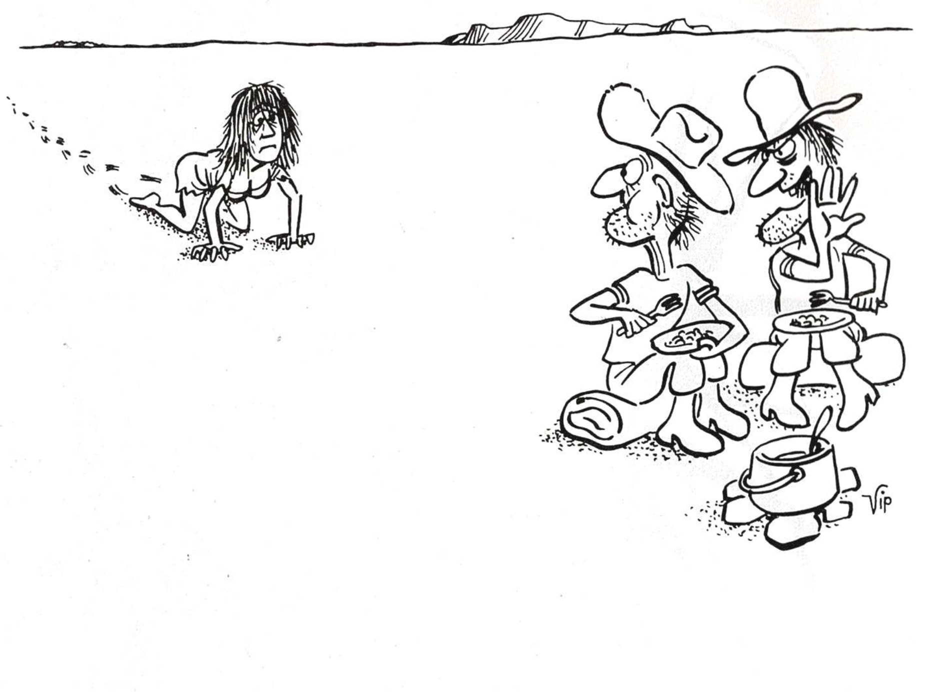
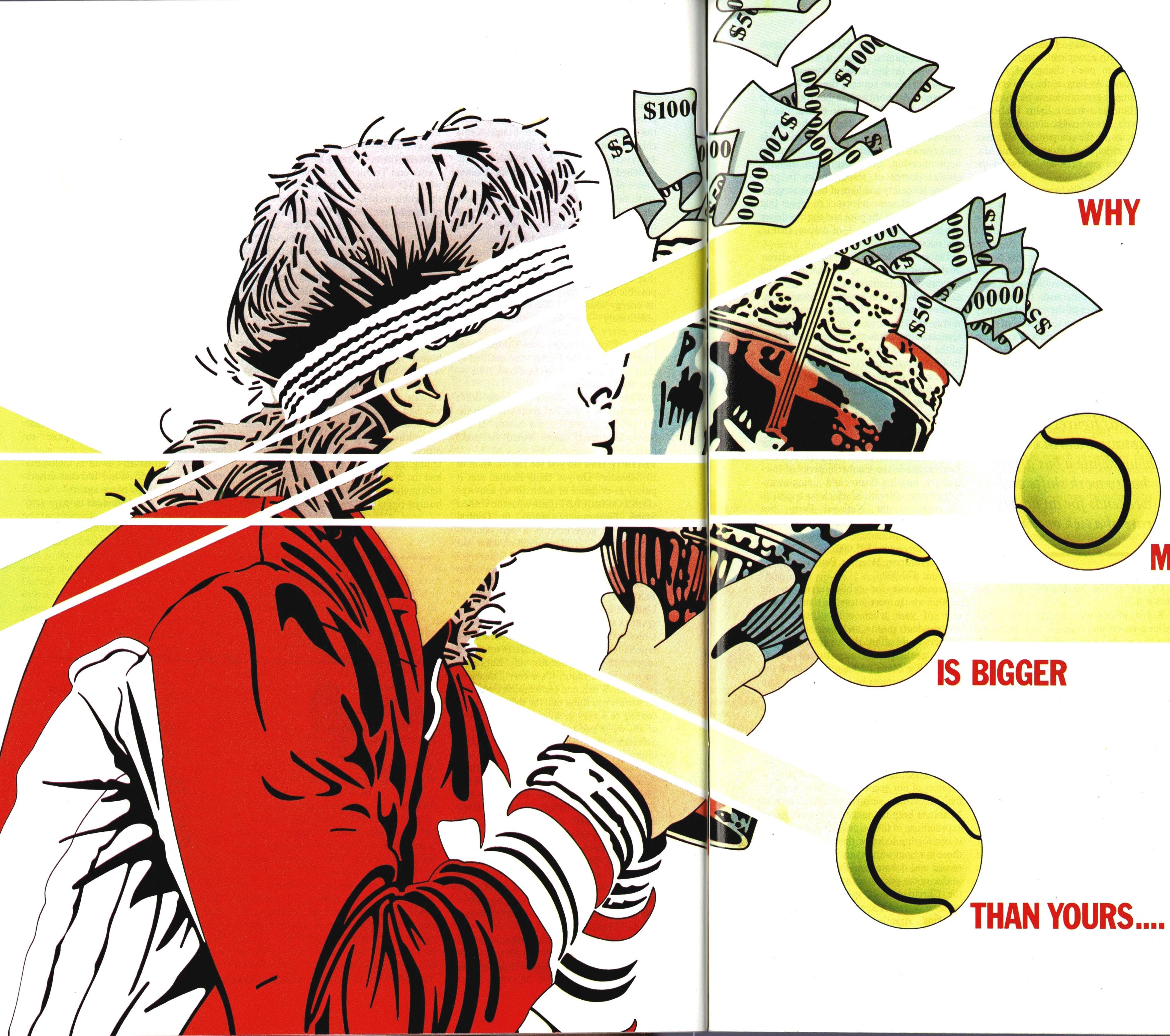


"Get a load of the cleavage on this one."

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL



WHY MALCOLM FRASER'S IS BIGGER THAN YOURS....

if the wage structure seems a bit lopsided, could it be because of our own priorities?

PRIME MINISTER Fraser and harlots have been known to take it lying down; John Laws talks for, if never about, it; morticians and boxers lay people out for it; surgeons slice, nurses nurse, Bert Newton clowns, plumbers plumb, burglars burgle and nightmen shovel shit for it.

It is the bond that binds everyone lucky enough in the current recess-going-on-depression to have an operative income tax file number — the salary or what we or the arbitration system consider the hire of our bodies and minds is worth. It is the fruit of the 11th commandment of the Judeo-Christian society, work.

The Christian work ethic is so deeply embedded in our psyches that I suspect that it has long been programmed into the human DNA. The jet-propelled couches of psychiatrists' consulting rooms are riddled with the marriage corpses of men and women who have admitted to their shrinks that their work drive has usurped the sex drive in the grand scheme of balanced, matrimonial partnerships.

Insensitive though the subject of wages might be in these troubled times when something in excess of 600,000 able-bodied Australians are queuing for the dole, we got to thinking about salaries when news filtered down the telepipe that our big brother in Chicago had commissioned a US author of socio-economic trivia, David Harrop, to draw up a list of the world's big, medium and small wage-earners. Author of *World Paychecks: Who Makes What, Where and Why?* Harrop came through with a list long enough to rival an SP bookie's record of bad debtors.

article by russell deiley

Possibly because he thought that as a "freelance" — a euphemism for existing at the insolvency level while ostensibly worshipping at the altar of journalistic independence — I would be objective about the sums others earn in regular employment, the editor of PLAYBOY hired me to investigate and report on ruling prices in the Australian labor market.

A glance through the list that Harrop built was about as enlightening as Sir John Kerr's rationale for changing the course of Australian politics. Harrop, for example, tells us that a New York sanitation worker earns three times as much as the Chief of Staff of the Indian Army and that, in a good year, Paul McCartney takes home between $40 and $50 million. (In death, John Lennon and Elvis Presley are probably earning more for their estates, but no one is seriously promoting necromonics as an alternative to monetarism.)

Perhaps the most significant point I gathered from the Harrop list is that I have slightly more in common with the President of Sri Lanka, whose pre-perks salary is rated at $243 a year, than with Wayne Newton, who earns $5769.23 an hour.

Names and job classifications and dollars and cents abound in the list compiled by Harrop, who used the basic formula of dividing annual incomes by 2080 (52 weeks multiplied by 40 hours) to arrive at hourly wages. As I know of very few Australians who work a neat 40 hours, I discarded the formula. Besides, assessors of the American wage structure have a head start over us simply because many salaries, especially those of the corporate barons, are a matter of public record.

While the salaries for men and women appointed to public positions are advertised and while the results of award proceedings are published, collective bargaining has led to a situation in which precious few Australians appear to be paid at the going rate. And discussion about the details of wage levels is a no-no. Men who will gaily flop their old fellows on the bar for a communal measuring competition and will fly in the face of convention to discuss a lady's sexual predilections in the mess, freeze at the hint of a wages comparison. They'll boast about how much they earn and lie about the generosity of the boss who signs the expense account, but to ask for a look at the figures on the pay slip is to invite a punch in the mouth.

In fact the person who dares ask about his mate's salary or, even worse, volunteers precise information about his own is seen as some sort of degenerate. To know what a friend, colleague or rival earns discomforts Australian men. Sure, we all want to know what the other guy makes, but therein lies the danger of learning that he makes a lot more than you do. That kind of knowledge can destroy a relationship. Newer to the work-force, women are a lot more honest about business, work and money, but they are rapidly learning the name of the game.

Just the other day, I was enjoying a sundowner with a couple of mates when the talk turned to one's change of jobs in computerland. As long as the conversation hovered among generalities we were on firm ground, but the warning lights flashed in the banker's eyes when the computer whizz began discussing the comparative affluence the switch in jobs had brought to his life.

"Don't let's get personal," advised the banker.

"I'm not," said the computer. "I was only going to say that the package I've negotiated adds up to an extra $4000 a year." Package talk is okay. But you don't open the package.

Author Michael Korda has this to say about the secret details of the capitalist society in his book, *Power*: "Money is what business is all about, and, therefore, it retains all the power of the central mystery of a religious cult. In no single area of adult life do the rules of childhood apply so strictly as in raises. If you ask how much someone else is getting you will be told, 'That doesn't apply,' or 'It's not your business.' "

Qantas figures a Jumbo captain is worth $90 an hour, while a bus driver has to work shifts and weekends for an hourly rate of a tick over $10.

Or, as in the local pub, "Don't get personal."

Korda, of course, is not the first to link earning-power and religion. St Luke noted that the worker earns his pay. And in the gospel of the founding father of economics, Adam Smith, according to John Kenneth Galbraith: "The wealth of nations results from the diligent pursuit by each of its citizens of his own interests — when he reaps the resulting reward or suffers any resulting penalties."

Various nations, including Australia, of course, aren't all that wealthy these days as the politicians manage to prolong this decadal recession into the mid-'80s when Messrs Fraser and Howard would have it that many workers are suffering the penalties of their over-diligent pursuit of wage hoists. Rampant monetarism merely makes difficult a meaningful analysis of what the worker deserves in return for his labor and skills and what he or she gets in relation to market pressures and social needs.

In a social sense, who is to say whether a government bus driver ferrying hundreds of peak hour passengers through Sydney's hilly and narrow streets has less responsibility than a senior Jumbo captain nursing a Boeing 747B into Heathrow? Qantas figures the Jumbo captain is worth $90 an hour, while the bus driver has to work shifts and weekends to squeeze the NSW Urban Transport Authority to an hourly rate of a tick over $10. I'll concede that a man in charge of the flight deck of the largest commercial aircraft in the world has undergone a much more demanding apprenticeship, but surely each shares a similar degree of responsibility in protecting the safety and lives of his passengers. It may be of some relevance to report that the employers of the pilot and the bus driver are both losing heaps — of dollars, that is, not passengers.

Before we leave the pilot-bus driver analogy, it is worth noting that the Chief Executive of Qantas receives $77,250 in salary and $4750 in tax-free allowances for whatever number of hours he spends a year doing those increasingly more difficult Qantas sums, while the managing-director of the NSW UTA gets $68,640 with $2325 in allowances.

Because of parliamentary waffle and grassroots politicking among garden party guests, at church fetes, jamborees and grievance meetings, the hourglass has not yet been invented by which we can measure the flat rate of the men whose patronage keeps these fat cats of transport in a job. Leaving aside the Canberra perks of low-interest housing loans and living-away-from-home allowances which so appeal to members of the National Party, but allowing for other non-taxable allowances, the Federal Minister for Transport, Mr Hunt, is on around $85,000 a year, while the NSW Transport Minister, Peter Cox, drags in about $70,000.

Recompense for public service in the 1980s is vastly more attractive than in those days of yore when only gentlemen of independent means and hair-shirted reformers could afford the luxury of politics. As a gentleman farmer turned power broker, Big Mal's package for leading the country to wherever he is taking us totes up to around $120,000 a year. Notwithstanding his altruistic gesture of deferring acceptance of his latest parliamentary pay rise, Nifty Nev Wran is looking at an all-up figure of $96,899 as Premier of NSW.

Up there as they are at the top end of the nation's middle-earners, the elected administrators of our economic destinies must be men of extreme sensitivity and acumen to be able to keep in touch with the needs and expectations of the *hoi polloi*. For our part, it is comforting to know that the pay rates of those in whom we trust are matters of public record and debate. Service before self. . .

One of the paradoxes of the extensions of the Christian work ethic is the general attitude toward the unemployed. Broadly speaking, it is less than charitable. The attitudes of the self-employed, public servants and the employed toward the jobless range from short measures of compassion through indifference to contempt and hostility. Jobless is godless. The $64 doled out to the single unemployed each week doesn't impress me as over-extravagant, either as a manifestation of Christian compassion or as a salve to the public conscience.

Our attitudes toward those self-employed whose line of work crosses that grey line dividing order and disorder are equally ambivalent.

Con men who can shake down the establishment without seeming to invade our territorial rights or pockets are often included among our folk heroes. After all, we were prepared to forgive and forget Murray Beresford Robert's New Zealand antecedents to embrace him as one of our own lovable rogues whose gainful masquerades as cleric, doctor, peer and diplomat-at-large were carried out more as imp than profiteer.

Distanced by history, Ben Hall and Ned Kelly and their modern-day counterparts such as John Rider (PLAYBOY, December 1980), the notorious cat burglar, Mr Brown, who hoaxed Qantas out of a small fortune, and even that habitual criminal and escapologist, Darcy Dugan, have been glorified by the media. As long as the crims are seen to be robbing the rich (not necessarily for the benefit of the poor) and bureaucracy, they're not bad blokes.

Until zealous investigators and a Royal Commission disclosed the degree to which we have been subsidising their rackets, tax avoiders were regarded with similar fondness. If all government departments were fair game, the tax man (or tax fiend as the prince of avoiders, Peter Clyne, prefers to call him) was a prime target for the great Australian rip-off. I suppose it is a bit like Jesus bursting into the temple in Jerusalem and scattering the coins of the money lenders and the pigeon dealers. I'm sure some of the coins rolled into the pockets of the greedy as well as the needy.

Only now are we starting to realise that we all pay for the profits of robbery through increased insurance premiums and the cost of increasing the size of our police and security forces. And we all help pay for the elegant lifestyle of the Peter Clynes and the Gold Coast mansions built on the proceeds of the stripped assets of companies cluttering the bottoms of Sydney Harbor, Port Phillip Bay and the Swan River estuary.

With such invisible overheads as travel expenses (in the drug-running business), pay-offs, protection and/or "insurance", it is impossible to put a price on the wages of crime, especially when allowances have to be built-in for the near inevitability of the practitioner spending some non-producing years in the slammer.

But a couple of years back when I rubbed shoulders with some uncouth characters while researching the drug trade, I learnt that the principal pocketed about $81,000 of the $143,000 which changed hands in a deal of one kilogram of heroin. Mind you, the swelling pokey population and the body count attest to the insecurity of trading in white death.

One so-called victimless sin that pays well and in which the only real hazard is a dripping disease and which falls neatly within the Christian work ethic is prostitution. Despite the clarity of the Fourth Commandment, Jesus apparently had a soft spot for these mothers of professional invention. For, not only did he resist the Pharisees' demand that Mary Magdalene be stoned to death for being caught in flagrant adultery, but he took her into his inner flock and, in so doing, enshrined Mary and prostitution in the hearts of men.

Gauged in historic terms, the trade that has endured as long as lust itself has undergone dynamic change in social acceptance, rejection and indifference. In Australia today, while male prostitution is widely regarded as an abomination, the ladies of the night are commonly regarded as honest, law-abiding workers.

In fact, if Australia is in the grip of the deepest depression in 50 years, the tough times are mocked by the burgeoning after-tax bank balances of girls like 19-year-old Robyn. While her peers in the matriculating class of '81 are sitting out the recession in universities, pounding the pavement in search of work or nervously holding down jobs in banks, boutiques and bars, Robyn is well on her way to achieving a personal goal —financial independence by the ripe old age of 23.

Just a year and a half since winning her Higher School Certificated release from an exclusive private school on Sydney's arbored North Shore, she is well aware that she is sitting on the ultimate honey pot in her penthouse apartment above the smog line. From the time she discarded her school uniform and slipped into something a little more revealing to serve a brief apprenticeship in a massage parlor to learn the tricks of the oldest profession, Robyn set herself the target of banking between $1000 and $1500 a week.

She bulled that target shortly after quitting the assembly line, where she was often expected to accommodate 25 johns a night, firstly for the less wearing role of obliging escort and, currently, as an exclusive courtesan to the high rollers, the loaded (cash-wise, not pox-wise — Robyn only ministers to the needs of the cleanly) and the thrill seekers bored with domesticated sex.

Unless you are prepared to talk business rather than economics, Robyn is a shade coy about her hourly rates. She confesses, however, that a very basic service will cost a customer $130, while all the trimmings can go "up to any amount". A weekend travelling assignment, for example, can "run into thousands". Mind you, for that kind of dough, Robyn will cater to your every whim and, as she says, she is a very, very good cook.

Apart from the odd weekend commission, Robyn admits to an average working week of 15 hours, which means that after deducting her claim of $1000 a week for overheads, her love box is worth more

(continued on page 120)

FLAVORS
WOOD
LIVER
CORN
VANILLA

"We're out of vanilla!"

THE DEATH OF THE SHARK

when a fishing boat rolled on the lakes entrance bar, killing three crew, the misery was just beginning

AS NEAR as they could guess it was 2pm on that slate grey day when the fishing vessel, *Shark,* turned towards home, lined up the navigation markers and steamed across the dreaded sand bar guarding the only way into the Victorian port of Lakes Entrance.

Sitting in the lounge-room of his home in the appropriately named Seaview Parade, 29-year veteran fishing skipper, Peter Friend, watched in horror as a large wave plucked the *Shark* from the sea as a dog might pull down a frisbee in a park.

"He picked up on a big sea and virtually picked up so much speed going down the front of the sea he was more or less overtaking the sea itself," Friend would later recall.

"He sort of swerved to the bottom of it and broached extremely hard to port. . . he had beaten the sea to the bottom and the wave broke across the ship about midships. I was unable to see any survivors come from the boat."

About a mile away, young Scott Horton, one of the promising lads in that tough and avaricious fishing town, watched also as the *Shark* prepared for her final run. Scott saw the *Shark* turn across the bar and into the channel.

"Immediately he got inside the break," said Scott, "the big sea picked him up and it started to surf him in. In my opinion it started to surf him down the face. The whole boat was nearly on the face of the wave but once he got to the trough he broached heavily to port. . .he ran the face of the wave and then tended to climb back up the face of the wave. . . it tended to fall for a moment — the top of the wave rolled it."

For Scott, the death of the *Shark* must have been a little like watching a replay of his own funeral. Just six weeks earlier he had been a crew member on the ill-fated trawler.

More than most, he must have been able to visualise what would happen when tons of roaring water blasted through the wheelhouse as the whole 60-foot fishing boat described a perfect arc into the seabed so that it was upside down with its steel bottom thrusting through the surf towards the sky.

But what Horton and Friend, and the dozens of others who came to be involved, couldn't have known was that the death of the *Shark* would inflame the town and the industry, would wreck families, destroy friendships and plough on and on through inquests, marine inquiries, ministerial reviews and compensation cases that in themselves would weave a web of pain and misery and bitterness that have all

article by phil ackman

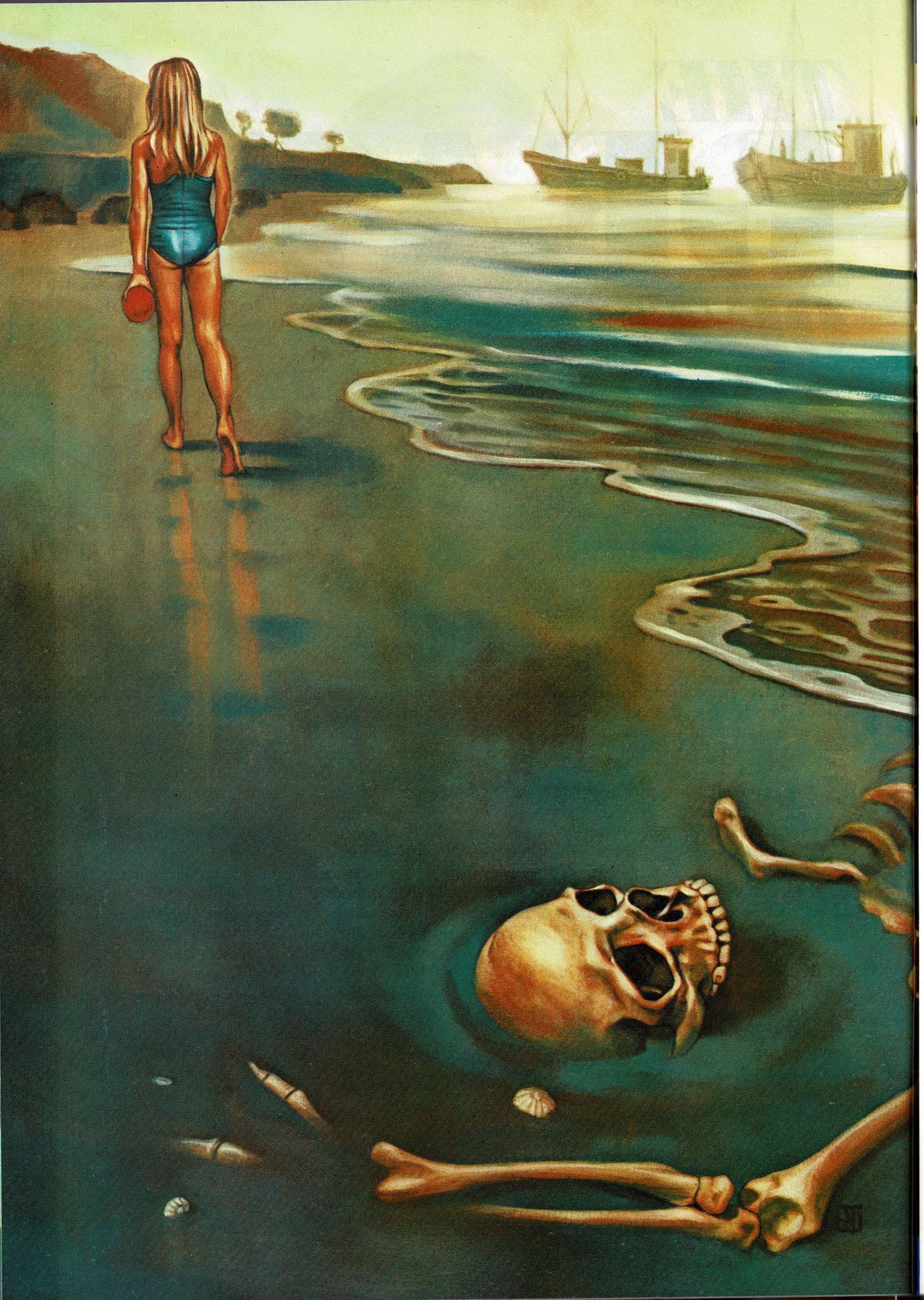


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

but eclipsed the tragedy of the *Shark* itself and the three men who died with her.

●

The *Maxetta* rode easily at her Sydney berth. Sixty feet of gleaming five-eighth inch steel with a 110 hp diesel that would push her along at 10 knots. Geoff Newman, a chain-smoking, slender, fisherman's fisherman, surveyed her with his clear grey eyes and concluded the *Maxetta* had the potential to make the best damn fishing boat in Australia.

Designed by naval architect, Allan Payne, whose more usual designs shake up the Yanks in the America's Cup, the *Maxetta* was a thoroughbred lady with a brief but florid background. Built in the mid-'60s by a German service station proprietor near Pakenham outside Melbourne, the *Maxetta* worked off the New South Wales coast and in the Gulf of Carpentaria before disappearing one night on a joy-ride that took her to Port Moresby. When the owner found her — by pure chance — 12 months later, she was pressed back into service as part of the fishing fleet in Eden.

Now under Geoff Newman's careful tutelage and a swapped sale note, she would become the *Shark,* whose new home would be Lakes Entrance. Redesigned and rigged to catch everything from hammerheads to whiting, the *Shark* took to sea in February, 1972, breaking a State fishing record on her first trip. Around the same time, a strapping six-foot youngster was working his way up and down the coast trying his hand at abalone diving and as a deck-hand in Queensland and the Gulf country.

Gavan Farley had lived in Lakes Entrance throughout his childhood and it is fair to say the sea was in his blood. As a schoolboy, he became a champion surfer. The story was that he had guts in abundance and the stubborn determination of a mule as he aimed his board down the face of impossible waves. Later, he would ride the *Shark* instead, though there would be no dramatic pull-out at the bottom.

Schoolfriend Mike Joiner, on another boat safely in port, would hear Farley's last radio transmission and Cam Stuckey, the father of one of his closest mates, would pilot one of the first rescue boats to the disaster. All of this, of course, was safely in the future when Gavan Farley arrived home in mid-1974 to find himself a job as deck-hand on Geoff Newman's *Shark.*

Newman remembers Farley as a kid with a strong sense of adventure and a healthy curiosity to go with it — exactly the sort of bloke who might one day make a decent captain. Anyway, the *Shark* and the Newman family continued to prosper and at Christmas 1976, skipper Geoff Newman decided to try his luck fishing in Melbourne and Tasmania. He returned to Lakes Entrance on a crisp, fine night in June 1977, a gentle swell sighing beneath his boat.

It was about 4am and the bar wore its usual icing of white — though not in these conditions, dangerous — water. "I approached the bar and we promptly ran aground," Newman recalled. "We put a spotlight over the bow and the water was only a couple of feet deep. We were aground on the bar."

Newman knew that even on a still night, the *Shark* was in a dangerous position. The bar at Lakes Entrance is a fisherman's nightmare. It has claimed dozens of boats and too many lives. In 1965, a freak sea rose over another Newman boat as it crossed the bar. Newman gunned his engine to outrun it but the wave collapsed like a three-storey building over his stern.

"It opened a wooden dinghy flat," he said. "Like a bloke unclenching his fist." But this night the weather was with him. After a quarter of an hour the *Shark* managed to reverse clear. "We dropped the anchor and went to bed."

In the morning, Newman and his crew awoke to the novelty of the dredge, *April Hamer,* hard at work in the channel between the bar and the port.

"She was sucking sand from the middle of the channel and spitting it out the side just a few yards away," he said, his amazement apparently undimmed by the five years that have passed. Nor, perhaps, should it have been.

The Victorian Government has spent tens of thousands of dollars exploring the argument, on the one hand, that sand spewed to the side of a channel might be expected to create dangerous shallow banks, and on the other hand, that the sand would disperse so quickly that no banks would ever have been created. Happily for the government, whose *April Hamer* dredge might otherwise have been blamed for the sinking of the *Shark*, its inquiries have always found the banks issue to be irrelevant. Maybe not surprisingly, Newman has never quite seen it that way.

In a disputed conversation that harbormaster, Mike Jubb, would later claim never took place, Newman said he referred to the *April Hamer* — named perhaps unflatteringly after the then-Premier's wife — as a "stupid sandcastling machine".

"First time there's a decent south-easter you'll lose some boats, because there's no room to manoeuvre on the shallow sides of the channel. A big boat'll just tip arse over end," Newman claims to have told Jubb within moments of his arrival home. If the conversation did take place, then it was sadly prophetic — though Newman can hardly have known it was his own boat that would go "arse over end" in the next decent south-easterly nine months later.

Shortly after his return to Lakes Entrance, Newman saw a notice from the Ports and Harbors Division of the Victorian Government indicating the *April Hamer* had arrived in March to commence a period of "trial dredging on the bar". Pressure for the trial had come from the local fishermen's co-operative, which represented about half the boats based at the port. It is perhaps worth noting that

Newman's boat was never among them and that co-op general manager, Norm Clarke, described the dredging as "experimental" during later evidence at the Marine Court of Inquiry.

Clarke's testimony was generally supportive of the *April Hamer,* although he did agree there had been some concern about the shallow water on either side of the channel. According to Newman, the fishermen's co-op was in a difficult position over the dredging trial because the general trend towards larger boats made a deeper channel essential. If the trial had failed for any reason, then the future of the Australian fishing industry's biggest port may have been under a shadow.

It may have been a stupid sandcastling machine to Geoff Newman, but for many in Lakes Entrance, the *April Hamer* was far more than a novelty. When he took on the *April Hamer,* he took on much of his own industry at the same time.

In any event, by October, 1977, Newman had pretty much decided to put his feet up for a while and let somebody else run his boat. The new skipper turned out to be Gavan Farley, whom Newman has always maintained entered into a verbal contract with him to lease the boat for six months against a share of the profits. Such an arrangement would automatically exclude liability for items such as workers compensation. Three years later, the Victorian Workers Compensation Board would prove to Newman that an alleged verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on, when it slugged him $25,000 as a compensation pay-out.

But that's jumping far ahead, far beyond the cool autumn night of March 14, 1978, when the *Shark* slipped from her berth and steamed out of the harbor trailing a phosphorescent wake behind her. On board: Gavan Farley, 30, Ron Bilowski, 22, and Bob Alexander, the baby of the crew at 20. The *Shark* crossed a tranquil bar and headed east across a heaving, glassy sea.

Early the following morning, Owen Grassby cast off from the Lakes Entrance wharf and pointed his father's 65-foot fishing boat, *Charisma,* out to sea. He, too, turned to the east when he had crossed the bar into a silent, slumbering ocean.

Owen Grassby would be the last man to ever see Farley or his crew alive.

Geoff Newman would see Ron Bilowski lifeless and naked on a mortuary slab eight days later; his eye sockets empty, his mouth full of sand.

According to Grassby, the *Charisma* and the *Shark* fished together for three days and then huddled together in the lee of Cape Conran on the morning of Friday, March 17, 1978. They had sensed the beginnings of a long south-easterly roll; the weather that punches from the South Pole to Lakes Entrance with nothing in between to break its path or sap its power.

Early that same morning, Geoff Newman coaxed his 1968 Chevrolet into life, slipped out of the driveway of his family cottage and motored up the hill away from the sleeping port.

"On the way up the hill I looked out and saw the Public Works boat, *Latrobe,* steaming towards the *April Hamer.* Her bow and stern waves were breaking only about 10ft from the side of the boat. I pulled up and the next thing, the *Latrobe* was aground," said Newman. "I figured the channel could only be a hundred and sixty or seventy feet wide. I had never seen it so narrow. I also knew nobody else would realise how narrow it was. Conditions were so calm there was no wavebreak to give it away."

By Friday afternoon, the sky had filled with grey clouds, which burst in sharp, slanting showers. There was no wind, but every fisherman in Lakes Entrance knew a raw south-easter was on the way. By 11.30 that night, there was still not a breath of wind at Lakes Entrance, but the steady rain drummed along the harbor front. Only *Charisma,* the *Shark* and Mike Joiner's boat, the *Dori Lynn,* remained at sea.

Geoff Newman would see Ron Bilowski lifeless and naked on a mortuary slab eight days later; his eye sockets empty, his mouth full of sand.

Geoff Newman was particularly worried about *Charisma* and the *Shark.* He saw Farley and Grassby as competent skippers, but young and relatively inexperienced. "What I saw on the bar that morning, the channel was so narrow if you hit the banks your boat would just spear up and the sea would flip you upside down," he said.

By early Saturday morning, Owen Grassby estimated the weather at Cape Conran had picked up to a force six south-easterly gale. At Lakes Entrance, the wind was blowing 15 to 20 knots, with the weather bureau prediction of force nine (45 knots) by nightfall.

Geoff Newman threw on a thick shirt and slacks and headed down to the wharf where the *Darcy Gray* was berthed. Over steaming cups of coffee with fellow skipper Keith Day and Johnny Stavrinos, Newman claimed to have put out a general call over the *Darcy Gray's* radio. The radio crackled as Mike Joiner indicated he was just crossing the bar on the way home. Later, in testimony generally confirmed by other witnesses, Newman said he contacted both the *Charisma* and the *Shark.*

Farley was busy on deck but either Bilowski or Alexander was on the radio as Newman explained that the *Shark* should be kept down to about 1000 revs as she crossed the bar and that her brine tanks should be filled to give the best steerage. Grassby would tell the Marine Court of Inquiry that Farley had seemed very concerned about crossing the bar that morning. "He came alongside us (*Charisma*) and he seemed fairly nervous. . . he just seemed very worried about going over, and the way he was talking, his manner," testified Grassby.

The court would also hear that neither the *Shark* nor *Charisma* had been able to recover all their nets before heading home. The *Shark* was first away, her modified 127 hp motor knifing her through the churning sea at around 10 knots. Twenty minutes and a lifetime behind was the *Charisma.*

Geoff Newman and wife Andrea, meanwhile, had headed uneasily towards Bairnsdale and a wedding they claimed they could not avoid. On the way up the hill, the Newmans stopped for a last look at the bar. Geoff Newman would testify he saw seas up to 20 feet high crashing onto the bar on that foam-flecked, drizzling Saturday. In the channel itself, waves from each side were meeting other waves in the middle in 50-feet triumvirate columns of boiling, whooshing water.

Newman said he had a strong feeling he would never see the *Shark* again. He was both right and wrong.

The Newmans arrived at the wedding around 1.30pm. At the same time Gavan Farley and the *Shark* had just arrived within striking distance of Lakes Entrance. Mike Joiner and the *Dori Lynn,* now safely in port, contacted the *Shark* with a latest condition report. According to Joiner, Farley replied that he didn't like the look of the bar.

"He approached the back of the bar and when he was satisfied he was ready to go in, indicated by air that he was starting his run and he would be putting someone, one of the deck-hands. . .Ron (Bilowski) on the radio."

Also standing by on the 70-foot Bass Strait work boat, *Makiara,* was Cam Stuckey. Stuckey, who had selected his own birthday in 1961 to lose a 42-foot boat on the bar, must have known more than most people of what Farley would be going through.

"Have you ever been in a car that has been in a violent skid?" he turned the tables by asking the Marine Court of Inquiry. "My reaction is that you try to correct that skid and you have a split second in which to do it. Crossing the bar is a similar situation."

Stuckey and Joiner, the whole Lakes Entrance fishing radio network, must have held their collective breath as the seconds ticked by. Joiner would testify about the last moments of the *Shark*: "Approximately a minute or maybe a minute and a half, I cannot really say, there was a microphone pressed and the words — they were cut short — to the effect, 'We have rolled,' or

(continued on page 124)

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Sweet and sexy Amanda Dole is the fourth Australian PLAYBOY Playmate of the Year. When Amanda first appeared in our pages she was just 16 and our youngest-ever centrefold. At that time she said: "I'd like to try acting as a career. . .I have never been self-conscious about people looking at me."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

AMANDA DOLE

Amanda's ambition soon blossomed into reality. She wowed movie-goers with her appearances in Dead Easy *and* The Return of Captain Invincible *and we presented a preview of her latest movie,* Midnite Spares, *in our November 1982 issue.*

And who could forget Amanda's appearance as cover girl and pictorial star in our October issue last year? Well, we couldn't, and now she's in the spotlight again as our number one choice. Attention and applause are sure to follow our Playmate of the Year for 1983 wherever she may go. Congratulations, Amanda!

$100,000 FOR OUR PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

1983 will be a bumper year for lucky Amanda. As Australian PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year, she has won more than $100,000 in fantastic prizes. . .

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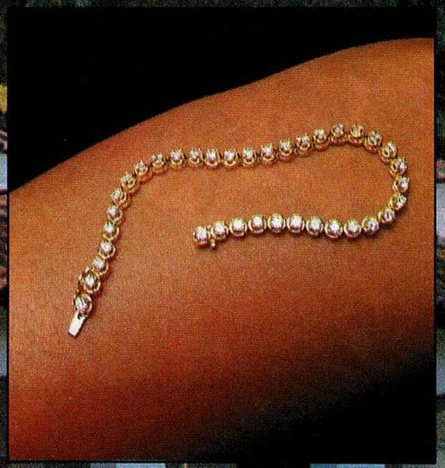
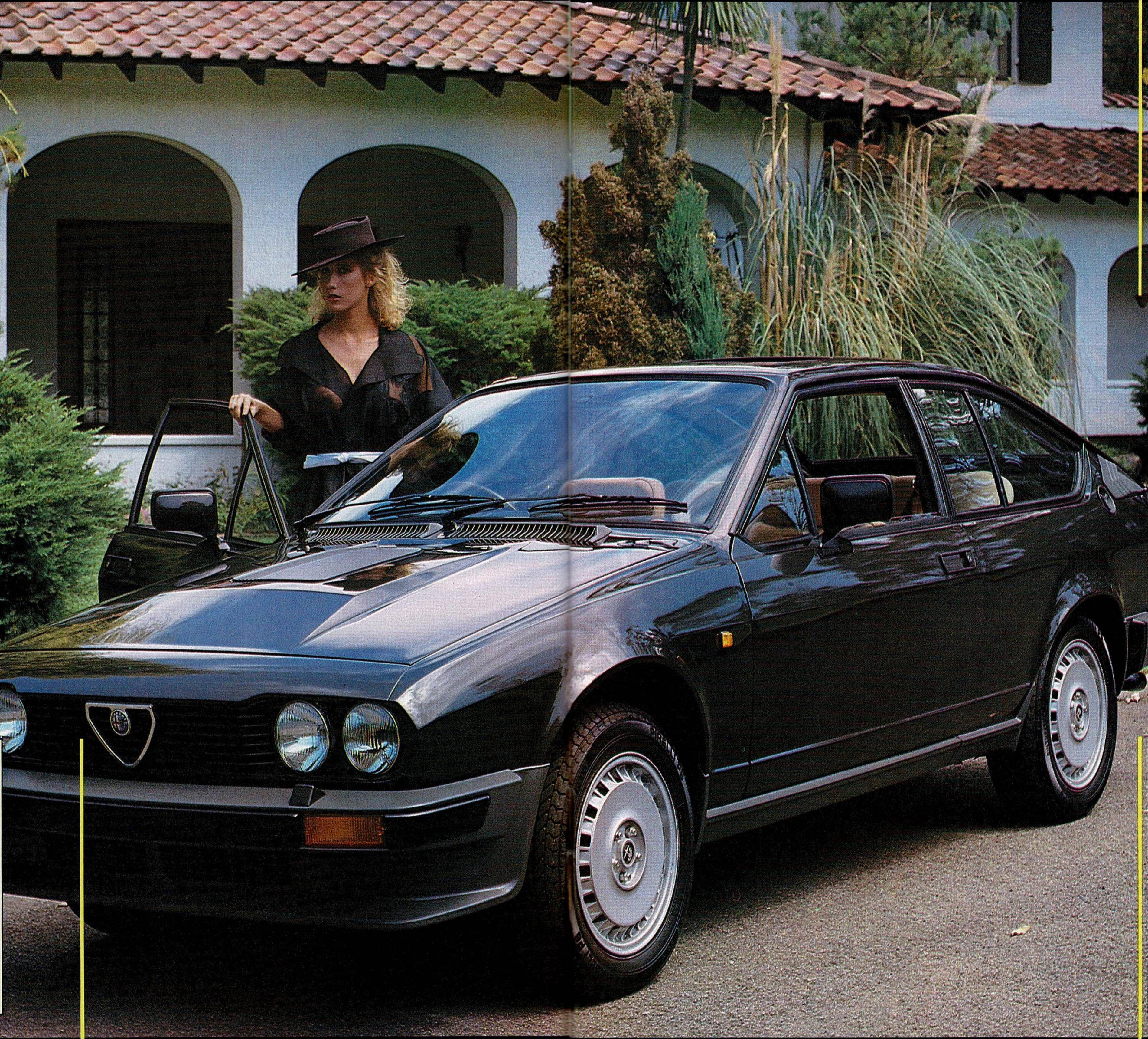
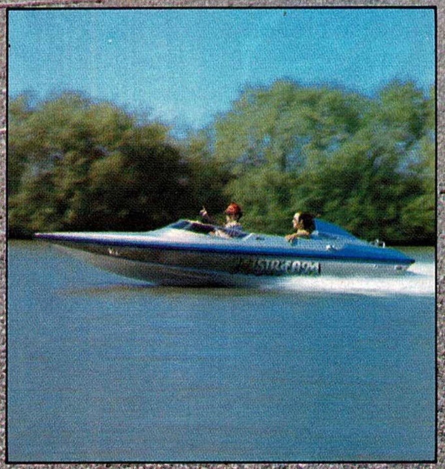


Hand-made yellow gold bracelet featuring 37 diamonds in "Brilliance" design especially styled for the Playmate of the Year by Nicola Cerrone Jewellers, Leichhardt, NSW.



Alfa Romeo GTV 6 courtesy of Alfa Romeo (Australia) Pty Ltd.

Two first class return tickets to New York courtesy of Continental Airlines.



Flightcraft "Liberator" inboard ski boat, from Fibreresins Pty Ltd of Keysborough, Victoria.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

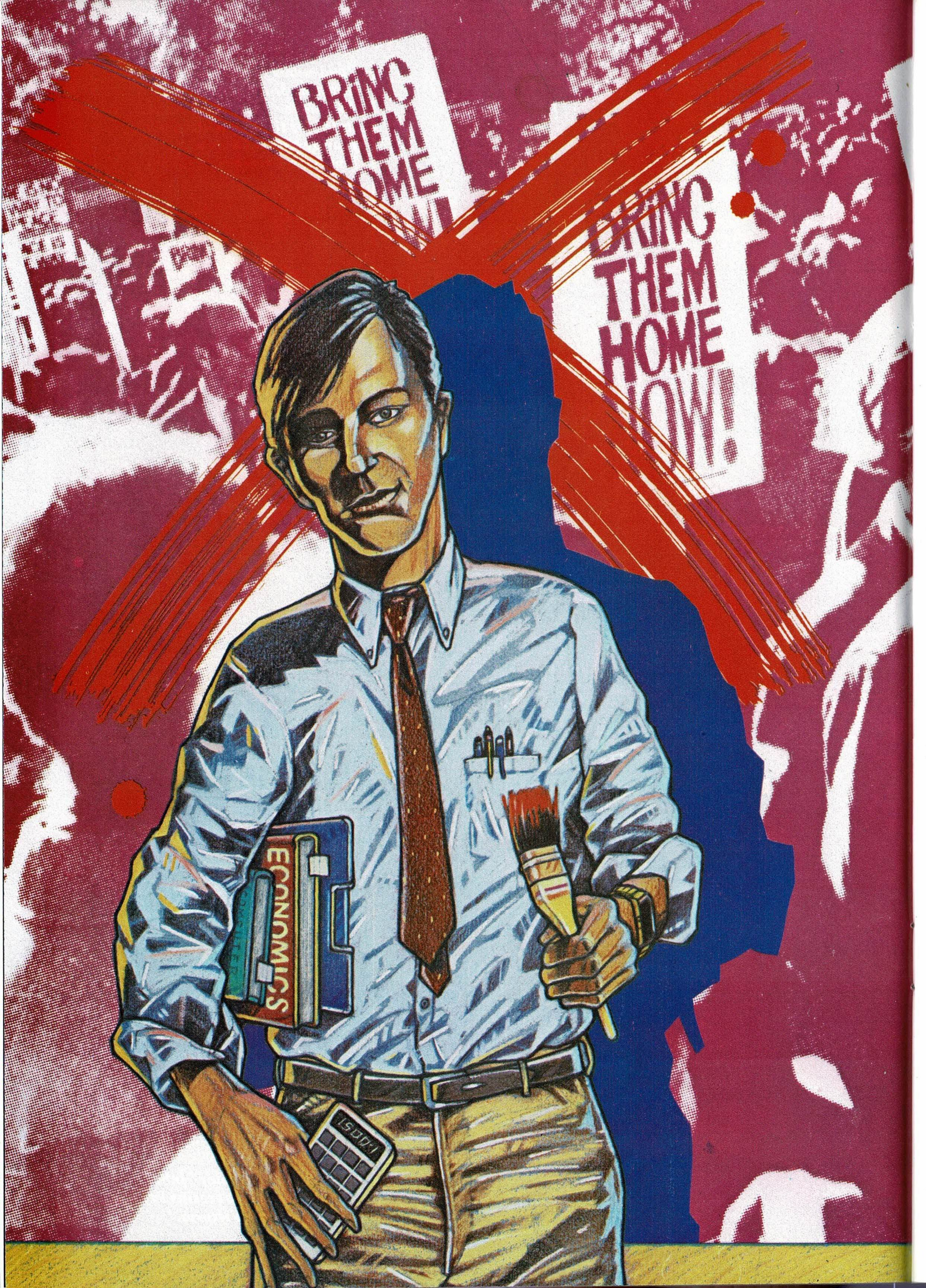

BRING THEM HOME NOW!
BRING THEM HOME NOW!
ECONOMICS

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

REVOLUTION!

not now we're busy

today's students worry more about pay cheques than politics

A COUPLE of plastic buckets hang limply from the trestle table, and a banner exhorting passers-by to aid the sit-in-coal-miners flaps lazily in the breeze swirling around the entrance to the university library. A young girl slumps over to one side, listlessly holding up the latest issue of the newspaper produced by her branch of the international Trotskyist movement. "How's business?" She looks up sullenly, and her eyes wander over the students marching purposefully past her comrade sitting at the table. One person in 20 slows to read the banner, one in a hundred dips into a pocket for a coin. "How many papers do you sell?" "Why do you want to know for?" It turns out they sell "a few". Are students apathetic? She wouldn't know, she's not a student. Her comrade, his straggly beard scarcely hiding his pimply jowls, doesn't look up from his book — something on health food or transnational television I think; maybe on both. This is the front line of the mighty international revolutionary push into the minds and hearts of our next generation of leaders. It looks like a screwed-up handbill left at the scene of a long-ago political demonstration. Two girls cross the road. They pause by the Save the Miners' stall, then move on. I ask the girl in the skirt and Indian blouse what she thinks of them. "Bit silly isn't it?" she says. "But I suppose they are just trying to hold their jobs. Or is it about more money? I don't know, none of my business really, is it?" Yes, she had marched — on a ban the bomb sort of issue — but she didn't think that sort of thing achieved anything. She doesn't quite understand why she marched that one time — felt it was the thing to do, she supposed — but couldn't see anything worth marching about now. "Marching up the streets won't change the minds of heads of governments," she says. "The atom bomb exists, and that's that. The big thing is the economy, and there's nothing we can do about that either, but make sure we get a job when we get out of here." And what was she going to go into? Promotional work; y'know, commerce. She's probably a lot wiser than our erstwhile revolutionary agitators of yester year, whose demagoguery now inculcates juveniles with mathematics and poetry, or who put their political skills to work for a nice salary somewhere deep within the public service. Like shooting stars, they blazed across the '60s and '70s to extinguish themselves on the farther reaches of darkest space, taking with them the flame that at one time threatened to burn down our society.

In 1964, a demonstration outside the U.S. Consulate in Sydney developed into a riot. It had been organised as part of Orientation Week, the official welcoming of new students to university. Some introduction. "We went to university expecting militancy and revolutionary politics — and we got it," recalls Paddy Dawson, who became one of many radical student leaders in the latter half of the '60s. "The groundwork had been laid before us. I took over the campaign for nuclear disarmament from Bob Ellis [the screenwriter], who had taken it over from, I think, Laurie Oakes [the television political guru]," Paddy says. "But don't ask dumb questions like, 'what has happened to all the student leaders?' Ask what has happened to the thousands who came along to the demos. The media pounced on a few names, and that was that. But we were a genuine movement. Elitist, arrogant maybe, but we got the numbers. And it wasn't just once a year, march up the street, like it seems to be today. It was, say, every Friday afternoon. The power we students had! The Mike Mathieson incident shows we even had power over the police," says Paddy. Mike Mathieson was a draft-dodger who was captured by police outside Sydney University in early 1972. The police handcuffed him, but as he was in a car at the time, and the driver took off, the police had to scramble into the vehicle beside their prisoner. They were driven straight up to the Great Hall of Sydney University, where a concert was just finishing. The students streamed out and surrounded the police and their prisoner. Someone was dispatched for boltcutters, and Mathieson was freed. "That's the kind of support we could call on," Paddy explains. "It was just automatic that he should be freed, that the police were wrong. There was no debate, just action. That was the result of all those years of working on political sensibilities. It became so you couldn't find anyone to have an argument with. We used to take the other side just to get a good debate going." By 1973, Fred Longbottom, head of Special Branch, NSW Police, during the time of the student-society confrontation over Vietnam, was already looking back wistfully at the student body of the 1960s. "They were caring people, young men and women who had the good of the world at heart. They believed in something — peace, which is a good thing — and they were prepared to go to jail for it," he said one night down at the old Police Club. He was saying, if I caught his drift correctly, that those student radicals, who caused him and

article by p.d. jack

his colleagues so much trouble, were fine citizens, and the then students, that is the early '70s, were not so praiseworthy.

By then of course, the trendy student preoccupation was not with the comparatively limited aims of the political radicals, but with the so-called alternative revolution — drugs, wholemeal flour and the return to the land.

Ex-sergeant Longbottom is not the only one to look back upon the universities of the '60s with fond memories. From time to time, newspapers scrape up a standing headline — Students Aren't Revolting — and some middle-aged hack trips down memory lane, berating the lack of gumption in modern youth. And that is about the only time university students will read about themselves in the newspapers. No longer do they scan the fine print at the end of a story on some demonstration to find out which friends got lumbered; and rarely do we hear or read fulminations from our leaders on educated larrikins. One exception, perhaps, is the Prime Minister, who can usually be assured of a torrid time when he visits some campuses. The recent protests in Brisbane during the Commonwealth Games indicate the lack of student involvement in "traditional" student preoccupations. Here was a decent humanist issue — a nice chance to show one's concern for the less well-off; plus a golden opportunity to get away from parents for an adventure with, as is usual on these occasions, members of the opposite sex.

FEBRUARY 16, 1965

WALGETT, Monday — After a day of angry scenes here, Sydney University students demonstrating against racial discrimination were involved in a bus crash several miles out of town.

Their bus crashed after swerving to miss a truck which had overtaken it for the second time. . .the students had picketed the RSL Club and a frock salon at Walgett during the afternoon.

Hostility towards the students had grown through the day.

Heated arguments had developed and several punches were thrown.

Yet no one noticed any busloads of students pouring into Brisbane and students were a small minority among those arrested the few times the police were called upon to open up the paddy wagons. As the demonstrators marched in Brisbane, there was a mighty heaving of lecture notes and learned tomes across the land as thousands of students settled down, like everyone else, to watch the Games on television.

"Aborigines, as an issue, is probably one of the major issues the students are concerned about, but at nothing like the level of concern shown in the '60s and '70s," remarks Prof. J.S. Western, Professor of Sociology at the University of Queensland.

"Yes, students are much more moderate," he says. "At the recent election here for the student body, it was fought and won on very much bread and butter issues — welfare, union facilities, the canteen."

The same kind of campaigns fought on campuses all over the country. Michael Ward, retiring president of the student body at the University of NSW, agrees that student politics aim heavily at the sorts of services provided by the union — paying a student lawyer, providing information services, running a creche.

"At the last elections, there were only two lefties standing — they were elected by a landslide of course, so I suppose that shows where their hearts are, even if they're not all that active," he says. "But overall, there's been a definite move to the middle-ground, to the conservatives, to the respectable Left."

Yossi Tal, a student representative at the NSW Institute of Technology, which has a few pockets of '60s-style radicalism (a bit like those Japanese soldiers left over on Pacific Islands since 1945), points out that the election there saw a great defeat for the student radicals.

> *"There was a bit of excitement over the Middle East, and the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, but most students couldn't care less."*

"The Left eradicated the loonies from their ticket for a more moderate group, but was still defeated," he comments. "We had no humanities student on our ticket, and that's one reason we did so well. Not that most humanities students aren't great," he adds hastily. "Ninety-five percent are there to get their degree, like the rest of us. Only a minority get all involved in the PLO cause or El Salvador and that stuff — which is irrelevant to us. At the Institute, we've got to fight just to get basic facilities — the new building at the Haymarket has no union facilities planned at all. But I think we should get involved in, say, the environment a bit more."

JUNE 6, 1968

By Our University Correspondent: Students at Sydney University have threatened to march on the office of the Vice-Chancellor, Prof. B.R. Williams, unless he gives written assurance by lunchtime tomorrow that University files will not be given to the Department of Labor and National Service. . .A fifth year medical student said he and six others were willing to help students fake serious illness to avoid national service.

We were sitting around the office of Nita Derman, Sydney University SRC vice-president. When I arrived, the vice-president, a card-carrying member of the ALP, was playing backgammon with a student representative from the Liberal Club. Nita agreed she aligned herself to the so-called Centre-Unity group of the NSW ALP, which is known by all except its members as the Right-wing. Quite a contrast from the days when membership of virtually any faction of the Labor Party was irretrievably bourgeois. The centre-unity line is now the dominant faction within the Sydney Uni SRC, and has been for two years.

Soon after the backgammon set was put aside, a tall, dark woman strode defiantly into the office seeking a copy of some letter. Behind her at the door stood a smaller, meeker girl, in overalls.

"Sparts," says Mark Heyward, the Liberal Club rep. "A tiny minority — almost ineffectual. A tiny minority of a tiny minority — Trotskyists, Maoists, they hardly exist except for a few die-hards struggling almost alone. After the Evangelical Union, the Liberal Club is probably the biggest club — 67 members."

The others laugh, but not too derisively. Student politicians are invariably braggadocio about the size of their support, but there seems little doubt the Liberal Club would need more for their meetings than the phone booths required by the Spartacists. The Liberal Club may not be much stronger than it has been in the past, but the Leftist groups are definitely a lot weaker than they were.

JULY 3, 1968

Police and students battled in Martin Place yesterday in Sydney's most violent demonstration since President Johnson's visit two years ago.

About 200 students clashed with about 80 police outside the Commonwealth Bank building as the Prime Minister, Mr Gorton, and other Ministers left a Cabinet meeting.

Police arrested at least 30 demonstrators following wild scenes which held the Prime Minister up for more than an hour.

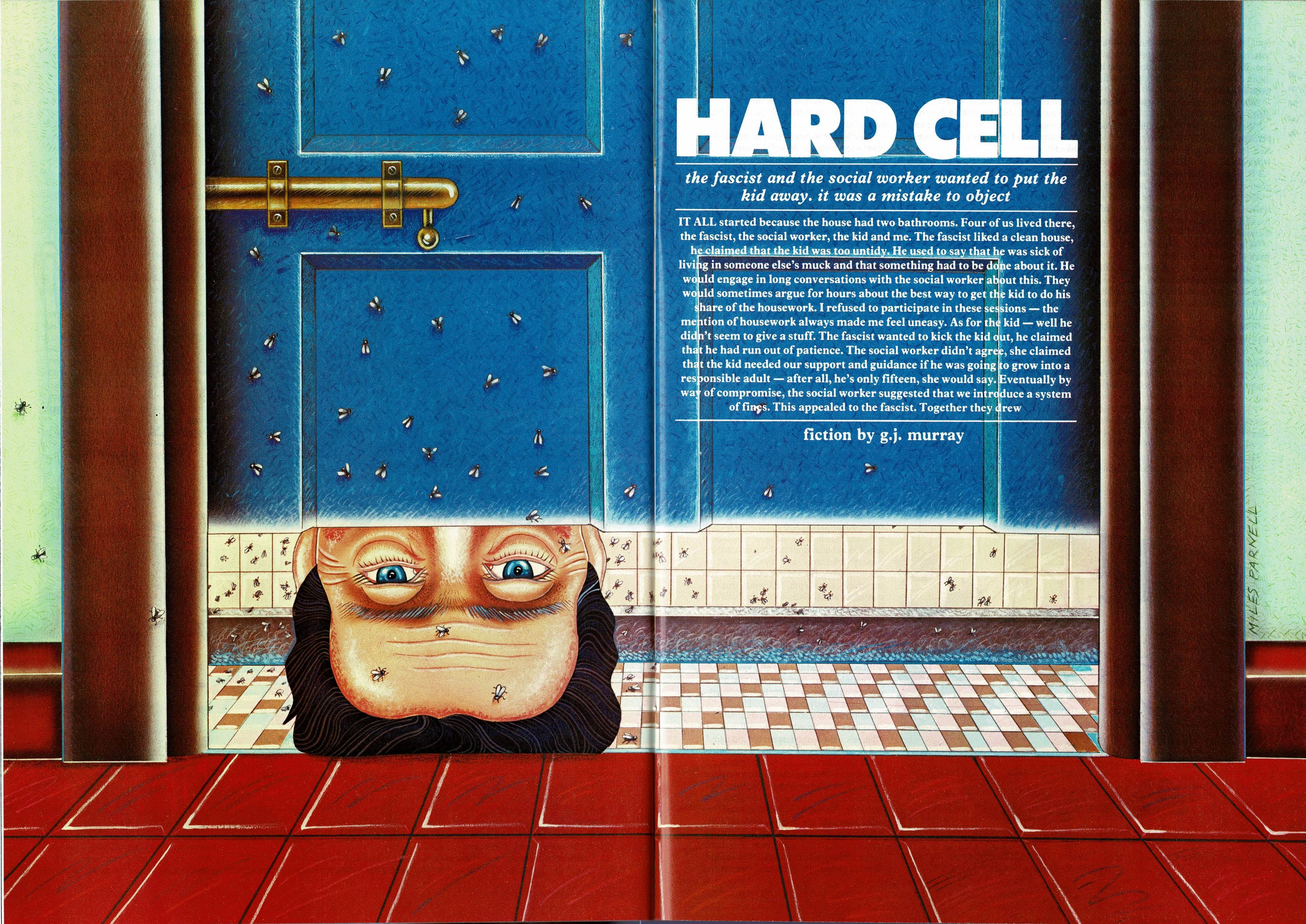
The students had announced earlier that they were "exercising their democratic right" in trying to question the Prime Minister.

Police formed a "flying wedge" to push the students back, forcing them against the Prime Minister's car, which the students then rocked violently. . .

"The activists are still there," says University of NSW's Michael Ward, "but the issues aren't, and the mass of students aren't prepared to get involved in the sorts of issues the radicals get involved in. There was a bit of excitement over the Middle East, and the Israeli invasion of Lebanon — a good bit of excitement actually — but apart from the few radical Leftists and the Jewish students, most couldn't care less. But I was surprised with the numbers we got to our demonstration against student loans."

(continued on page 113)

"On special for this week only — brand new roof rack and four on the floor."



HARD CELL

the fascist and the social worker wanted to put the kid away. it was a mistake to object

IT ALL started because the house had two bathrooms. Four of us lived there, the fascist, the social worker, the kid and me. The fascist liked a clean house, he claimed that the kid was too untidy. He used to say that he was sick of living in someone else's muck and that something had to be done about it. He would engage in long conversations with the social worker about this. They would sometimes argue for hours about the best way to get the kid to do his share of the housework. I refused to participate in these sessions — the mention of housework always made me feel uneasy. As for the kid — well he didn't seem to give a stuff. The fascist wanted to kick the kid out, he claimed that he had run out of patience. The social worker didn't agree, she claimed that the kid needed our support and guidance if he was going to grow into a responsible adult — after all, he's only fifteen, she would say. Eventually by way of compromise, the social worker suggested that we introduce a system of fines. This appealed to the fascist. Together they drew

fiction by g.j. murray

up a roster of household duties — any breach of this roster would result in a $5 fine. But this system broke down; the kid didn't have a job and couldn't pay the first week's fines.

So the social worker put forward another plan.

"Well, if nothing else is going to work, perhaps we should try incarceration," she said. I was reading the paper but I looked up when she said this. She noted my interest.

"It would be for his good as well as the good of the household," she said to me.

The kid also responded; he got up and walked out of the room looking bothered. I found out later that he had gone to find a dictionary.

"The prison system won't accept housework offenders," I said.

I started to walk out too, but she called me back and explained with professional patience that we wouldn't actually send him to prison, rather we would confine him to his room.

"I've got a better idea," said the fascist, his eyes gleaming. "We won't use his room, we'll convert the spare bathroom into a kind of cell."

At this point the kid walked back into the room. "You're not going to lock me up," he said.

The fascist ignored this interruption and went on to enthuse about the bathroom/cell idea.

"Shit," said the kid.

He walked out again.

"It will be for your own good, Johnny," the social worker called after him. "It will make a man of you," added the fascist.

"Well, you certainly scared him," I said as I picked up my paper again.

"Good, then it should be an effective deterrent," said the social worker.

"You mean that by locking him in the bathroom you will be able to punish, rehabilitate and deter him all at once?" I asked.

I could see that the logic of my point bothered her. She thought for a minute before she replied.

"Yes, it will," she said, "but obviously not all at once."

I chose not to say anything more, I had made my point. I returned to my paper. The two of them then had a long and, on the part of the fascist, enthusiastic discussion about the details.

Eventually I drifted off to sleep.

The fascist had assumed responsibility for what he termed security and the following morning he went out and bought a large bolt. I watched him as he fitted this bolt to the outside of the bathroom door. Having done this and tested it to his satisfaction, he then proceeded to cut two inches off the bottom of the door.

"That's so I can slide his food in," he explained proudly.

The social worker then appeared with her old black and white TV. She wanted to put it in the cell along with some blankets. The fascist objected to the cell being equipped with TV but they reached a compromise by deciding that the kid would have to do all the washing up during his periods of confinement.

"Of course I relate to you as a person. You don't think I'd do this to some animal, do you?"

"It would be good therapy," conceded the social worker.

The fascist immediately cut another two inches off the bottom of the door.

"That's so the dirty saucepans will fit," he explained.

"You'll have to be careful that he doesn't crawl out under the door," I observed.

They both glared at me.

Later that day, they had a discussion about sentences and offences. The fascist wanted to act as judge and jury but the social worker thought that this was too arbitrary.

"Certainty in these matters is very important," she said. "Above all, we must be fair, and that requires that both offences and sentences be defined in advance."

I listened with a mixture of shock and apathy as they went on to discuss whether failure to wash up should attract a two or three-hour sentence, whether failure to put out the garbage was as serious as not vacuuming the carpet and whether repeated offences should attract more severe penalties. When the kid came home they explained in painstaking detail what they had decided.

"Shit," said the kid and went out again.

But he was back in time for dinner. The social worker asked him what he thought of the scheme. His reply was predictable.

"Well," she said. "We all want you to stay here, but if you are going to stay you will have to abide by the rules."

That night the kid did the washing up. The social worker looked triumphant, the fascist looked disappointed. But by the end of the week the fascist was quivering with anticipation; the kid had returned to his old ways and was facing a six-hour sentence.

Sentence was due to be executed on Sunday afternoon and he went in at precisely noon. He was due out at 6pm but he stayed until 7pm, claiming that he wanted to watch *Countdown*. This was too much for the fascist and as soon as the kid came out the fascist went in and removed the TV. The kid had failed to do his therapeutic washing up and the fascist loudly reprimanded him for this.

"Big deal," said the kid and went out.

That night the fascist argued that a new offence of insubordination be introduced.

"That's bloody ridiculous," I said.

He turned to the social worker.

"That's exactly what I mean," he said. "There's not enough respect around here."

I laughed and called him a pompous fool but I felt a chill run down my spine.

The next week-end the kid did a ten-hour sentence and the week-end after that it was eighteen hours. The fascist took it all very seriously. He would stay at home and play jailer whenever the kid was doing time. He would spend hours sitting or standing outside the door, sometimes he drank coffee, sometimes he just yelled at the kid. The kid claimed that he sometimes hit him but even I didn't believe this. Over the following six weeks the kid spent virtually all of every week-end in his cell. On the seventh week-end he was sentenced to a record four days. He was halfway through this sentence when he broke the bathroom window and escaped. I never saw him again.

The fascist was furious with himself and kept muttering that he should have put bars on the windows. Personally, I was glad that the whole business was over. I had found it distasteful and embarrassing. But I was in for a shock.

The next morning I found the fascist outside putting bars in the window. I asked him what he was doing and he made some remark about it being obvious. This annoyed me and I started to argue with him, the argument became quite heated and I hit him. This was a mistake. He was much bigger than I and he simply grabbed hold of me and dragged me into the bathroom. Before I really knew what was happening he had locked me in and was back at the window making a final check of the bars. There was no way out "Let me out, you bastard."

He just laughed, then he was gone and I was alone in my cell. I studied it closely. Ten minutes later he was back; I heard him doing something to the bolt on the door. I demanded to see the social worker. He said that she wasn't at home.

After lunch she appeared at the window. I asked her to let me out. She said that she couldn't as he had fitted a padlock to the bolt. She suggested that I humor him.

"Just go along with what he tells you to do. I've brought you the papers and you can have a nice relaxing day. Don't antagonise him and I'll see that he lets you out in the morning."

I was furious, but what could I do? He put the lights out at 9pm, so I had an early night as well as a so-called relaxing day.

He let me out in the morning. I didn't speak to him, rather I walked straight out the front door taking care to slam it. I booked into a hotel and stayed there for a week. At the end of the week I decided to return home and assert my rights.

I walked in the front door and he hit me with a piece of wood shaped like a baton. I fell to the ground and he proceeded to systematically beat me, then he dragged me to the bathroom and locked me in.

Later that night the social worker came to see me.

"That's not what he told me," she said when I had finished telling her what happened.

"He says that you ran amok and attacked him and that he had no choice but to lock you up."

"That's bullshit," I said.

"Well, there's no need to swear," she replied, "and getting upset won't help matters."

"Don't you believe me?" I asked. I was getting worried.

"I don't know. . .I mean you have attacked him before, haven't you?"

"Piss off," I said. I felt betrayed.

"You realise you're only projecting your problems on to me don't you?" she said as she left.

"*He* ran amok, not me," I called after her.

I ran a bath.

Later I started to call for a lawyer but he came and told me that a lawyer would be useless.

"After all, you haven't been charged with anything," he said.

I began to call for the police. They didn't come. I did the washing up to kill some time, then I read one of the newspapers from last week. Again.

Over the next week I must have read those two newspapers from cover to cover at least three times. I also spent hours devising elaborate plans of escape and played little games like trying to guess what the next meal would consist of. I did numerous wash-ups, ran endless baths and devised a dictionary of insults which I used on the fascist every time I heard him outside. But I soon tired of all this. Even the insults seemed a bit pointless.

I AM NOW ON STRIKE. It is day 30 and I HAVE REFUSED TO DO ANY MORE WASHING UP. I have not seen anyone for days. I see his hand three times a day when he slides my food under the door. If I looked under the door I could see more of him but I can't be bothered.

Today he told me that he is reducing me to two meals a day, he said that he can't afford three anymore but I think that he is punishing me for being on strike. It is day 35.

There are tiles on the bathroom floor, three different shapes and four different colors. Today, day 39, I studied the patterns that the tiles make. They sometimes play tricks with my eyes.

Today I counted the tiles. There are 1,730. This is two more than 12 cubed. The figure is correct, I checked it twice, but to be on the safe side I will check it again tomorrow.

I can now confirm that yesterday's figure is correct. It is surprising to think that such a small room can contain so many tiles.

The social worker appears to have moved out. I never hear voices anymore. I have stopped talking to him since he cut my meals back to one a day. The bastard.

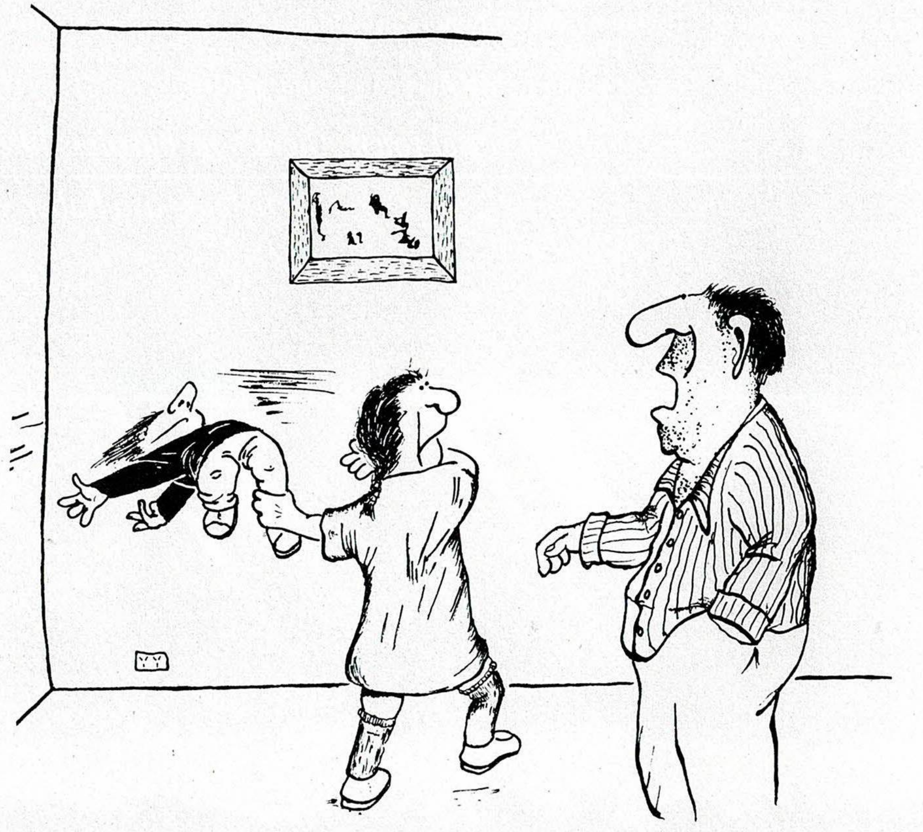
The flies are getting bad. Today I counted 431. This is 34 more than yesterday, though I may have counted some twice.

I have decided to teach myself to stand on my head. Today I managed a record four hours on my head.

Today I stayed up for eight hours. I only came down for my meal.

Today I ate my first meal upside down. I stayed on my head all day.

I now spend all my time upside down, though nothing seems to be upside down. There are 1730 flies and 536 tiles, though I may have counted some twice.



"Stop scraping the walls with your brother!"

BEHIND HOLLYWOOD'S MIRRORS

in tinsel town, there's no business like snow business

article by asa baber

THE DAY MIKE GOT BUSTED was a typical day on the studio lot. Everything seemed normal — for Hollywood. The studio executives who had the habit sent their secretaries down as often as five or six times a day to pick up a gram of cocaine per visit. It was a shrewd move to send the secretaries. That way, the executives never held the substance. They snorted the cocaine immediately and left Mike to do the holding. That was part of the deal. Mike was a film projectionist at a major Hollywood studio. He ran the 35mm Simplex projectors, the ones that look like monsters and have air conditioning conduits feeding into them from the ceiling. Mike had his own office. Nothing fancy, really: a desk and a chair and a couch. He kept his supply of cocaine in one of the desk drawers. Mike had lucked into his job. A street kid from the East Coast, he had been busted at the age of 13 for smoking pot in the boys' room at school. He landed in a reformatory for a time. His own home wasn't much of a place for him. His Scandinavian father worked long hours in the restaurant business, and his Sicilian mother had left the family when Mike was four. "My dad backed me all the way," Mike says, "when he had time for me. But I didn't see much of him. I just sort of hung around the street after school." When he was old enough, Mike went into the Navy for a while. But he kept jumping ship, and after his ninth AWOL charge, the Navy gave up on him. Mike wasn't a person who could be easily regimented. He got a general discharge under honorable conditions. He went home. There were no jobs. Then one day, without warning, his father showed up and handed Mike an aeroplane ticket to Los Angeles. "Your mother's sick," his father told him. "Go out there and take care of her and your stepsister." Mike, who had not seen his mother for 17 years, did what his father asked him to do. "No one knew it, I guess, but my mother was dying of cancer," Mike recalls. "She had a brain tumor. She lived in terrible pain. I tried to take care of her and my stepsister. It wasn't easy. I drove my stepsister back and forth to and from school every day. I helped my mom, helped her to do things like take her pills — too many pills. I started doing speed just to keep up with the pressure. I couldn't get a decent job, but one day I hopped a fence at the studio and sneaked onto the lot. There was a guy in the labor relations office who talked to me. He gave me my first break. I guess he thought I was a good kid. He set me up as a temporary projectionist, showed me how to operate the machines, gave me an office. I'd worked with cameras and projectors before, and after a while, I got pretty good at it. I didn't have to fake it for long." Mike's first job earned him about $600 per week. He was grateful for that, but he was also burning out on speed, and the spectre of his mother, dying slowly at home, haunted him. He faced medical bills, food bills, tuition bills; financial responsibilities tumbled down on him. "I remember one day on the lot, I asked a really dumb question: 'What are all these mirrors doing all over the place?' I mean, everywhere I'd go, there'd be these hand mirrors lying around — behind the facades, in the toilets, in the projection rooms. Some times they had traces of white powder on them. And a guy explained it to me: the mirrors were there so

people could toot wherever they needed to. 'Oh, I get it,' I said. A little light went on in my head. There was a way out of everything. I could send my sister to college and pay my mother's bills and get some money for myself. And sure enough, not much later I got a call from a buddy of mine I hadn't seen in years. He wanted me to go over to his place. He said he had something to show me. I almost didn't go. I was tired and my girl was with me. I said I'd see him in a day or two. He said, 'You better get over here right now if you want a cut of some good shit.' So I went, and I'll never forget it: we were sitting in his room with six kilos of coke.

"He wanted me to do business for him on the studio lot."

Until he got busted, Mike spent more than two years as a dealer. "Toward the end, I was unloading a kilo a month on the lot. I was making an easy $2000 a day. I'm not saying that everybody snorts cocaine in Hollywood — it just seems like everybody. People on the lot know who's doing it and who isn't. Certain actors, certain film crews, some of the executives, you just get to know who does and who doesn't. And I was busy as hell. For example, if the word got out that I was going away for the weekend, it would take me eight hours to get out of my house. I'm not kidding. The limos and sports cars lined up around the block. My room-mate and I couldn't believe it. Eight hours to get out of the house. It was that bad."

The business accelerated and the money flowed. Mike was extremely popular. Bigwigs came to know him and cultivate him. It was life in LA's fast lane. Then envy raised its greedy head, envy in the form of Mike's boss, who wasn't pleased that this young punk was being wooed and pursued by important people.

"I'd told him straight out what I was doing," Mike says, "and for a while it was OK. But as time went on, I became a threat to him. I was obviously making more money than he ever would. People, powerful people, were calling me up to their offices or asking for me to be home projectionist when they were throwing a party or previewing a film. It got to be too much, that's all. I didn't know it, but my boss alerted studio security. And security hired a private detective agency. Now, studio security is a joke, but the private eyes were very professional. They infiltrated the lot. I never knew they were there. They came in as plumbers, drivers, outside equipment leasers, whatever could get them into the flow of the place."

Cut to the bust. Mike left the lot for lunch that day and went out with a friend. "Usually, whenever I went somewhere, I'd hide my stash behind a tile in the wall. But for some reason, I didn't do it that day. I came back from lunch and found my boss and two private detectives and the chief of security in my office."

"Open that drawer," the chief said, pointing at the desk.

"What drawer?" Mike asked. He was wary but not frightened.

"That desk is studio property," the chief said, "and you're keeping cocaine in it."

"If it's studio property," Mike said, "then it's yours." He saw that the lock on the drawer had been jimmied . "Looks like you've already opened it."

There followed two hours of arguments and questioning. The chief insisted that Mike wasn't being officially held or charged. Mike asked for an attorney to represent him. He continued to deny that the cocaine in the drawer was his.

"The studio bosses were in the next office," Mike says. "I could hear them. The chief would go in and talk it over with them, then come out and talk to me. They didn't want to call in the police, and they were trying to figure out how to get me out of there. You want to know how dumb they were? It got to the point where they were seriously considering letting me resign *and* take my stash with me if I agreed to go quietly. You know what stopped them? They decided I might get busted on my way home and the stuff would be traced back to them."

The pursuit of euphoria covers Hollywood like a fog and seeps into unlikely corners. Even the guardians of the community are involved.

After much discussion, the studio finally decided the police had to be called in. Mike was arrested, booked, jailed, charged with possession of an illegal substance with intent to sell it. He got a good lawyer and beat the rap.

And how was he treated after that by those who had known him? "The big names stayed away like I had the plague. There was only one stand-up guy, one major star who would talk to me. He was great. He was a true friend, offered me a job, wanted to know what he could do to help me. The rest of the big shots disappeared. But it didn't hurt my business much. I just started dealing out of my house exclusively." Mike laughs. "The night I got out of jail, a bunch of film editors came by. They wanted to know if they could have my desk drawer. I'm serious. They wanted to salvage the dust in the drawer."

Mike still works in Hollywood. He's a projectionist at a large studio. He's in his mid-20s and he has a young, kind face, a contempt for his own trade and a need to talk about the business. He does use his own product. "I've tooted every day for the past five years," he says. As we talk, he toots. "I guess I could quit. I guess. What I do know is that coke gets something started in my brain that doesn't normally work." He looks off into the middle distance. We are standing by a Magnaflex projector that is running. It is noisy in the projection room.

"People don't know cocaine. They fall in love with anything they can get. They'd snort baby powder if you gave it to them. It's bullshit. They get off on cosmetics: is it rocks or flakes? Does it shine? Stupid stuff like that."

Behind Mike, as he watches my face for a reaction, I see the daily rushes of a film being run. Two small figures in space suits walk across a bridge that seems to lead nowhere. The horizon is strangely purple and the bridge spans a landscape that looks as artificial as a Rubik's Cube. On a signal from the dubbing room, the projector stops, reverses itself. The figures move backward in a jerky motion, then forward as the sound editors replay it. This happens over and over again. It is boring work.

•

"Hooray for Hollywood," the song says, and to the rest of the country, Hollywood does seem like a special place, a town filled with money and glamor, a trend-setter and taste-molder. America is as Hollywood does. Which came first, the disco craze or *Saturday Night Fever?* Video games or *Star Wars?* America's culture is inextricably linked with Hollywood, for better or for worse.

The Hollywood theory of relativity, now spreading across the country, goes like this : $E = MC^2$ (Euphoria = MegaCash^2). Euphoria can be purchased if you've got the cash. It comes in the form of a white powder or crystal and is found in many places, from the street corner to the executive suite. The pursuit of euphoria covers Hollywood like a fog and seeps into unlikely corners. Even the guardians of the community are involved.

LA Police Chief Daryl F. Gates on recent scandals involving policemen in Hollywood: "It's like everything is for sale out there. Day in and day out, the officers don't get relief from it. . .They see this happening — and all the people participating — and they forget the restraints we put on them. . .If there's a crack in their character, they succumb." Gates goes on to recommend a time limit to duty in Hollywood so policemen don't come down with what he calls "The Hollywood Syndrome".

In Hollywood, you can cruise Sunset Boulevard after dark. The hookers are out by the hundreds then. The cops usually don't hassle them. The hookers stand on the corners, at the bus stops, near The Comedy Store night-club, under the huge billboards advertising the latest movies, close to the Chateau Marmont. Any one of those hookers can put you in touch with whatever you want to ingest or molest. Euphoria is there for the buying and is being bought. It is badly needed.

The fact is that right now there aren't too many hoorays in Hollywood. The US dream industry is running scared in a recession that some people call a depression. Fear fuels the search for euphoria. Movie-making is in flux, cutting down and cutting back, challenged by cable TV and home video recorders and electronic games and hard economic times across the country. There's not much development money, few films in production, lay-offs in all departments, budgets shredded and deals cancelled. Public taste is fickle, difficult to chart. Movie stars flicker and die. The land of illusion has collided with a tough reality, and that collision has frightened many people. The fear crops up in random places — in the words of a producer, for example.

He is a tan man, smooth, corporate, bloodless in his talk, with accountant's eyes, a white silk shirt, the smell of lilacs in his shaded office. He invites you to sit opposite his desk, brings you a cup of coffee he has mixed himself, places it on an end table and, for a moment, remarks on your profile, turns your face with his fingers as if he were contemplating your features for a starring role.

"Tell me," he says rather grandly as he returns to his seat, "what kinds of movies do you like?" The discussion is broad, too general, a waste of your time because you are there to pitch a story, to sell a plot. He knows that. He is toying with you, being slightly bitchy. He has the power to buy or reject, and he wants to lead up to the moment. When he finally asks what you have in mind for a screen-writing project for yourself, you begin with an idea: you want to do a movie that portrays the life of a cocaine dealer who works in a studio. You want to do the story from the inside, *The Hollywood Connection,* let us say, a realistic portrait of how the white lady has taken over the film industry.

The fear is there instantly. It comes out as defensiveness, disapproval. "I'll tell you this: no one can hold my kind of job and do cocaine," he says. "I don't know anyone who does it. I've never seen it done. This whole Hollywood-cocaine crap is overplayed." He stands up, moves to the drapes, pulls them more tightly shut against the sun.

"Besides, what right has society to legislate against something that makes a person feel good? What harm does cocaine do? It's a sociable drug, as I understand it. You want to do a movie that makes us look bad? You know who the big dealers are? The police. The narcs. You read in the paper, '300 KILOS OF COCAINE SEIZED.' How do you know it was 300? It was probably 600. The cops took half and then announced the bust." It is a diatribe, not an argument, and there is nothing you can say. You have touched a nerve. You will never be able to get through to him on the phone again.

•

Babe has this routine he does with his girlfriend's cat. He takes a vial of the cocaine he has been mixing and taps it on the cap. "Here, Archie, here Archie," Babe calls. Archie perks up. He mews and whines. He stands at Babe's feet. Babe wets his thumb and takes a small chunk of cocaine from the vial, smears it on Archie's nose. "Watch," Babe smiles. Archie licks his nose. "One blink, two blinks, three blinks!" Babe yells. "Hey, this must be good shit. Not the best, but good. The record is seven blinks," Babe says. Archie, who has remained paralysed but blinking, stops licking his nose and wanders off to enjoy the buzz. On a strict ratio of cocaine to body weight, Archie has to be one of the most coked-up creatures in Hollywood.

"Doesn't hurt him at all," Babe claims. "I took him to a vet. The guy couldn't believe the shape he was in for an old cat. See, cocaine is good for you. It cleans out your system, gets the uric acid out of your blood."

Babe, something of an old cat himself, a dealer in his late 40s, makes many romantic claims for the elixir of cocaine, the food of the gods, nirvana in white. Babe worships cocaine. He also toots it most of the time. That does not disqualify him as a dealer. His clients are some of the biggest and the best: producers, directors, actors, business people. He's a popular man who moves several kilos of cocaine per month. When you talk with him for a long time, you sense he is warm and kind, almost doting. He is a man involved in puppy love, a mid-life infatuation, not with a person but with a substance.

"I've been stoned for eight years," Babe says, smiling. He is seated at a table with several ounces of cocaine piled on a transparent plastic blotter. As he talks, he mixes the coke, never taking his eyes off it. "I'm watching the flow," he says. He takes one small speck out of the mixture. He works with the care of a surgeon. "That'll change the whole flow now. You take a little bit out, everything changes. Isn't it beautiful?" All I can see is a white powder being stirred. Babe sees the universe.

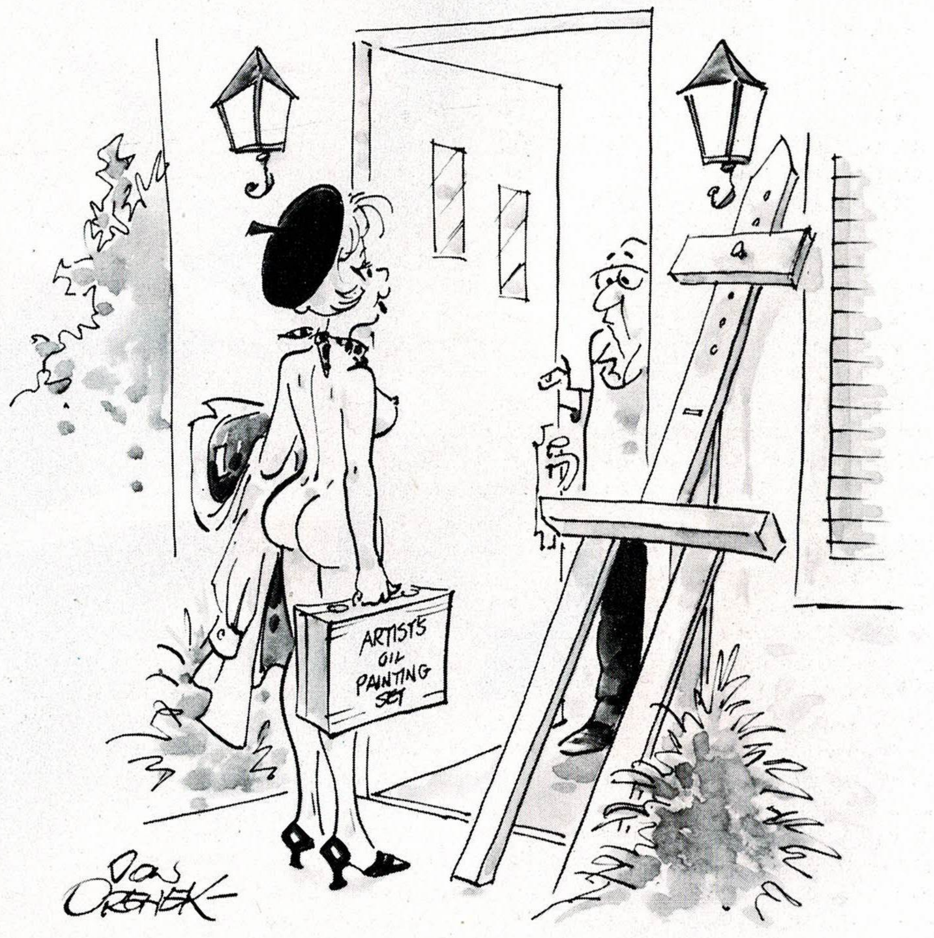
"I'm taking the negativity out," Babe says as he mixes. "It's unbalanced right now. I want to smooth it, make it more mellow. Most coke jangles the nerves. There, you see the way that's flowing? It's getting better."

"I've had some great mixes," Babe says. "I learned coke at a good time, before it turned to shit. The coke today is from immature plants that don't have the alkaloids you need. The demand is too great. Nobody wants to wait and let the plants grow.

"Seven years ago I had a mix," Babe says. "I called it Super One. It was beautiful, soft on the nose, left you with a clean head, no big jag, no false euphoria."

He talks about his time "inside": two stints as a Marine in the brig, including 52 days in solitary; three years in prison for

(continued on page 136)



"Hi, we're looking for people who like to draw. . ."

MELINDA

Melinda Mays is one very sweet, innocent (well, relatively) young lady. The kind of girl you want to protect for life against all those sleazo guys out there. The kind of girl whose boyfriends complain that she's just *too* friendly with other men.

Is she attracted to handsome men? "I could love a man who looked real ordinary as long as he treated me nicely," Melinda says. "After all, someone you love may seem handsome when you're happy with him; but when you argue, he can look like the ugliest person in the world."

Being an aerobics-exercise instructor at a health club, Melinda is a big fan of gruelling work-outs (take it from us — we saw one), and merciless in her attitude toward excess weight — but the latter is a problem she's never had herself.

"I like athletic men," Melinda admits. "Probably, my ideal romantic evening would start out with me and the guy exercising together at the club." Right, well, we appreciate a girl who likes to work up a sweat.

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Melinda Mays

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Melinda Mays

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 101

BIRTH DATE: 23-2-62 BIRTHPLACE: Augusta, Georgia

AMBITIONS: To be successful and happy in life with whatever I might be doing.

TURN-ONS: A real gentleman, ice cream, shopping, roses and muscles-lots of them!

TURN-OFFS: A negative attitude, liars, unfriendly people and spiders

FAVORITE BOOKS: Watership Down and all of Erma Bombecks' books.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Olivia Newton-John, Billy Squier, Joan Jett and Kool and the Gang.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Volleyball and aerobics

IDEAL MAN: One who is not a quitter, lots of fun, considerate, truthful, humorous and protective.

SECRET FANTASY: To be on a beautiful deserted island with a wonderful man.

2 years old

Me and my toys
Christmas 1968

Miss
Homecoming
1979

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"You're the world's most incompetent lover!" the woman snarled. "I couldn't be," her husband snapped back. "That would be just too much of a coincidence."

"Until I got straightened out in that sex-education course for adults," the woman confided to a new friend, "I took for granted my husband's interpretation of foreplay."

"What did he consider it to be?"

"Flipping a coin for position."

A savvy young hooker named Gail
Got busted and locked up in jail.
But the warder got hot
To be lodged in her twat,
And so Gail made the bail with her tail.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masturbation* as I-balling.

"Saay," giggled the girl hitchhiker as the truckie shifted position and began to perform oral sex on her, "you truck drivers really *do* know the best places to eat!"

The day that Melbourne's first sperm bank opened, men of all ages and walks of life eagerly queued up at the counter with their respective products.

"Next please," called the counter assistant, and he was amazed to see a young lady standing before him.

"I'm sorry madam, but you must be in the wrong queue." The girl said nothing.

"Now run along," he continued, "there are people waiting to be served."

The girl still said nothing and remained standing in front of the counter.

"Excuse me, sir," said the flustered assistant to the next man in the queue, "but would you mind explaining to this lady that she's in the wrong queue? She doesn't appear to understand."

The girl then went into an elaborate mime and the next customer realised what she was trying to say.

"Well?" questioned the assistant.

"The lady says she's in the right queue and don't you know it's rude to talk with your mouth full!"

An Aussie tourist went into a restaurant in a Spanish provincial city and asked to be served the speciality of the house. When the dish arrived, he asked what kind of meat it contained.

"These, *senor*," explained the waiter in halting English, "are the *cojones* — the, what you say, the testicles — of the bull killed in the ring today." The tourist gulped in surprise but tasted the *plato* and found it delicious. Returning the following evening, he asked for the same dish.

When it was served, he commented to the waiter, "But these — these *cojones* — are much smaller than the ones I had yesterday."

"True, *senor*," the waiter replied, "but the bull — he does not *always* lose."

Ben-Hur may have been a hero of his people, but it's a little-known fact that he didn't have the ability of most great leaders to quickly analyse information. Take, for instance, the time he was thrown into the hold of a galleon, to row with the other slaves.

No sooner had he picked up his oar than the first mate stopped beating on the huge drum and picked up a whip instead. As the mate began cracking the whip in a circle over his head, all the slaves immediately dropped their oars, stood up in their chains, and peed through the gunnels.

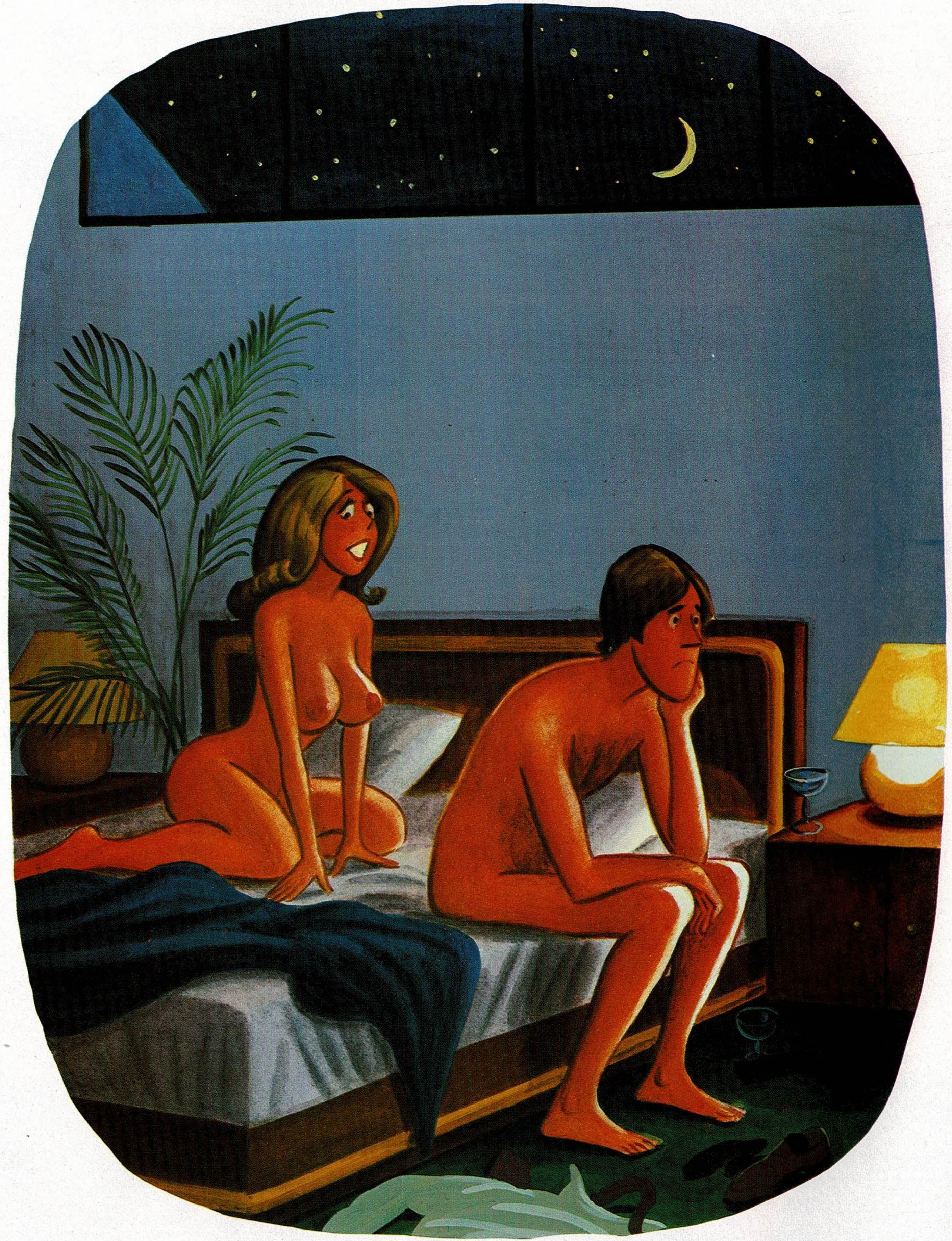
Ben-Hur was outraged. "It's bad enough we're chained to our benches and forced to row at the beat of a drum," he fumed, "but is your dignity so far debased that you even make water at the crack of a whip?"

"You don't understand, Ben," said his neighbor, resuming his seat. "You see, the man whose place you've taken died yesterday. Being slaves, there's not much we can do in the way of a funeral — but we still like to have a bit of a whip around and a piss up!"

A pirate named Pete on the Main
One day went completely insane.
With flicks of his cutlass,
He left the crew nutless,
As Polly kept squawking: "Again!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *premature ejaculation* as the come before the scorn.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"Maybe I'm using too much softener when I wash the sheets."

THE PLAYBOY GUIDE TO THE NEW RELIGIONS

six ways to avoid buying easter eggs

SHE EMERGES from the entrance to the arcade, positions herself in front of me and smiles. "Hey man, have you heard the Truth?" Her clothes are clean but shabby and she clutches a stack of slim booklets. "Which truth is that?" "The Truth about you, man. About the meaning of life." "Which group are you from?" "There are no groups, man," she laughs, "only the Truth. And this may be your opportunity to hear it. This is a gift for you," she smiles, producing a small, glossy

article by greg tillett

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP QUIRK

pamphlet. I hesitate but she thrusts it into my hand, turns on an even broader smile and catches hold of my arm as I begin to move away. "But we'd really appreciate a donation of 50 cents to cover costs. . ."

I return the pamphlet.

●

If you live in any Australian city or large town, this scenario will not seem unfamiliar. The girl could have been a youthful missionary for any one of a myriad of Truth brands currently being marketed on our city pavements. If you're looking for a way to avoid Easter this year, folks, the cash-and-carry spiritual supermarket offers a mind-blowing range of possibilities.

Religion no longer means the cosy familiarity of hymn singing or the rites by rote of Sunday morning service. It encompasses the revelations of mysterious Masters in Tibet, flying saucers circling the planets, gurus in the mystic East zapping out pyschic messages wrapped in sitar music and sweet incense, and the radiation of True Light to heal the sick and purify the world.

Even in the relative isolation of our land Down Under, some 600 religious groups are competing for the spiritual and temporal allegiance of those who seek the Truth. It's almost a cafeteria-style selection, ranging from the staples to the specials of the day. Some varieties count their adherents in the millions; others can claim only a dozen or so believers. Many of the small groups enjoy their obscurity, believing that those worthy of their sect will beat a path to the right door. But most of the New Religions — emanating from both the East and the West (coast of America, that is) — are aggressively engaged in winning converts and proclaiming the Truth.

Many of these apostles are reluctant to talk specifically at first encounter about their origins and expectations. They smile a lot and murmur reassuringly that this is certainly the most important moment in your life. Very often they come into conflict with the established and respectable churches who phrase their hostility in terms of compassionate concern for potential converts. Very often, however, they are more concerned with keeping competition down in what is clearly a buyer's market. Claims of brainwashing, false pretences, misrepresentation and even more alarming charges, regularly circulate about the new faiths, encouraged by the popular press, which has found religious shock-horror journalism to be a best-selling style.

But the missionaries continue undeterred; inspired rather than put down by the persecution. Clearly, they say, it proves that the Truth is being proclaimed. Otherwise, why so much opposition? Far-out faiths are entitled to their rites, no matter how baffling or bizarre.

The New Religions appeal most to the disillusioned young, who find the double standards of modern society — especially politics and religion — hard to take. Many of those who may once have passed from angry young men to apathetic middle age, consoled by television, alcohol and glossy magazines, have now thrown away careers, money and family ties to commit themselves to the Truth. They find the absolute values and inflexible demands of the New Religions challenging and inspiring.

And so the young and idealistic abandon the dreams of their parents and the established values of society. Instead of roaming into communes or dropping acid, as they may have done 10 years ago, they set out to discover, proclaim and propagate the Truth. Parents, politicians and mainstream churches find this zeal inexplicable and inexcusable.

The Association for the Exposure of Pseudo-Religious Cults has levelled allegations of brainwashing, kidnapping and murder against several of the movements, and offers its services for the "liberation" and "deprogramming" of those "captured" by the cults. The professional deprogrammers — who charge up to $50,000 per case — have already begun to tap Australia as a likely market for their services. It is already a boom industry in the US. But, when the "liberation" concerns those well over the age of consent, a major civil rights issue is involved and debate on this point is strong in the US. In Australia, law enforcement agencies have shown a reluctance to take action against "kidnappers" who work on behalf of children involved in unfashionable religious groups.

Claims of brainwashing, false pretences, misrepresentation and more alarming charges regularly circulate about the new faiths.

So, the New Religions continue to prosper and proliferate, inspiring dedicated commitment precisely because they make such heavy demands upon their adherents; unlike the established churches, they do not compromise their teachings or soften their rules for discipleship. Half a dozen or so of these religions have attracted public notice in Australia and in our PLAYBOY primer to the new-wave cults, we present the ones whose followers are most likely to accost you on a street corner or drop a hint of salvation in your letter box.

HARE KRISHNAS

The Hare Krishnas or, to be precise, members of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON), have attracted attention and aroused controversy throughout Australia. The spectacle of European men and women in traditional Indian clothes striking cymbals and drums and chanting "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama" in crowded shopping areas is no longer uncommon.

ISKCON was founded in the early 1960s by A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, who left Calcutta for New York in 1965 to proclaim a tradition in Hinduism which taught that Krishna, the god-hero of the *Bhagavad Gita*, was the supreme manifestation of the Ultimate Reality, or God. A strict Hindu fundamentalist, he taught that only in and through Krishna could the Supreme Personality of Godhead be known, and that through devotion to him, and, most especially through chanting the *mantra* associated with Him, men and women can attain not only personal salvation, but help to bring peace and transformation to the world.

Bhaktivedanta's doctrine was ascetical, demanding abstinence from meat, alcohol, tobacco and other drugs, and sex (except within marriage for the purpose of procreation). He also insisted that his followers adopt a traditional Indian lifestyle and assume Indian dress. Despite these singularly unliberated demands, he soon attained a following amongst the counter-culture generation of the '60s, and, like other gurus, attracted some stars, including (briefly) George Harrison who recorded the Hare Krishna-based song, My Sweet Lord.

By the time of his death in 1977, Bhaktivedanta had established an active movement with branches and adherents throughout the world, a number of thriving centres — including an American headquarters described by *Time* as "a spiritual Disneyland" because of the quality of its neo-Hindu architecture — and a mass of literature. He also left behind him a number of spiritual leaders to take charge of the movement in different regions of the world.

Most ISKCON members live in communal centres attached to temples in which a rigidly ascetical lifestyle is followed, including worship, and singing and dancing in the streets as a form of witnessing to their faith. The temples follow a traditional Indian design: statues of Krishna and his consort, Radha, are central, and are bathed, clothed and fed (that, is, food is offered to them) daily. The movement has also endeavored to ensure that its children will grow up in the traditional Indian environment, free from the corruption and pollution of Western society.

Throughout Australia, ISKCON has also served the immigrant Indian populations by providing facilities for Hindu worship without the problems of regional rivalries which have otherwise hampered attempts to establish temples. The movement has also undertaken social work, including food distribution and work with drug addicts in Sydney's King's Cross. Public reaction to ISKCON has been decidedly mixed, with vocal opposition coming from some churches, and one national current affairs program, which waged a long-term campaign against the Hare Krishnas, alleging that they donned wigs and secular clothes in order to collect funds for social work projects which did not exist. Naturally, ISKCON denied such suggestions, and often points out that numbers of academics from within the field of religious studies have recognised them as being within a genuine Hindu religious tradition.

Most Hare Krishna members live in communal centres attached to temples and follow an ascetic lifestyle including worship, and singing and dancing in the streets as a form of witnessing to their faith. Their practices have attracted attention and aroused controversy throughout Australia.

SCIENTOLOGY

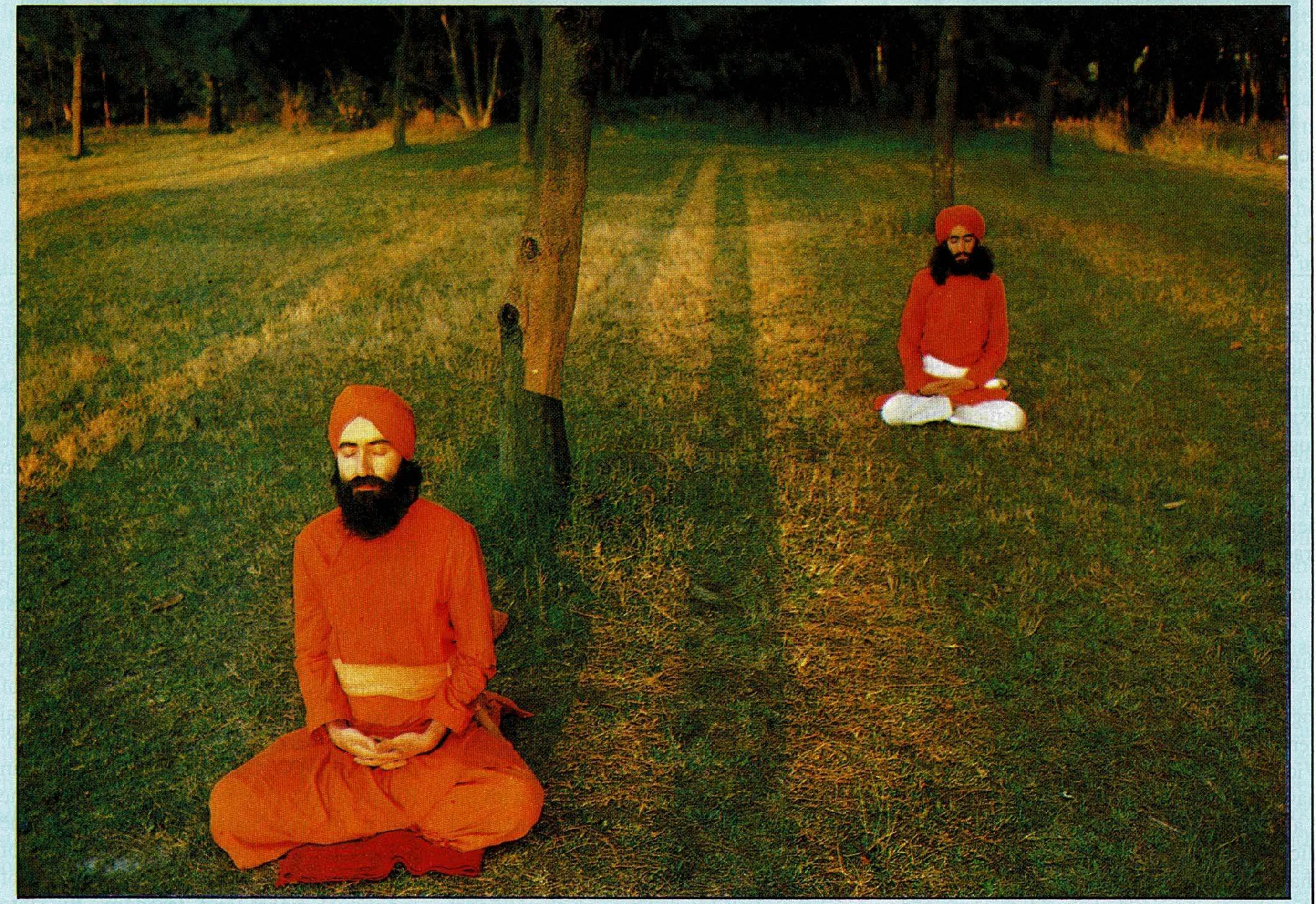
The Church of Scientology has the dubious distinction of having been banned in three Australian States under psychological practices legislation after a controversial inquiry by the Royal Commission in Victoria in 1965. The bans in WA and SA have subsequently been lifted, and the Labor Government in Victoria has indicated that it will repeal the ban there. Not that the prohibitions ever worked — the church either simply changed its name and continued as before, or merely carried on with complete disregard for the law.

Scientology was founded by L. Ron Hubbard, best known in his pre-Scientology days as an American science fiction writer with an interest in exploring and a taste for Eastern philosophy. In the early '50s, his newly-discovered therapeutic system, called Dianetics, became something of a fad in the USA, and his books on the subject rushed into the best-seller lists. Scientology came a little later as a philosophical and religious canopy for what was basically a psycho-therapeutic technology, although Hubbard strenuously rejects and vigorously denounces orthodox psychiatry, and has for many years waged an enthusiastic campaign against the established mental health professions.

The theory, philosophy and technique of Dianetics and Scientology is highly complex, but, in simple terms, it begins with the assumption that man, in his essential nature, possesses total perfection. However, he has lost, or forgotten, all his inherent powers and abilities. Through the removal of the mental blocks, or Engrams, which inhibit the functioning of his true nature, man can be restored to his original potency. This is the aim of Auditing, the Scientological process of therapy in which an electronic device, the E-meter, is used to determine the extent to which Engrams inhibit the individual. Through a well-defined series of graduated stages, the Scientologist is audited from being an ordinary, limited human being, to attaining the state of Clear, at which point all his Engrams have been removed, and beyond that to various grades of Operating Thetan, in which he recovers all his original powers.

Although essentially concerned with an individual pursuit of self-development, Scientology has engaged in a variety of social action projects, and sponsors several organisations concerned with social reform: the Citizen's Commission for Human Rights works to oppose the violation of the rights of psychiatric patients, and the Society for the Protection of the Rights of the Individual opposes the invasion of individual rights and freedoms by state organisations like the police and ASIO.

Most people become involved in Scientology by taking part in a street interview, or a



Top: The theory of the Church of Scientology begins with the assumption that man possesses total perfection. Above: The Ananda Marga movement aims at the establishment of a new world order based on spiritual socialism.

free personality test at one of the store-front city centres. From this initial contact, they will be encouraged to enlist for one of the variety of courses — usually on communication or personal efficiency — which are run for the benefit of newcomers. From there on, the path is carefully planned. Hubbard had a profound interest in organisational management, and drew up extraordinarily detailed flow-charts for the careers of members in the pursuit of enlightenment, and those wishing to undertake a professional career in Scientology. For most Scientologists, a combination of both is essential, since few people can afford to continue with extensive auditing if they have to pay for it.

RAJNEESH

"The Orange People" — Rajneesh followers, dressed in shades of orange, with wooden beads and a portrait of Bhagwan Rajneesh, their guru, hanging round their necks — are highly visible in many Australian cities.

Founder of a movement which both attracted thousands of Western disciples to the Indian city of Poona, and outraged conservative Hindus with its liberal morality and explicit sex in public places, Bhagwan (a title modestly meaning "God") Rajneesh achieved international media coverage when he left (or fled, depending on the story) Poona for an Oregon cattle ranch having, apparently, married an American woman to obtain resident status. Bhagwan was born within a wealthy Jain family and, so he says, became "spontaneously enlightened" at the age of 21. He nevertheless pursued an academic career and became Professor of Philosophy at the University of Jabalpur, acquiring a reputation for unorthodoxy and a tendency to criticise and question traditional values.

He resigned from the University in 1966 and began to teach his own unorthodox blend of Indian and Western philosophy to a small circle of disciples in Bombay. The small circle expanded into a large one, and an ashram was established at Poona to which thousands of disciples would journey each day to hear the Master speak (in English) on his unique (if seemingly confused) psychological approach to religion. He also initiated new believers, often throwing them into ecstasy by laying on of his hands, answered questions on almost everything, and provided advice on personal problems. To the unbeliever, his talks — dutifully and almost endlessly recorded on tape, video-tape and in print — seem tedious and almost hypnotically confusing. To the confirmed, they represent the pinnacle of religious Truth, manifesting Bhagwan's declaration that, "To understand Truth, you will have to drop logic."

The ashram at Poona, and centres throughout Australia, concentrate on providing for those who wish to hear Bhagwan talk, either directly or through recordings or the words of his disciples, and on a variety of therapeutic activities, including encounter groups, creative arts and crafts, singing and dancing. The radical and unorthodox therapeutic programs have attracted both the interest of trendy psychologists, and the criticism of more conservative ones, who point to incidents of physical and psychological violence within the group sessions.

It is his philosophy of simply being and doing whatever seems good at the time, that attracts most followers. This pop-existentialism provides a refreshing change for many young professionals who find in the fluidity and frequent internal contradictions of the teachings an exciting break with polite conformity. But the contradictions are not contradictions to the initiated, nor are Bhagwan's historical errors really mistakes.

Through meditation courses, therapy programs, various PR gatherings, and restaurants (like Zorba the Buddha's in Sydney), as well as through advertising in the press and the eye-catching attire of its members, the Rajneesh organisation recruits new followers. It is certainly in a growth phrase in Australia at present, even if the sudden departure of the Master from Poona caused a momentary flutter in the ranks. But even this contradiction doubtless explains something.

> *The Rajneesh movement outraged conservative Hindus with its liberal morality and explicit sex in public places.*

ANANDA MARGA

Few New Religions have been thrust so suddenly into such an unfavorable light as was Ananda Marga after the bombing of the Hilton Hotel in Sydney during the Commonwealth Heads of Government meeting in 1978. The publicity continued with three *Margis* being convicted of an attempt on the life of the leader of the National Alliance, a right-wing political group, also in 1978. It culminated in raids on Ananda Marga premises in Sydney and Melbourne prior to the Commonwealth Heads of Government meeting in 1981. By this time, the whole issue had become one of civil rights and suggestions of deliberate persecution by the police and ASIO, and attempts to have the whole matter reopened appear to have been successful.

Claims that Ananda Marga engages in or encourages political violence derive from the movement's rather turbulent Indian history. Founded early in 1955 by Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar, better known as *Baba* ("Father"), Ananda Marga — meaning the Path of Bliss — was quickly associated with a number of controversial social and political causes in India. Its membership grew dramatically, and suggestions that the movement was involved in violence led to the arrest of *Baba* and his imprisonment from 1977 to 1980, after which the charges were dropped and he was released. During his detention, the movement, both in India and overseas, engaged in acts of protest, some of them violent, against the Indian government for what it saw as religious persecution.

Baba's teachings are a complex mixture of philosophy, religion and social theory, the social teachings being known as PROUT (Progressive Utilisation Theory), and aiming at the establishment of a new world order based on a spiritually motivated socialism. The movement places great emphasis on social reform and social activism, and in this it is radically different to other New Religions originating in the East.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION

Any suggestion that TM is religious, let alone a religion similar to any of the other New Religions, is vigorously rejected by this organisation. It is, TM leaders insist, a science: the Science of Creative Intelligence.

TM had its beginnings in the teachings of an Indian guru, Swami Brahmananda Saraswati, whose eager disciple, Mahesh Prasad Werma (better known as Maharishi, meaning "great seer", Mahesh Yogi), established the Spiritual Regeneration Movement in India in 1957. He took the meditative technique — TM — with him when he toured Europe and the USA, but was largely unknown and ignored until he attracted the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and a brace of other celebrities whose presence guaranteed him international press coverage, and the enthusiasm of many groupies. In those days, TM was clearly, and unashamedly, a Hindu philosophy. But, with the departure of the famous, most of whom chased other religious novelties, the Maharishi rethought his system, and rephrased it in psychological and semi-scientific terminology.

It was successful, and, operating through several thousand organisations, drew hundreds of thousands of Westerners into the practice of meditation. Probably some 3,000,000 people throughout the world have at some time learned to meditate the Maharishi way. His pursuit of scientific status led to the establishment of various scholarly bodies associated with TM, including two universities, Maharishi European Research University and Maharishi International University. The "scientific" claims of TM became increasingly extravagant, and eventually led to the setting up of the World Government of the Age of Enlightenment with its capital at Seelisberg, Switzerland.

Sumptuously-produced, golden-covered

publications emanate from the World Government, announcing increasingly extraordinary achievements. One journal contains an article, surprisingly brief given the subject matter, entitled "The Formula to Resolve Crises and Violence in Any Country". All such solutions rely on the propagation of TM and the establishment of more and more people in meditation. The potential, at least if the literature can be believed, is remarkable. A team of meditators "resolved" the Middle East situation in 1978 by spending a few days meditating in a Tehran hotel room, and, indeed, by the end of 1978, the Maharishi could proclaim that world peace had been achieved as a direct result of TM.

The New Age of peace, prosperity and happiness was either extremely brief, or existed only in the minds of the Maharishi and his staff writers. It seems that many of those associated with TM were more than a little embarrassed by such fantasies, and in recent years the claims have focused on the supposedly proven scientific benefits of meditation as taught by the Maharishi. This also has led to the pursuit of the incredible as, doubtless in an attempt to boost a seriously depleted interest in TM, the *Siddhi* program was announced. For a mere few thousand dollars, this offered to teach the student a whole range of miraculous abilities, the most notable of which was levitation; invisibility came a close second.

TM also has been plagued with problems because of its insistence that it is neither a religion, nor religious. Various accounts of the secret ritual in which the student learns how to meditate, and is given an equally secret *mantra*, have frequently been published, and show the rite to be a plainly recognisable Hindu *puja* (or worship) ceremony in which the would-be meditator offers devotion and various sacrificial objects to (amongst others) "the lotus feet of Shri Guru Dev", the title of the Maharishi's teacher. The ceremony is conducted in Sanskrit by the Initiator, and copies of the English text, although circulated within the movement to Initiators, are not available for perusal by students. Those taking part therefore have no idea of the significance of the *puja* — and are usually told that it is *not* a religious ceremony.

THE UNIFICATION CHURCH

The Unification Church — the popular name of the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity — is almost certainly the most controversial religious movement in Australia, if not the world, today. Mass marriages, charges of brainwashing and "heavenly deception", a conviction for tax evasion against its founder, and a rash of books by ex-members claiming all manner of bizarre and frightening things have forced the Moonies (as they have become universally known), into the public arena. For a group that has less than a hundred members in Australia, they have received media attention suggesting that, at the very least, they are a real and present danger to the majority of the population.

Founded in the early 1950s, the Unification Church grew out of a vision experienced by Sun Myung Moon, a Korean, when he was 15. From that revelation, and from continuing contacts with God and the Spirit World, Moon produced a complex and elaborate theology in which elements of Presbyterianism (to which his family had been converted when he was a child) and bits of Buddhism and Confucianism were mingled with elements from traditional Korean folk religion to produce a new and unorthodox interpretation of Christianity. Moon's teachings begin with a new understanding of the Fall of Man in the Garden of Eden (in which Eve and the Devil have sexual relations) and move through to the ministry of a Lord of the Second Advent who will remove the sin acquired at the Fall, and usher in a New Age.

The Church places a great emphasis on the family, seeing the model of father, mother and children as parallelling God (who is believed to be both male and female) and his/her children on earth. Thus Moonies are expected to marry, and produce children. Their marriages are arranged, with partners being chosen by Moon for members who are regarded as spiritually prepared for marriage after a sufficiently long period of fund-raising and witnessing for the movement. Engagements are usually lengthy, and weddings are carried out en masse: one recent marriage took place in Madison Square Garden and involved around 2100 couples.

> *Moonies are expected to marry and produce children; one recent mass marriage took place in Madison Square Garden, involving 2100 couples.*

Most potential members are introduced to the church through the witnessing activities of members, often on the streets or at colleges or universities. The church's teachings are revealed to the recruit through a series of graded seminars at each stage of which a little more of the doctrine is unveiled and more of the "inner teachings" made clear. Most recruits drop out in the early stages, but for the few who continue on to 21- and 40-day training programs, almost all the teachings are revealed.

Moon and his wife are believed to be sinless, a perfect couple who are enabled to remove the Original Sin from those whom they marry, so that children free of Original Sin can be born into the world. Moon, who lives at Tarrytown in New York, maintains constant communication with God, as well as Jesus, Moses, Buddha, Confucius and other great religious leaders of the past. The movement has, over the last few years, produced a great amount of literature on its theology, and has established a theological seminary on the Hudson River in upper New York State.

Life within the Unification Church is fairly austere; members are generally expected to make a total commitment to the church by giving up jobs, education and private lives, and living and working within a church centre. Their time is devoted to fund-raising to finance the activities of the church, and recruiting new members.

The church has sponsored an extensive range of organisations, and its concern with unity — as the name suggests — has led the Unification Church to promote dialogue between scientists, theologians and scholars from a variety of disciplines, and it has arranged conferences to encourage this. Except for paying the bills, the Church remains carefully in the background of such academic events.

●

If the '70s and '80s have seen a burst of New Religions offering revelations and visions, they have also been notable for an outburst of Old Time Religion. Old-fashioned, literalist, creationist, fundamentalist Christianity is (almost) back in the swing of things, denouncing not only the New Religions and Darwinian Evolution, but the established churches, sex education, television, the State schools system and modern fashion. Rather than rushing forward into a new vision of religion, the fundamentalists have rushed backwards into an old-style Protestantism that most people thought had passed away (except, perhaps, in the blue hills of Kentucky) before World War II.

Denouncing and denying modern science and almost any change that's taken place in the world since the turn of the century, a number of fundamentalist groups have sought to achieve political potency in order to impose their version of Truth on a sinful world. In Australia, the upsurge of fundamentalism has been seen in the growth of Christian Parent-controlled schools, which are essentially private schools where modern science can be kept out and old-fashioned religion kept in. The Festival of Light — a comparatively tame version of America's powerful Moral Majority — also serves to focus some of the energy of the new Old Time Religion.

At the current rate of growth, Australia's religious market will be increased by at least three or four new varieties every year as missionaries continue to arrive to offer their wares to the disgruntled former customers of the older traditions. No doubt the market will reach saturation point at some stage, but that seems as far away as the Second Coming.

Paperback Writer

"Sir or ma'am, could you read my book? It took me years to write. . ." So went the Beatles' classic and so went the letter lovely Alison Owens penned to PLAYBOY. Ms Owens, it turned out, was a writer who laid her soul bare. Tapping away at her Chandleresque suspense yarns in a garret on the wrong side of Sydney, Alison felt herself becoming immersed in the raw sexuality of her subject matter. We captured her writing Broken Record, *her first published work.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRENT MELTON

IMPORTED
EL TORO
TEQUILA
MEXICO
EL TORO

Broken Record

THE LIGHTS were on, and there was music, scratched chords from the record player. In this high-rise apartment where the rent ruled supreme, Stanley Crolft lay buried, as deeply as one can be buried under a thin blanket that scratched with the music. One foot had escaped the irritation, and lay cold on the green-tiled floor, limp and defeated.

Stanley too was limp and defeated, he had drunk too much and talked too much in a bar he couldn't remember. He had been abusive, he was always abusive, his furniture displayed it in worn threads and broken strings. And dirty dishes sulked under stiff gravy, abandoned by a graceless hand that now scratched in response to the blanket.

Stanley propelled himself onto his back. He remembered the evening before, spent with a blonde and a red bottle, who between them had made him feel he existed beyond the rent, the dishes and his agency photos. He felt sick. Sick because he remembered the joy, and sick because of the bits he couldn't remember. And sick again at the picture of himself, tall and talented, bragging with a stained mouth like some Blanche DuBois gone doubly wrong.

He took a deep breath that grazed his lungs as it escaped. He moaned, and drew his foot under the covers in search of its companion. Then he rolled on his side to still the celebration of his re-united feet; he didn't believe in simple pleasures, he was an actor.

A scowl crawled to his mouth, and stuck there, distorted by the lumpy pillow that supported his cheek. It was enough to move him from his bed, and he wrestled valiantly with the hangover until he was horizontal.

●

The sun was shining cheerily through parsnip curtains, and the traffic from the street told loud tales of bank clerks, government workers and bad drivers. Stanley forced his head from the nicotined comfort of his hands, and crossed from his lounge/bedroom to the kitchen. There, utilising the animal instinct for comfort, he plucked a pair of sunglasses from the debris of the sideboard. Suitably shaded from the glory of a new day, he hunched pitifully over his kitchen table as the battered kettle screamed.

Over steaming coffee and the first cigarette of the day, the only one he could ever really taste, Stanley chased his wits around his nervous system. Where had he been last night? And where was the buxom blonde who had fed his ego a sumptuous meal of well-padded thighs and black underwear? He recalled the startling yellow of her hair, as false as the stories he had given her of startling performances, as false as the comfort in the red bottle. He drew hard on his cigarette.

FICTION BY ALISON OWENS

It perplexed him that he remembered nothing beyond the black underwear, but he was content to let his mind linger in the soft lace, and let the coffee soothe his throat. Next to him on the table, lay an empty bottle of Tequila, its neck smudged with the crimson of her mouth. He smiled softly, and his boyhood ran eagerly to his face. It kicked footballs in his eyes and played leapfrog round his mouth, until he heard himself laugh. So unexpected was this, so new to his ears, that he laughed with it, and as he did, he felt something tight and black sink furiously and forever.

He stood in shock and breathed slowly to be sure he was still Stanley. He crossed to the cracked mirror that every morning gave him a story of woe. This morning it smiled at him and chucked him under his stubbled chin. He stood before it for some time in wonder, then turned to face the grime of his old self, stated in spilt cups, stained walls and crumpled piles of dirty clothes. Very slowly his lips pursed, and in a soft, low whistle, sang of his mother, and his boyhood. He marvelled that this tune had played for so long unheard in the recesses of his mind.

◆

It surprised him how quickly the apartment shook off his old self and took on the new. With the dishes cleared and clothes piled neatly in drawers, it looked almost as he had imagined it would be when he had first moved in two years ago. Today, he had such a clear picture of himself settling into his city apartment, his hopes and dreams packed as neatly as his cotton underwear. My God, what had he done for those two years but grow old and bitter?

He stopped his scrubbing for a moment and thought of his mother who still loved him. She was not a stupid woman. She took a great interest in the theatre, and had often visited him, until the last time, that is, when after a heavy drinking session he had come home to find her with her honest arms elbow-deep in a bucket of suds, scrubbing the black from the green floor. It had been too much for him then and he had exploded, using the only power one has when one's wits are gone. He had bruised her badly, but more than that, he had made her sick with worry. He had been an animal, keeping animal company, living in a sty, and she had worried herself sick that he would do something violent, something unjust — perhaps even kill.

Thank God that was all over! He buried his face in his wet hands and squeezed the horror from his mind. For a moment he was still, then he lifted his head and re-applied himself to his task. He must call her and tell her he was sane, tell her he loved her, beg her forgiveness.

His hands manoeuvred the brush across the floor with short strokes, to and fro, to and fro, as the kitchen clock met every thrust with a tick and tock, tick and tock. The rhythm rocked him back to an old neighborhood, chalk on the pavements, and a mighty bosom deeper than a pillow and smelling of clean laundry. His mother had always been so strong, so tolerant, but soft to the core. Always there like a sponge to absorb each bucketful of woe. Where did she put all those tears? She still smiled, and shopped, and talked of the weather.

He dropped his brush in the bucket and swirled

it in the suds. Everyone talked about the weather, but his mother really concerned herself with it. She had such energy when the wind blew well, and when the sun shone, she gathered endless wrinkles to her chubby face and smiled, as if her husband were not a dead drunk, and her son not a live one.

Stanley felt heavy regret run like lead in his blood. He sat still on the floor with wet hands and eyes, and a pile of bricks for a brow. Every cell of his body filled with shame, and his heart with an apology that strained its walls. She would forgive him, he knew his mother, and now he knew that he wanted to be like her. He was his own worst enemy she said, but he didn't want to fight any more.

◆

With thoughts elbowing their way through grubby memories he again heard the gentle tap of the clock, and took up his brush. He scrubbed with new vigor, and planned for an evening with his mother. He would invite her for dinner, in a sparkling apartment, with a candle and just a little wine. They would laugh at the monster who had dwelt here so long, would plan picnics and outings together, and she would ask him to find a nice girl and get married.

His thoughts switched instantly to the blonde. He wondered again where she was, and if she would come back and visit him. That sweet catalyst to his happiness. He would invite her for dinner too.

With the main part of the apartment now gleaming, and the silly girl's black panties (how could she forget them?) packed discreetly in a drawer, it was time to tackle the bathroom. Stanley opened the kitchen cupboard in search of bleach. He was disappointed, but hardly surprised; cleaning agents were not a concern of his. He would have to get some, and at the same time stock up on a few delicacies for the dinner party.

He sang to himself as he listed his mother's favorites on the back of an unpaid electricity bill. He heaved a sigh as he read the final figure, $84, only five days to pay, and barely a cent to his name. He would have to get a job. It didn't have to be full-time though, and he could still fit in a few auditions. He smiled again, there was always room for hope. He shoved the bill in his pocket and neatened his hair with his hands. He *would* get a job. Today was as good a day as any. In fact, today was the best of his life. He would buy a newspaper.

Stanley was whistling the old tune from his childhood again as he took the lift down to a warm summer's day.

◆

The slam of the door startled a huge cockroach that scampered hurriedly from behind the bathroom cabinet. It stopped, its antennae quivering, then made a horrid dash for the tiled floor. It climbed with purpose up the tub, then along the grubby porcelain, and then it halted at an obstacle in its path. With antennae quivering, the cockroach listened for danger. Sensing none, it continued along the white flesh of a lightly-haired arm, along a shoulder, to a blue neck wrapped tightly in a black bra.

And the record player began at the beginning.

DEADENDDREAMS

a pair of young australians wade too deep into radical california politics. enter cliff hardy, private eye

fiction by peter corris

I HADN'T LIKED finding the body. It was under the house in a spot that the foundations and the hot water pipes had made as dry as the desert. It was shrunken and mummified by the dryness and when I pulled her out, the woman looked more like a laboratory specimen than someone who had laughed and drunk and made love.

Rosa Torrielli had done all of those things in good measure, and there were still some faded shreds of the clothing she'd done them in clinging to the corpse. A crumbling fragment of lilac silk, a silver thread.

The house was one of a hundred in a street in Lilyfield — weatherboard up on high brick foundations — and I'd traced Rosa there through a series of interviews with landlords and boarders and drinkers that seemed to stretch on without end. But it had ended, and the *de facto* husband who'd put her under the house had ended his life in prison. All neat and tidy — a Cliff Hardy Investigations special.

Tony Torrielli had hired me to find his mother and as he'd especially applied for the job in the US Consulate in Sydney to look for her and had saved money for the work, I was glad I'd found her. Torrielli had been taken back to the States by his father, who was Rosa's third or fourth husband, and he was as American as cherry pie.

"That was fine work, Mr Hardy. I sure am obliged to you." We were in a pub near my office in the Cross and he was holding his glass carefully so as not to spill anything on his light grey three-piece suit.

"I'm sorry it turned out so grim," I said. It hadn't, for me. I had his check in my pocket, covering my modest daily rates and the expenses racked up on the road and in the boozers.

"Fine work." He bought another round, drank half of his Scotch and left. I finished his drink along with mine and wondered what he'd do with the knowledge that his mother was a good-time girl who probably hadn't given him a second's thought since his dad took off home.

My next two jobs flowed from the Torrielli case by recommendation. The first was a simple body-guarding of a very rich and very nervous visitor to Sydney from Las Vegas. The second started when the biggest man I'd ever seen knocked on my office door on the hottest day in Sydney since they started keeping records. The temperature hit eighty around 9 o'clock in the morning and kept climbing. His knock shook the door so hard I thought the heat might be expanding the old building and splitting it like a paper bag.

I bellowed, "Come in," to show that I was half an inch over six feet, 170 pounds and used to having sledge hammers hit my door.

He opened the door very gently and ducked his head the way he must have been doing since he was fourteen. If he said he was six-ten you wouldn't have argued with him and if he was lighter than 240 pounds it would only have been by a glass of beer or two. I stood slowly as if the size of him had pushed me up on a beam balance.

"Nice to see you," I said. "Take whatever you want, say whatever you like, spit on the floor."

"Tony Torrielli said you were tougher than that," he said. "Said you had to be heavy with some people when you were lookin' for his mom."

"I write my own reports," I said. "Sometimes I use poetic licence."

"I'm interested in your licence to investigate. Mind if I sit down?"

"Try it."

I waved expressively at the only other chair and sat back down myself. His chair held, but he might have been doing complicated isometrics.

"I'm Wesley Holt," he said, "engineer." It came out in a voice that rumbled like a big train in a small tunnel. He used that upward inflection that makes Americans sound uncertain, but I was pretty sure he was Wesley Holt and if he said he was an engineer that was good enough for me. I nodded intelligently.

"Came down here to a job in Queensland because I wanted to see my daughter. She came back here after her mother and I split up."

Crushed, I thought. *She'd be crushed, not split.*

He told me he'd graduated in 1956 and taken jobs all over the world, including the Pacific. He'd met Coralie Burnett from Wahroonga in New Guinea. He lit a cigar, maybe in honor of Coralie. I refused one and opened a window, being a clean-air person these days but good-mannered about it.

"Didn't last," he said blowing smoke at the windows. "Year and a half and she was back here in Sydney with the kid."

"Didn't like the tropics?" My ex-wife Cyn hadn't cared for them; I'd taken her to Fiji on a half-business, half-pleasure trip and it had been a full-time hell: one mosquito bite and she turned red, two, and patches of her hide developed the texture of half-cooked porridge.

"Loved New Guinea," he said. "Hated me. I was a wild guy in those days — booze, broads and work, that was me. Coralie was smart, I don't blame her."

"This is about the daughter, then?"

"Yup. Diane. I've only seen her a couple of times and not for the last five years. I've got a whole bunch of pictures, though." He pulled out a fat wallet that had compartments and divisions like a brief case. He riffled for a minute, then pushed a photograph across the desk.

"Bright kid," he said. "Cleaned up everything in school here last year. She was supposed to go to university in Sydney this year."

The photograph distracted me from what he was saying; the image was of a big young woman who looked fully endowed with brains, good looks and life itself. A blonde with a face that was all eyes, cheekbones and mouth: it was a candid shot, she was sitting in a chair, waving her hands and talking. It would be hard to imagine anyone within view not looking and listening.

"Which one?" I said. "Which university?"

"There's more than one?"

"Three," I said, but I knew which one he meant; the old one, the one with ivy and tradition, the one I hadn't dropped out of.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY BLAKELEY

AUSTRALIAN
MADE

"Law school," he said. "Going straight into law school. Sounds funny to me but I was looking forward to talking to her about it. We wrote each other plenty, I felt like I knew her, sort of. . ."

"What happened?"

He squashed out his half-smoked cigar in the little ashtray on my desk and sighed. Just for an instant, with the breath leaving him, he seemed oddly vulnerable. "Her mother died last year, cancer. Di was real cut up when she sat those exams. I wanted to come out for the funeral and all, but I couldn't get away. I wrote that I'd get work here so that I'd be around; she seemed real pleased."

"Did your wife marry again?"

He shook his head emphatically. "Never got divorced, one of those things. Di moved in with a girlfriend after Coralie died. She was going to live in college, she said — a scholarship, that right?"

I nodded. "You keep saying what was going to happen — what did happen?"

"I got here early December, soon as I could. She'd been gone a week when I arrived."

"Gone where?"

"To the States — would you believe it? She took off with some kid to California and here I am stuck, just locked in up there in Queensland for the first eight weeks solid."

He'd used his American connections to make the initial trace. Diane Holt had US citizenship and a passport from a trip to New Caledonia she'd made with her mother. She left Australia on Pan Am bound for San Francisco on 27 November at 5.30pm. She had a cabin bag and a light suitcase which had been carried for her by one Vincent Harvey.

"He's Australian," Holt said. "Graduate student at Stanford, that's. . ."

"I know, university in California. Felix Keesing, anthropology, Roscoe Tanner and McEnroe, tennis. Does Di play tennis?"

"Sure, plays everything." He pulled a sheaf of papers from the pocket that hadn't held the wallet. "All I know about him and some stuff about her is right here." He gave me the papers and wiped a hairy arm across his face. "Shit, it's hot."

We coped with that in the saloon bar of the big hotel down the street where Holt was staying. He said he was a retired drinker but he must have been a title-holder in his day: I drank light beer and he had beer with whisky chasers.

Holt had used Raymond Evans' agency to do the basic digging on Diane, her mother and Harvey, and I was impressed with the results. We had a straight teenager with the usual tastes and habits and no shadows until the six months of her mother's illness came along. Raymond's report said: "Ms Holt appears to have moved into a kind of top gear when she learned of her mother's cancer. By all reports she worked extremely hard at her studies and alternated periods of intense nursing with heavy socialising. Drink and drugs — moderate and experimental; sex probable (see Harvey, V.); politics — radical; criminality — negative."

Harvey had taken a BA in history and psychology and an MA in sociology at the University of Sydney. He'd done his course work for his Stanford PhD on "Advertising, the media and opinion formation in Australia", and when he carried Di Holt's suitcase at Mascot he was going back to write up his field work for the dissertation. Raymond reported that Harvey had met Diane Holt when he was interviewing the father of one of her schoolfriends who owned an advertising agency.

I tapped the papers and forced down some more beer. "This is good work," I said. "But I think you might need a California man on it now."

"Tried that," Holt said. "San Francisco private eye found out Harvey had dropped out of Stanford. Big deal. Said he couldn't find Australians, charged me high."

"Jesus. Did he call himself a private eye?"

"Yeah."

> *I put on dark sunglasses and blinked a lot and told myself that Palo Alto with its gum trees and ordered streets was nothing like Canberra.*

"Must be the fog. Still. . ."

He broke in impatiently. "I'm a Stanford man myself, got a friend on the faculty there. He tells me this Harvey has gone political — makes speeches on the campus time to time."

"Radical politics," I said tapping the papers again.

"Yeah, beats me. I just figure it might be best for an Aussie to talk to them and find out what the hell's going on."

"Why didn't Raymond handle it?"

"He recommended you."

●

And that was how I came to be on flight 532 out of Sydney for San Francisco via Honolulu. I had a visa which would allow me to go in and out of the US as often as I liked for the next five years. It sounded like a threat. I watched *Chariots of Fire* for the third time and admired the way they gave you two of the cute little bottles when you ordered a gin and tonic. I didn't eat any of the food, which was all the color of raw liver. I read *The White Hotel* on the second leg of the flight and couldn't sleep after.

It was raining in San Francisco and the cable cars were out of operation, being over-hauled, but it was Sunday and a lot of the city was working and that was novel. I checked into a Fisherman's Wharf motel and caught up on some of the lost sleep. After a shave and shower, I went out and bought some of the Gallo chablis I'd been reading about for years in American novels. I also bought a turkey and avocado sandwich big enough to choke Phar Lap and went back to the motel to review the case. The wine was fine, a bit fruity; the label said it was 12% alcohol and I confirmed that with a few solid belts. The sandwich was excellent — survival in these foreign parts was assured. The thinking didn't take long; the only lead I had was to Stanford University in Palo Alto. Twelve percent is an assertive wine — I had another nap.

It was well into Monday when I presented my international driving permit and American Express card at Hertz and took possession of a red Pinto. The freeway to Palo Alto wasn't any worse than the Sydney versions and the low, exhaust-blasted structures along the road looked like Haberfield with a dash of Barcelona. Since the energy crisis hit they've dropped the speed limit and everyone drives to save gas. They were forgiving about my hesitations and sudden surges of doubt about the automatic transmission and which side of the road to travel on.

I put on dark sunglasses and blinked a lot and told myself that Palo Alto with its gum trees and ordered streets was nothing like Canberra. I drove cautiously on to the Stanford campus learning that here joggers and cyclists rule.

At Students' Records, a bored woman with a lot of gold chains round her neck told me that Vin Harvey had not enrolled for the new quarter. When I asked why not she got sly and starting demanding ID. I left after getting a squint at the address on the VDT screen — 72 Manzanita Park. I located it on a campus map and walked there, dodging the bikes. It was an eye-opener amidst the affluence. Low cost student housing covering an acre or so. The buildings, box-like, pale cream corrugated iron jobs, were like beached whales. I felt a wall and judged it to be more tin than iron. The lay-out reminded me of the army and the atmosphere reminded me of caravan parks at home where I'd gone looking for people who couldn't afford to hide anyplace else.

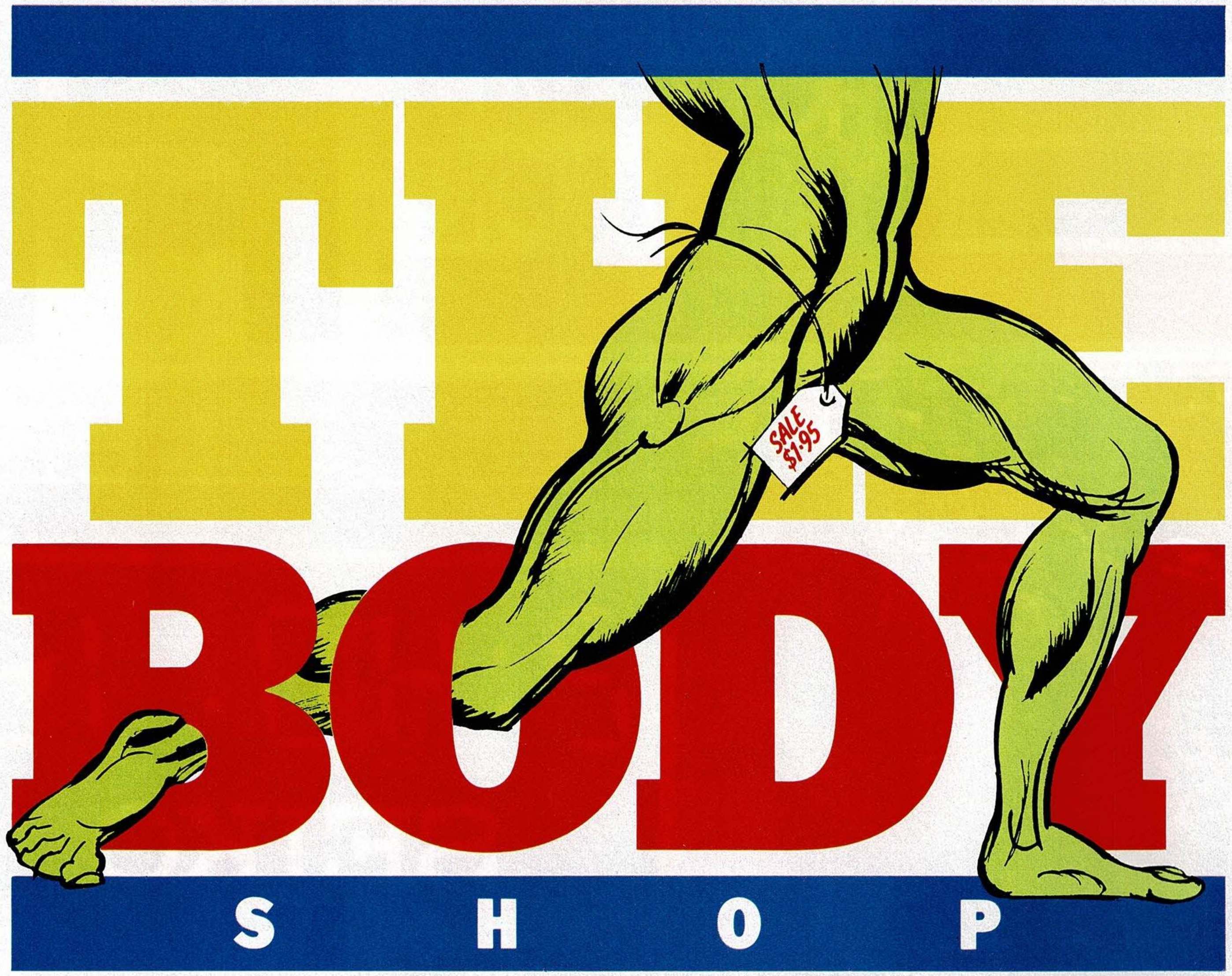
Number 72 was no different from the others except that it had a poster on the outside advertising the delights of the Santa Cruz boardwalk. Pasted to the rippled surface, the picture of the boardwalk and the sea had a disjointed, chaotic look. There was also a poster for a recent on-campus Grateful Dead concert, but there were plenty of those around.

A tall, stringy black youth answered my knock. He wore a light gray track suit and sneakers and he bounced just standing there in the doorway.

"I, ah, was hoping you might know something about Vincent Harvey."

"Who was hoping?"

(continued on page 144)



THE BODY SHOP

playboy celebrates the bodywork boom with 13 pages of sweaty fun

HONOLULU MARATHON
FINISH
CITY & CO
OF HONOL
2:40:13
SEIKO

Not limping and not the author; a runner comes home.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CRAWFORD

LIMPING HOME

mission impossible concludes, not with a bang but a whimper

IT'S VERY PLEASANT here on this bed — actually a couch which converts to a bed — and as good a place as any to start the beginning of the end of this long and extremely arduous story. This bed is sociably situated in a living room around which a half dozen or so people are scattered in various stages of relaxation. The sun has just set and there's still a golden glow over the palm trees outside the windows, a picture postcard Hawaiian evening here at Rocky Point. I have a glass of Johnny Walker Black Label in my hand (possibly the fifth or sixth this hour) and I'd like to say that I'm enjoying the view, but I can barely speak. If I attempt to move, my leg explodes a medium range nuclear weapon in my central nervous system. Generally speaking, I am, how you say in pidgin? fucked up. Pints of my blood, several kilos of body fat and the better part of my soul are splattered over the vicious tarmac of Heartbreak Hill, across the other side of the island and a thousand miles from care.

article by phil jarratt

I have run the Honolulu Marathon and I have a T-shirt and a chronic disability to prove it. I have run the marathon and soon — maybe in a week — I'll feel proud and happy. Right now I just want to die. And, like I said, this bed is as good a place as any to drink Scotch and die.

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You may remember that when we started this sojourn around the perimeters of common sense and reasonable behavior, all those months and miles ago, we were two. Our feet were four. Contributing Editor Moult and I. Joint bylines and blisters. Together again by popular request. And it was, after all, his idea. So I'd train, write my story about it and then sit down and read his story about how training wasn't really necessary. I began to feel sceptical about the seriousness with which my partner was taking this whole deal. And I'd get very sceptical. And then I'd get pissed off as well as sceptical. The bastard was doing his Hyde Park number on me. He'd be sitting at the finish line with two mai tais on a souvenir tray and a ridiculous grin on his face, and as I threw up blood and waved away the drink, he'd say: "Hey, what kept you?"

About two weeks before the race I cracked. I phoned Moult. "Listen, you big ape," I said, "you haven't done any training whatsoever and unless you prove to me that you can run a 10-miler in training, I'm going to rip up this ticket that Pam Am gave you in the mistaken belief that you were some kind of closet athlete."

Well, the phone fairly hummed with vitriol. I've been in some locker-rooms in my life, but boy. . . I heard about climbing mountains and kayaking over falls and herding aardvarks in Upper Thing and a million variations on the theme that aerobic exercise, like booze, comes in many different flavors. Eventually it was agreed that Mr Moult would indeed bolt over a 10-mile course with his editor and friend some days before the projected departure. A time was set. The day arrived. Moult phoned.

"I've spliced open my heel," he said. "I can't run."

"I don't believe you. Show me." So he hobbled in, poor bastard, and it was true. A great gaping hole occasioned by an object of extraordinary sharpness. He was disappointed, I was distraught. Fate had played yet another cruel trick. Now, not only would I never know if Moult could run 26.2 miles, I would never know if he could do 10.

All things considered, our marathon attempt was looking pretty sick. Moult a non-starter and me. . .well, in a spot of bother. Despite worsening aggravation in my upper left leg, I'd planned to run three pre-race 20-milers, the first of them just three weeks before race day. I managed only 10 before the pain got the better of me.

Somewhat concerned about this turn of events, I visited a fancy chiropractic clinic, my regular guy being out of town. Here for about 60 bucks or so, they X-rayed me and declared me spinally bent and twisted. I could be cleaned up before the race but it would take time and money. I had neither, but reason had long since flown out the window. So I began daily treatment involving great pain and suffering, and my back apparently straightened and my legs began to feel better.

Two weeks before the race, I played cricket, a social affair in which the PLAYBOY XI was cheated of victory by a motley lot of thugs and freelance writers. I scored 11 brilliant runs and strained my right calf muscle in the outfield. Still stiff and sore a couple of days later, I managed a 10-miler. Then; towards the end of this second-last training week — my peak — I pulled up lame after six or seven miles in Centennial Park and hobbled back to my office in pain. I'd pulled the calf with 10 days to go.

Bill Lange, of the Bill Lange Clinic, looked at the leg from every corner of the room, poked at it and prodded it with firm, large fingers. "When do you go to Hawaii for this race?" he asked.

If running is good for you, why do I feel lousy all the time? And if self-discipline is good for the soul, why am I an emotional wreck?

"Right now," I said trying to sound confident. "I'm on my way to the airport right now. Tell me everything will be okay, doc. Tell me it won't hurt. Whip me, beat me, make me write bad cheques, but please don't tell me I can't run."

He looked over at his JFK bust (a chiropractor's friend if ever there was one), then turned his gaze to me, belly down, bum up in the torture position. "Oh, you can run okay. Just relax. It'll hurt for a few miles but then, when you've really warmed up, the pain will go. It'll come back later on, and when it does you won't have many miles left in you. In the meantime, exercise it by walking."

So it came to pass that, as day turned into night high above the Pacific, a solitary figure limped gamely up and down the aisles of a Pan Am 747, swearing, cursing, a stiff Scotch in hand and an even stiffer run in mind.

●

This might seem like an odd time to own up, but I feel I should point out to serious runners who may be reading this that I'm not one of you. In fact I don't even understand the breed. I have tried to analyse what makes me run and have reached my own conclusions — fear of middle age, egomania manifested as an excuse to write about oneself, wet brain and so on — but when it comes to the part in the article where we hack writers cast aside small matters and present the broad world view, the insightful essence of the whole thing, the part where someone like me says, well folks, now that I've breathed the same air as these looneys, let me tell you what makes them tick. . .I'm up shitters ditch without my Nikes. As an investigative reporter I've failed this assignment miserably. Running remains a mystery to me, a bizarre blend of pleasure and pain, ratbaggery and discipline. And as you get into it, the paradoxes become more evident. If running is good for you, why do I feel lousy all the time? And if self-discipline is good for the soul, why am I an emotional wreck?

These problems and more I pondered as I cruised through Kapiolani Park, Honolulu, on my way to pick up my running number for the Big Race. The park was full of runners, some of them running, some of them walking, some of them selling running paraphernalia to their brethren, some of them wide-eyed and wondering, like me, just what was in store. Without being rude, I tried to observe these people at close quarters, alert for signs of borderline madness, like twitching of eyeballs and odd socks, that sort of thing. Ever efficient, I'd forgotten to bring the card with my running number on it, so I had to line up in a queue which led to a sign that said "HELP". I stood in front of a New Zealander (pointy heads were thick on the ground) who made a little joke. "I wonder ef they're dspnsing pschietrc edvce," he said. He rocked back and forth with mirth and I noticed none of his flesh moved off the bone. Dangerously skinny. I looked up and down the park and noticed that most of these people shared a sort of ranginess and panther-like readiness to move which belied their actual shapes.

But even more alarming than their outward appearances were their tormented inner souls, artfully displayed like so many little alligators on shirts. Truly, these people had seen the light, and the light was green. No Mormon nor free-basing coke freak ever shone so brightly with The Discovery. Radiant, happy faces atop sinewy, muscled shapes. There were two camps, those who had junk mail and were giving it away, and those who didn't and were taking it. Being of the latter persuasion, within seconds I held firmly in my hot little hands invitations to the Berlin, New York and Birdsville Track marathons, subscription forms for every running magazine in the world, amazing free offers to take vitamin courses, buy books, join gyms and train for the next step in sado-masochism, the triathlon. (The last, incidentally, was penned by one Bob Johnson, aged 62, who later crossed the finish line two minutes after your humble scribe and promptly died. Race officials explained to the press that Johnson had not run the entire course but had stopped after five miles for a three-hour breakfast before jogging back to the line. I'm not sure what this proves, but then I'm not sure about anything any more.)

2:48:00
SEIKO
FINISH
NISH

Clockwise from top left: the leaders cool off — at left, the legendary Frank Shorter and centre, second-placer Duncan McDonald; finishers don't always feel good; not a drop spilled; that glorious moment.

Further fuelling my suspicion that runners are, well, different shall we say? was an event called the Carbo Loading Party, to which I was subjected shortly after my arrival in Honolulu. Picture a church social. Add four noughts to the number of people you imagined. Take away the church hall and replace it with a subway station. Substitute spaghetti for sponge cake, Budweiser Light for orange cordial, Frank Shorter for Jesus Christ and you're beginning to understand the grotesque and bizarre nature of this occasion. With Bay-of-Pigs-like efficiency, MPs (marathon police) herded us in one door and into long queues, at the end of which paper plates filled to overflowing with dry spaghetti were thrust into our hands. Then there was a parting of the ways — boozers into one vast hall, really sick people into another. Not surprisingly, Australians and New Zealanders filled most of the floor space a mile either side of the kegs of Budweiser — 100 of which would disappear within three hours. Trivia freaks might also like to consider other items of consumption: 3750 pounds of spaghetti noodles, 2000 pounds of meat sauce, 900 pounds of meatless sauce, 600 pounds of garlic bread, 800 pounds of green salad, 33 gallons of French dressing, 65 cannisters of Coca Cola and the Metric Conversion Board can go and get stuffed, my job is tough enough as it is.

There is a theory popular with runners that gorging oneself with all this crap helps the body create enough glycogen to get you through "the wall". I have another theory: records are broken because no one in his right mind would want to be behind some one who has just consumed even part of the above.

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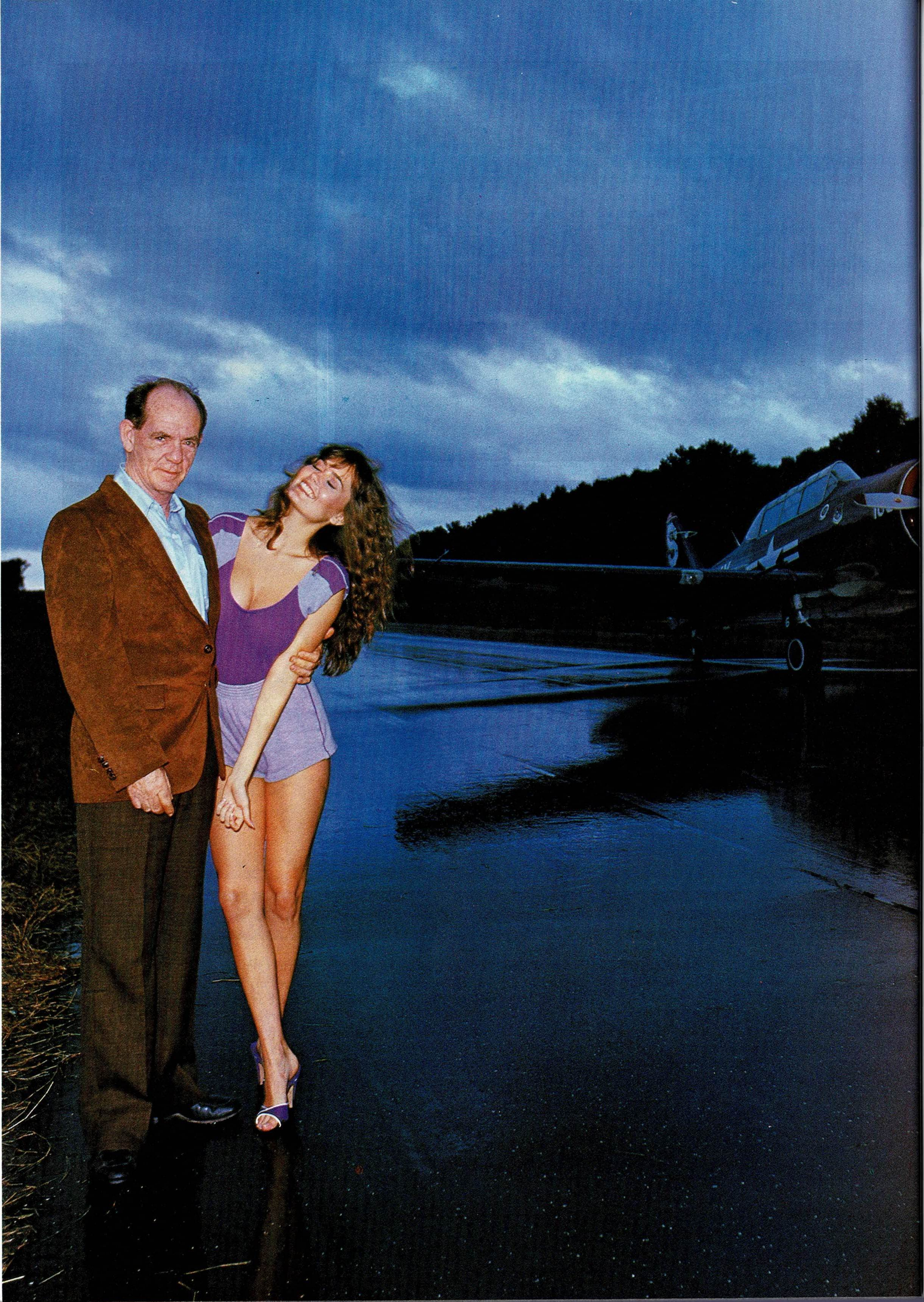
Marathon eve was hot and humid. A Kona wind was blowing around Diamond Head and there was madness in the streets. Two Samoans were engaged in a loud discussion about conjugal rights directly

(continued on page 140)



20 QUESTIONS: ARTHUR JONES

inventor of the nautilus exercise machine, big game hunter, film-maker and video magnate, lover of young women — this man lives life to the hilt

ARTHUR JONES is a man of many interests. The inventor of the Nautilus exercise machine began his career as a World War II dive-bomber pilot and afterwards began to seek out real adventure. He flew free-lance cargo missions all over Central America and Africa, tracked big game and hosted a TV show called ***Wild Cargo*** *in the '50s and '60s. Jones speaks with affection of tough old crocodiles and tender young women. He holds strong views on subjects as diverse as pumping iron and geo-politics. He regales listeners with tales of mercenary strike missions and coups that failed. He boasts he has eluded the hit teams that emerging nations have dispatched to stalk him, but when pumped for details, he demurs. Apparently if you have to ask the price of danger, you can't afford to take the chance.*

Warren Kalbacker *tracked Jones to his closely-watched compound in central Florida. "We rendezvoused beside a darkened air-strip," Kalbacker tells us. "Somehow it seemed to set just the right tone for the interview, but Jones was in no hurry to begin taping. He insisted that I meet every one of his reptiles, tour his immense video production complex and pit my strength against his latest Nautilus prototype. It was a tough assignment, but somebody had to take it on."*

(1.)

PLAYBOY: We couldn't help noticing the pistol, the locked door and the television camera surveillance. Do you resent interruptions or are you worried that somebody's gaining on you?

JONES: If you have any doubt about the extraordinary security measures around here, walk out the door and across the lawn. Roll the dice. The stakes are your arse. If you think I'm joking, try me. Recognition has a price. The price is danger.

(2.)

PLAYBOY: Nautilus equipment has achieved a great deal of recognition. Gym shorts and jockstraps are *de rigueur* in a gentleman's wardrobe. Do you possess an uncanny marketing sense? Or were you the man with the right product at the right time?

JONES: I hadn't the slightest idea of becoming involved commercially. In 1948 I was staying at the YMCA in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and I built the first serious attempt at a Nautilus machine. Later that year, I built another one, and I kept building them wherever I went. I built them by the hundreds. They're sitting in schools, police department gyms and rotting in jungles all over the world.

(3.)

PLAYBOY: What got you interested in exercise? Were you a 97-pound weakling who wanted to develop his biceps to impress girls?

JONES: I was never a 97-pound weakling. Even as a child, I was considerably stronger than average and have been most of my life. But from a very early age, I was interested in exercise. I started lifting weights, training with barbells long before it was popular. In the '30s and '40s, you did it in secret, because you didn't want your friends to know. I wanted the benefits of weight training but I didn't want the problem of being branded a lunatic.

With the introduction of the barbell into this country around the turn of the century, it became possible to produce degrees of muscular development and strength previously thought impossible. The adjustable barbell — a bar and plates with holes in them so that you can add weight — was almost magic. When people did what appeared to be impossible, they became freakish. Perhaps some people were overawed by the first examples of weight-lifters who developed their muscles to a very large size. All the myths started: if you lifted weights, you became muscle-bound. That's totally untrue. Weight-lifting of any kind makes you more flexible.

(4.)

PLAYBOY: If the barbell worked like magic and you kept your work-outs secret, what made you think you could improve on that regimen?

JONES: I noted as far back as the '30s that some barbell exercises produced very rapid rates of growth and some did not. A barbell provides one-directional resistance — straight down as a result of the force of gravity. But human beings are rotational animals. We move by rotating around the axis of a body joint. You move your hand, for example, by rotating around the axis of your wrist.

So the first requirement when it came to improving the barbell was to design a device that provided rotational resistance for exercise. With a barbell you're exercising part of a muscle, and you will develop that part of the muscle. But then another part of the same muscle is not being exercised; it doesn't receive any benefit.

Another problem with movement is that the strength of a human being changes. It varies as your advantage of leverage gets better or worse. With a barbell, as a consequence, you're always limited by the amount of weight you can handle in your weakest position — which is not necessarily the starting position. In the bench press, for example, when the bar is resting on your chest and you start to lift it, you're fairly strong. But you're rapidly growing weaker as you reach the so-called sticking point. Then you suddenly become much stronger again, and at the very end of the bench press as far as your muscles are concerned, you're infinitely strong, because you have the advantage of leverage. You're locked out. You could move the world in a bench press. You could handle 1,000,000 tons if your bones could support them.

But by using a barbell in a bench press, you're limited by the amount of weight you can handle at the sticking point. At the end of the movement, you might be able to handle 300 pounds.

But you're forced to train with the 100 pounds of resistance you can handle in your weakest position.

(5.)

PLAYBOY: Was there a sticking point in your development of the Nautilus machine?

JONES: It was a long, slow process. I started out trying to solve the problem of adding variable resistance to the barbell by adding chains — at the start of a movement most of the chain would be lying on the floor so that as you lifted the barbell, more of the chain came into the air, thereby adding weight. That helped, but it didn't solve the problem, because in some cases you need a decrease in the weight. In other cases you may need an increase and then a decrease. I tried pulley devices. I tried hanging by my knees from a trapeze. I tried hanging by my heels, but that has certain problems, especially when you fall and land on your head.

(6.)

PLAYBOY: So inventing that Nautilus shell-shaped device was your big breakthrough?

JONES: I was living in Africa in 1968 and, as usual, I'd built myself a machine. It was something of an improvement, but it was still a long way from being what I wanted.

One night I got an idea that I thought had great merit. I immediately called one of my people and together we drew a part over the telephone. I said, "Build it and have it here by eight in the morning." Well, we installed it and it did not work. It was a total, absolute, abysmal failure. But it failed so obviously that, for the first time, I understood why it failed.

Now I knew how to modify and rebuild it. Immediately, other problems presented themselves. I stayed with it night and day — sometimes 18 hours a day — and slowly solved the problems one after the other. The Nautilus machine is a thinking man's barbell — nothing more or less.

(7.)

PLAYBOY: Just how many ways can you build a strong body?

JONES: There is only one way to build a strong body and that is to exercise against a resistance that is high enough to provide overload. For an old lady, that may mean getting out of her chair and walking across the room. For someone else, it may mean doing squats with an 800-pound barbell. Or anything in between. When you exercise with overload, you're sending a signal to your body saying, "This muscle is asking me to do things that I cannot do. It's expecting me to perform the impossible — so make me stronger."And the body will respond to that by growing, if it can. Exercise itself doesn't produce anything. It's a catalyst. Exercising stimulates your body to grow.

(8.)

PLAYBOY: How did you acquire your exercise expertise?

JONES: There aren't any experts in any field. There are people who are arrogant enough to announce they're expert. There are other people who are dumb enough to believe them. I went to the ninth grade. I don't consider myself an expert on anything. I've been curious all my life. I have done research all my life in a wide variety of fields.

At the moment, we're doing large-scale research with a gynaecologist in an attempt to determine what, if any, beneficial results can be produced for pregnant women by training them before, during and after childbirth. We're entering into our sixth year of research with poisonous snakes. We're nine years — and many millions of dollars — into research into computerisation of medical tools and exercise equipment. Of course, I would like the research to work out and develop into something of value.

(9.)

PLAYBOY: In your career as a big-game hunter, did you ever venture so far into the jungle that your bearers got frightened and fled?

JONES: I never used bearers. I usually travelled light. As Daniel Boone said, "I've never been lost, but sometimes I didn't know where I was for a few weeks." If you're lost and you're the leader, it's not a good idea to tell the other people that you're lost. Besides, most of my hunting has not been for the purpose of killing. I was never a trophy hunter. You don't see stuffed heads or tigerskins on the floor. I have some rattlesnake hides but those are from snakes we were raising for research and they died from a virus.

I've captured animals alive all over the world for the purpose of trans-locating them. In some cases they were going to be killed in a certain area and I moved them to where they could survive. I was in the animal business, buying and selling animals to zoos and pet shops for quite a number of years. I look back on that with a great deal of regret, because I don't particularly approve of zoos.

(10.)

PLAYBOY: Jungle borders are known to be porous. Are any foreign powers still out to dun you in the worst way for any minor, inadvertent Customs infractions?

> *There is only one way to build a strong body and that is to exercise against a resistance that is high enough to provide overload.*

JONES: I haven't been over their hit lists lately. In 1968, I had built a studio in a place called Rhino Hill near Salisbury, Rhodesia. When things began to fall apart there, I went back to the US, and after I left Rhodesia, the government there seized all my assets: seven ground vehicles, two aircraft, a brand new helicopter, 5,000,000 feet of film, two studios full of equipment, cameras, weapons, ammunition, family records going back two centuries, my wife's insect collection and children's toys. I'm not all that enamored of the government over there. But don't ask me to give you rational explanations for other people's insane actions. I can hardly believe them, let alone explain them.

(11.)

PLAYBOY: Were you a fearless leader?

JONES: Anybody who's not afraid is a damn fool or a liar and probably both. But I refuse to live in fear.

I was sitting in a boat one time in the Caprivi Strip in Africa and I glanced back over my shoulder and made eye contact with a large crocodile that was stalking me from a distance of about 12 feet. Within another second or two, he'd have had me. That was obviously his intention. It didn't upset me, you know. It didn't happen so why worry about what didn't happen? It's better to concern yourself with what might happen next.

(12.)

PLAYBOY: You once risked your life to save a co-worker from the jaws of an angry lion. Were you aware of the danger then? Or was it a reflex action?

JONES: It would not have gone through my mind to do anything else. There's a tendency not to want to get involved, which I suppose is fear of some sort. I don't consider myself brave. I've spent a good deal of my life avoiding danger. Any time you've looked out the plane window and seen an engine burning off the wing, you've had all the adventure you want. But if you lead an active life, if you get around the country or around the world, you're going to have adventures.

(13.)

PLAYBOY: You've stalked big game, watched aircraft engines burn and spent years training with weights. Wouldn't you agree you've had a macho lifestyle?

JONES: It's silly the connotation people try to put on macho. People who stand around on the beach flexing their muscles irritate me. I didn't wear short-sleeved shirts when I trained with weights.

Violence is not something to joke about. Toughness is fake. The real tough people in this world don't go around bragging about it. If you've been there, then telling you about it is unnecessary, because you know. And if you haven't been there, you're not capable of understanding. If it's necessary to hurt someone or kill him in self-defence, well then you should do it and not worry about it.

(14.)

PLAYBOY: Do you have an arsenal of excuses for sloughing off and not using your machines?

JONES: I've worked out on and off for more than 40 years. My lifestyle has been such that I haven't been always in a position where I could exercise. You lay off a day and it becomes a week and one thing leads to another and when you're working 18 hours a day, seven days a week, it's hard to get around to it. But as soon as I got back where I could exercise, I would go back to it.

(15.)

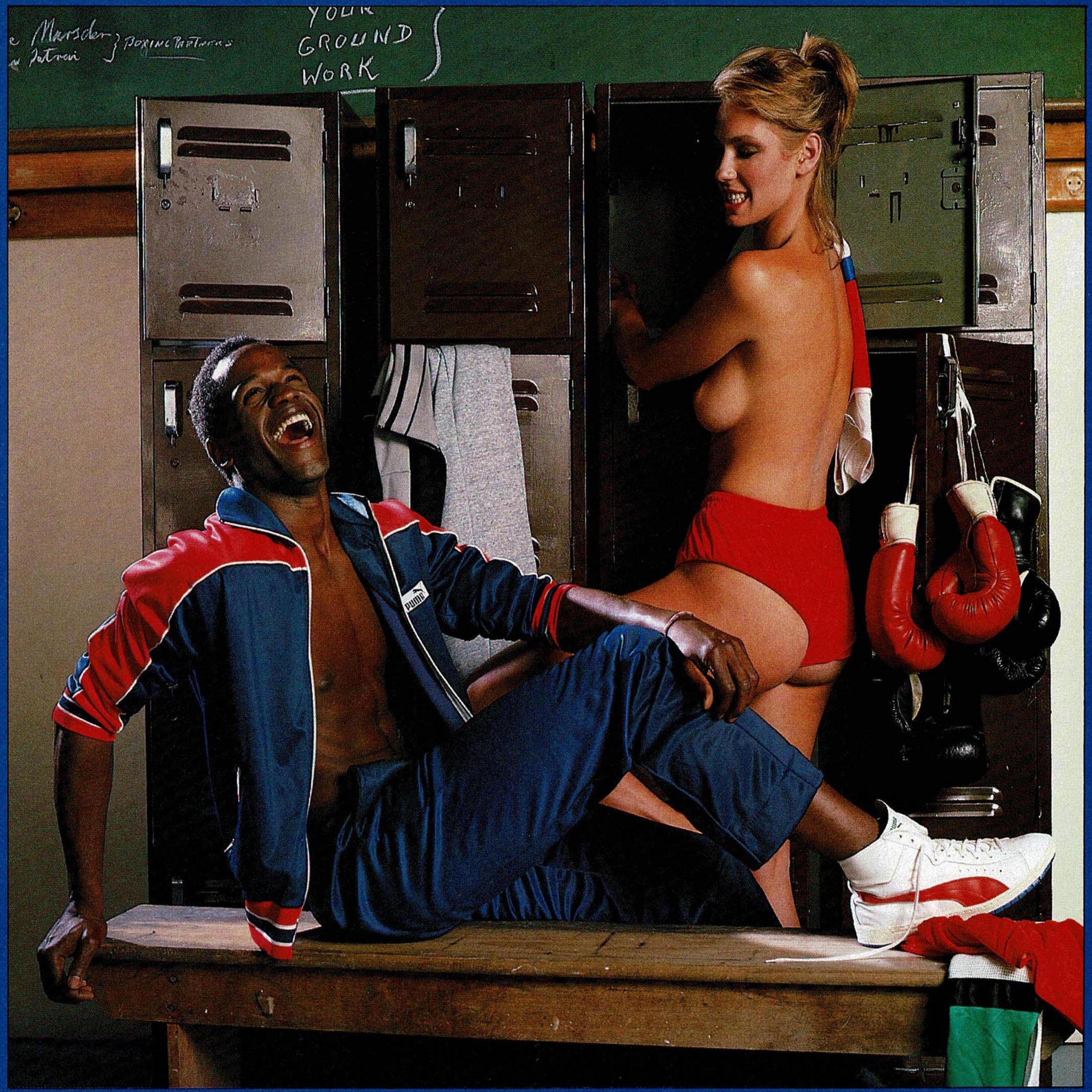
PLAYBOY: Are you on the verge of discovering a cure for the common cold? What *can't* Nautilus machines do?

JONES: You cannot develop the female bust. You can develop the muscles underneath it. You can strengthen those muscles and it will have an effect upon the bustline. But as far as the breast itself is concerned, you can do nothing for that.

(16.)

PLAYBOY: What attracted you to films and

(continued on page 119)



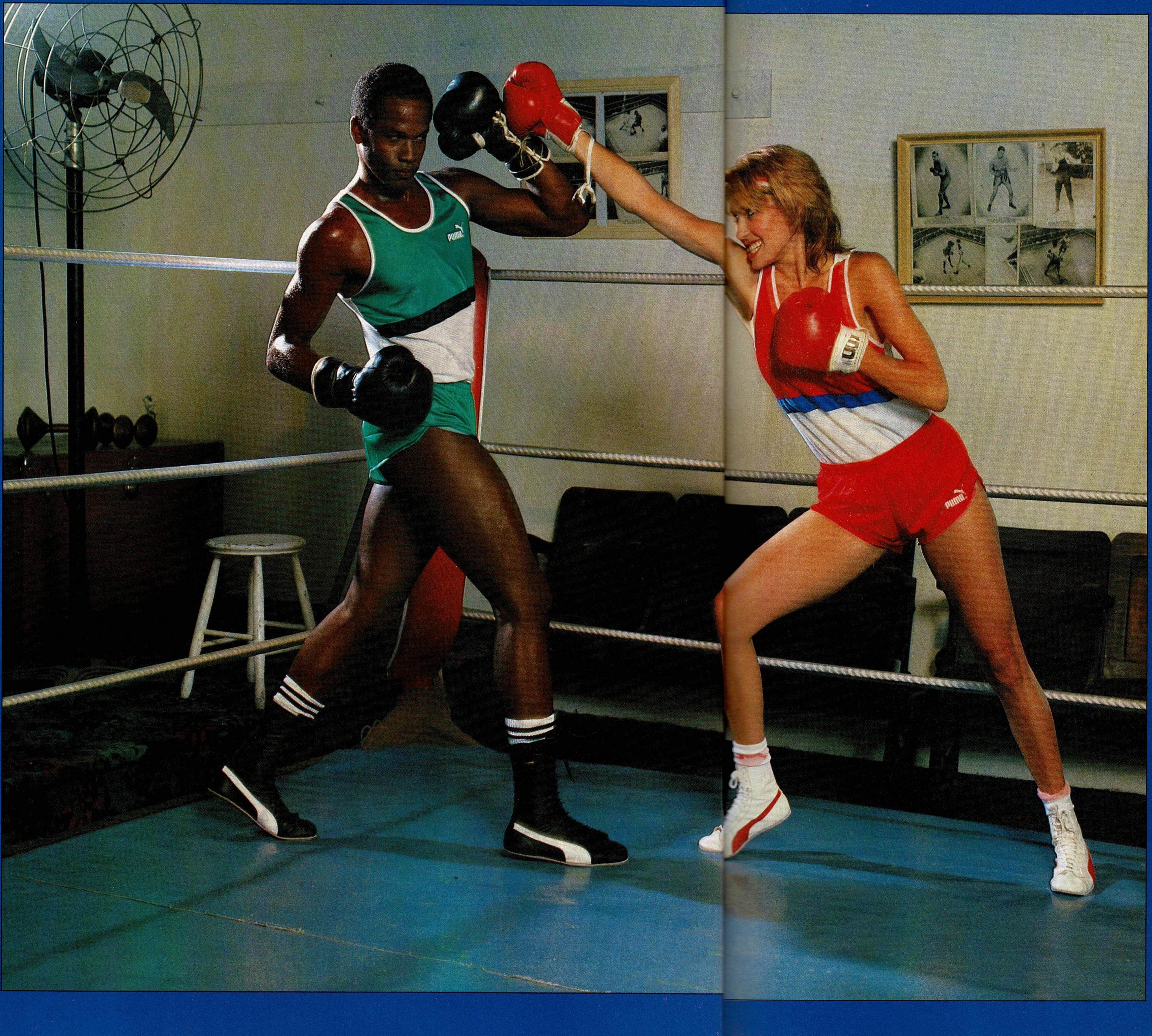
LOCKER-ROOM KNOCKOUTS

CHALLENGER MEETS CHAMP FOR A SHOT AT THE BEST-DRESSED TITLE

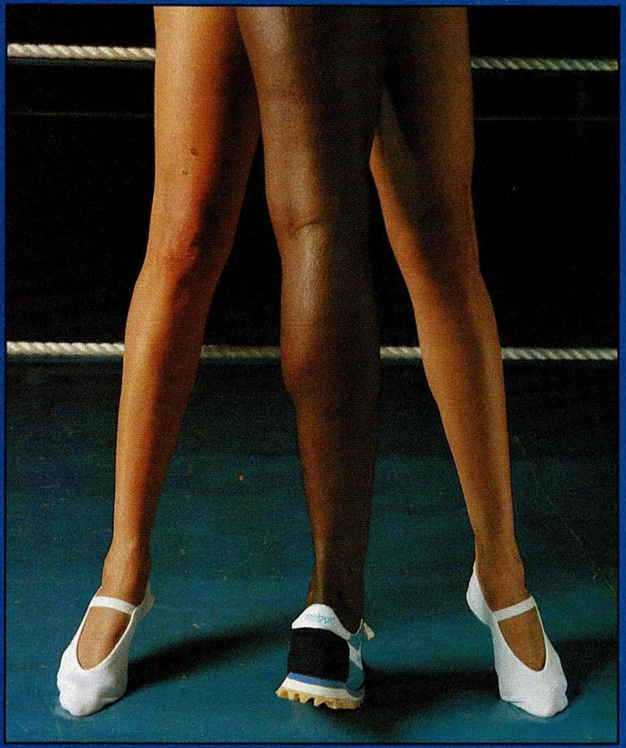
fashion by vitek. photography by rico mettbach

It seems these days that if you're not pounding the soles off your feet for five miles a day, chasing a piece of rubber around a squash court or sweating up a puddle on the gym floor, you should at least have the clothing that makes it *look* as if you do.

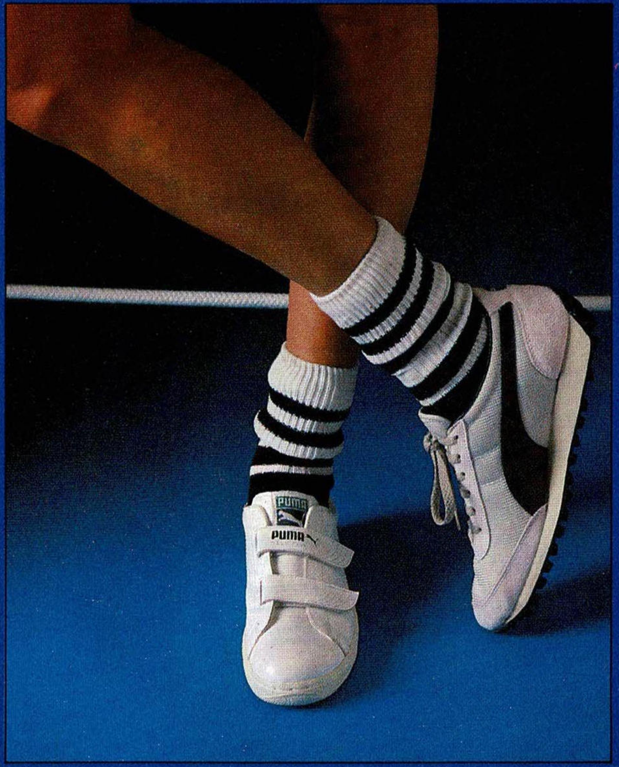
He's wearing the latest release from Puma — the Aspen tracksuit ($70). She's keeping her cool in spring shorts ($10)



If you should ever be lucky enough to go through a few rounds with opponents who look like our boxing duo, you could set your style in marathon shorts ($15) and marathon singlet ($13) — both by Puma. For him, forum boots ($50) and for her, madison boots ($45), also by Puma. Below: put your right foot forward in a pair of Supertrack by Pro Sport ($25), with specially-designed sole to distribute the running pressure throughout the heel. She is relaxing under pressure in gymnasium shoes by Puma. Bottom: stow all your gear in a zip-up duffle bag ($12), or the Globetrotter ($17); both by Puma.

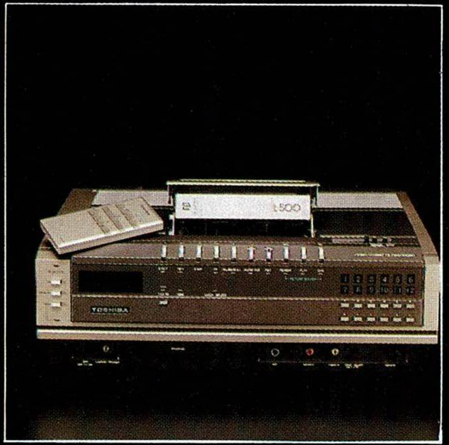


While you "give it to the bag", stay cool in a cotton singlet by Tiger ($10) and matching cotton shorts ($14). She is holding him off in a Michigan tracksuit by Puma ($55). Below: eliminate lacing hassles with Puma's Davis Cup ($50). The Power cat has a heel block for shock absorption on the outer foot; also by Puma. Bottom: apres sport, this oversize pullover from Puma ($20) is almost big enough for two. Puma gear available from all leading sports stores; Tiger and Supa Sport shoes from all Myer stores.

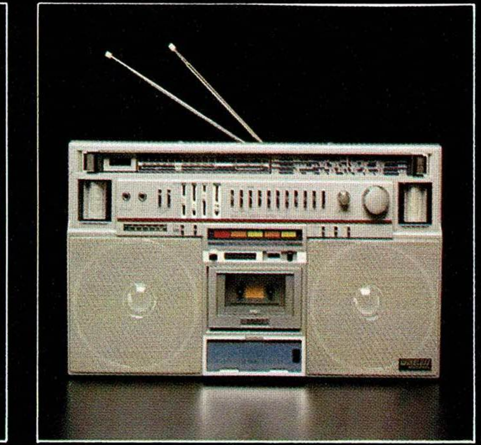


PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR PRIZES

(continued from page 55)



Toshiba equipment courtesy of Toshiba Australia Pty Ltd: stereo system and speakers; video cassette recorder; color television; microwave oven and portable cassette recorder.



Flamingo Park designs exclusively created for the Playmate of the Year: black silk organza coat appliqued with hearts and musical notes and teamed with black pleated skirt (right), plus black leotard with wooden beaded skirt and leggings, and blue silk and chenille “spider's web” tunic. From Linda Jackson Studio, 177 William Street, Sydney.

Beautifully-styled ladies' watch by Chopard of Geneva from Peter Berman, MLC Centre, Sydney.

REVOLUTION!

(continued from page 58)

“Survival” was the word I heard used most often in talking to dozens of students.

He was talking about the sort of issue that *does* seem to get the kids steamed up — issues directly affecting their hip pockets. The student loan scheme is seen as a device to replace the present Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme (a government allowance) with a loan which is to be repaid after the student has graduated and is earning money. The loan scheme makes eminent sense to such people as myself, who have long-since graduated (courtesy of comparatively handsome government hand-outs), but doesn't seem to have the same sort of support from the poor buggers likely to be loaded with it.

“Not everyone moves into a big house and a lucrative profession when they graduate,” Michael comments. “Indeed, most graduates are not paid much more than the rest of the workforce.”

MAY 2, 1969

The Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, was pelted with apples, oranges and tomatoes and hit at least several times by tomatoes in an ugly student demonstration at Sydney University yesterday.

Other students, including members of the University Regiment, fought and scuffled with the demonstrators.

The trouble built up from a lunchtime meeting on the University front lawn at which a student, Mr Ross Clark, impersonated Sir Roden in a 30-minute speech.

Mr Clark was also pelted by vegetables, and the group of anti-demonstrators finally attempted to empty a garbage tin of water over him.

As most students usually end up buying a house and starting a family not too long after graduation, the repayment of the loan is seen as another burden to be imposed on their early years of adulthood.

Whatever the arguments, Michael says there was a tremendous response to the campaign against the loan scheme.

“I expected 30 or 40 would turn up when I went to cash my cheque of protest, but there were hundreds who followed me into the bank. And we had a huge roll-up at the peace march earlier this year — tens of thousands were there, and our contingent was a big one. But campaigns such as that need a lot of active people, and I'm afraid a lot of the activists who did all the hard work — the posters and leaflets and street theatre and so on — weren't students, but people who agreed with what we were doing and wanted to help.

“Maybe the student body is more apathetic, or more conservative, but we're still concerned with issues. A lot of student politicians are structurally conscious; instead of marches, we'll lobby through the channels. There's a great reverence towards Parliament,” he continues. “But I wonder how long that'll last — we went to Canberra on this student loan business and only the Australian Democrats said they'd think about opposing it. The good old ALP, ha, they didn't want to get involved. So it's not just students, ha.”

University of Queensland's Professor Western agrees that there seems a greater desire to work through and within the institutional structures available to reformers. He wonders how much actually was achieved by the student demonstrations of the '60s.

MAY 3, 1969

The State Government is considering withdrawing scholarships of students found responsible for the assault on Sir Roden. . . Premier Askin said it was “absolutely disgraceful”. . . “minority of hooligans”. . . “educated louts”. . . “should be expelled”. . . “larrikins under outside influence”. . .

“Vietnam was the big issue — but how much did the student movement contribute to the American withdrawal? The analyses haven't been written yet but I'd suspect the role of the student movement was not all that momentous,” Western comments.

The professor is repeating the views of nearly everyone else who was around at the time: there aren't the *issues* today. Vietnam got people marching because it directly affected them — the Government was conscripting one young fellow in seven, and sending a good number of them to fight a war that so many experts were saying was against people trying to overthrow corruption, and which was unwinnable, anyway.

Would today's students willingly go off and fight a war in somebody else's country? One suspects not. They are already fighting a war in their own country.

“Survival” was the word I heard used most often in talking to dozens of students. It's what has been behind the few demonstrations by students that have occurred in the past couple of years. Apart from the more “traditional” ban the bomb march, the issues have been the student loan, the lousiness of TEAS allowance, and how few are entitled to it anyway, and, an issue with which their teachers heartily concur: the cutbacks in educational funding. There was even a sit-in in 1982 at the hitherto quiet University of New England at Armidale, protesting the financial stringency which the students saw as threatening the quality of their education.

The campuses are simply reflections of what is going on in the outside world. In 1975, about the time today's university students were entering high school, unemployment jumped from 78,000 to 245,000 , and has been growing ever since. That is, from the time they started taking cognisance of the outside world, that world has been promising more and more poverty.

Contrast this with the '60s, during which the economic system of the Western world was peaking after a quarter century of continual growth. They were the boom years, with sufficient excess cash around to keep university students in the style to which we only too gladly became accustomed. With various scholarship schemes, since phased out, such as the Teachers' College scholarships, and plentiful casual work available, it was possible for students to pay the rent, and buy food, a motor bike or car, and dope or beer without too much trouble. Although there were university tuition fees, the brighter kids could swing scholarships, of which there were many thousands.

MAY 13, 1969

MELBOURNE, Monday — about 100 Monash students took over the University Council meeting room late today.

The students held the chamber for about 70 minutes and then left.

Earlier, about 300 students had occupied the foyer and first floor of the Administration building for two hours.

The sit-ins followed a chaotic meeting of students which tried to discuss student participation in the formulation of a disciplinary code for the university.

Then, a degree was considered a key to a better job. And if not the passport to a suite in Macquarie Street and a flash house at Turramurra or Toorak, then at least a decent professional salary. All you had to do was graduate, and there was no great rush about it, either. Students could take a year or two off to pursue politics, women, sport or whatever. Paddy Dawson, for example, didn't finish his degree until 12 years after he started it. This writer took 13.

The world outside the university gates may have been a nasty one — full of pollution and racism and imperialist warmongers — but there were plenty of places a graduate could get a job and not have to worry about all that.

The irony is that this was the very period the students were most vociferous in their demands that the capitalist system be replaced. Obscure socialists such as Herbert Marcuse and Che Guevara joined more widely recognised political agitators such as Marx and Mao Tse Tung on the non-official, but well-nigh compulsory, reading lists of students. There were Socialist Clubs, Fabian Societies, Labor Clubs, Left Clubs, etc. Sydney University's ALP Club finally resolved that it was not necessary to be a member of a political party to do good work — indeed, actually joining a party was tantamount to betrayal. The other socialist parties were to the left of the ALP club.

That club's *Wednesday Commentary* — a scurrilous rag typical of student publications — was printed every week by the thousands, and was eagerly sought, if only for the hilarious libels it perpetrated.

At least a couple of times each term, organisers could expect a couple of thousand turning up at lunch-time meetings, and usually heading off down the road to surround some building or other.

"We mustn't underestimate the straight-out hedonism that was involved," remarks Paddy Dawson. "Sure, there was a hell of a lot of work done to establish dialectic and present the issues, and most of the philosophy was good straight thinking. But we weren't burdened with over-seriousness. We were out to have a good time. Which is partly why we were successful in gathering the numbers. We were fun. We had the smartest people, and without meaning to be sexist, we had the prettiest girls. If you wanted a good time at university, the Left provided it. But if you wanted a good time today, would you go to university? No way."

SEPTEMBER 9, 1969

ADELAIDE, Monday — A gang of men with black stockings over their faces raided offices of the Department of Labor and National Service this afternoon and threw buckets of red liquid, believed to be animal blood, over furniture and files.

They also cut telephone cords and cables with tomahawks. . .

Although it is not beyond the moral limits of human nature to have a good time while the rest of society has a miserable time, the ambience of society does have a dampening effect, if that ambience is sour.

"Oh yair, of course we worry about the economy — is there going to be a job for us when we finally graduate?" asks Scott, an education student at Sydney University.

"And the money we've got — or haven't got — in our pockets," adds Marion, his girlfriend.

"Let's face it," exhorts University of NSW student, Tony Fabro, "unless we work hard we don't graduate, and if we don't graduate, our chances of getting a job are just so much less."

Getting that degree has become the important part of university, not the honing up of knowledge that seemed to be the role of the universities in the past, especially in the arts.

"I didn't come here for a good time, or to get involved in politics or saving the world. I came here for a degree," says Steve Kelly, a student of Education.

"They do seem much more inclined to get on with their courses," says Professor Western. "Times are hard, and they know it. There's little they can do about it for the rest of the community, but they can do something about it for themselves, and that is study, graduate, and make sure they don't join the unemployed."

JULY 4, 1970

About 40 students occupied the NSW headquarters of the Liberal Party as part of "Independence from America Day".

Later, 600 students marched on the offices of Pan Am and the US Consul protesting against what they called "American Imperialism".

The march, which lasted two hours, led to 30 arrests.

Sydney University SRC research officer, Gary Cox, points out that not only is the future less promising than it has been, but the present is not so hot either.

"It's not just a matter of greedy students wanting more money, it's a matter of survival. Three-quarters of the student body depend on their parents for financial support, but according to a survey we've done, half of those parents aren't in the higher wage or salary brackets. Less than 10 percent of the students get the maximum TEAS allowance, and that's not much anyway. You know what rents are around here? So most students are still living at home."

> *"We don't have to campaign for abortion, long hair, drugs or conscription, because they've been fought for, and won. What else is there?"*

Which would not help radicalise the student body, especially as most of those parents — despite the alleged opening of the universities to the less well-off — are still pretty well just as firmly middle to upper-middle class as ever. And the general consensus is that those children from working-class backgrounds are even less likely to be radicals because of the relative magnitude of the investment their parents are making in their education.

Of course, there is nothing new in finding out that most students go to university to get a job ticket. That has always been the way. Most students have always gone to lectures and tutorials and handed in their essays roughly on time. The difference today is that there are no minority groups rampaging the streets.

Professor Western doubts the worry about jobs is all that influential, because the statistics compiled by the universities show that there is *not* a lack of jobs for graduates.

"They may not get their first choice of a job, and it may take them two or three months after graduation to find one, but they will get one," he states.

"Unemployment is a big issue, but it doesn't seem of major concern to other sectors of society. The unions are still pursuing the rights of the employed, for instance, even to the detriment of the unemployed. So the students have no models now, no movements they can follow. A lot of the Australian actions during the early '70s came second-hand from Europe and North America, and campuses are quiet there."

Sol Encel, professor of sociology at the University of NSW, agrees. "Students are not originators, and today they are working in a vacuum," he says.

"There are no mass movements of unemployed, no riots to join. Basically, there just aren't the issues to get them stirred up."

Robert Driver, a law student, argues that many of the issues have already been settled.

"We don't have to campaign for abortion, long hair, drugs or conscription, because they've been fought for during the '60s, and won. What else is there to fight for?" asks Driver.

On reflection he realises there are issues such as pollution, inequality of incomes, etc, but they don't have the immediate impact of something like conscription.

JULY 25, 1970

MELBOURNE, Friday — Anti-Vietnam demonstrators armed with smoke-bombs rampaged through Melbourne this afternoon.

Police were kicked, punched and abused as chanting demonstrators, many of them students, hurled themselves at the police cordons.

In two hours they raided the GPO, Department of Labor and National Service, and the Combined Services recruiting centre.

They left behind a trail of torn documents and smouldering smoke bombs. . .

Professor Encel points out that the internal and external factors that radicalised students in the '60s no longer exist. Apart from Vietnam, much of the trouble on campuses was to do with the education process itself. During the '60s, universities were expanding tremendously, yet the administrations were still behaving as though the universities were a third of the size.

"The system was under stress, the government was dragging its feet, and many of the departments had not caught up with the modern world," says Encel. "For instance the famous Paris riots of 1968, interpreted in the media over here as a virtual revolution, were started by medical students trying to get their curricula modernised.

"To an extent those issues have gone. Academics are more responsive to the needs of the employers of the graduates, there are new courses, updated curricula, student representatives on faculties, and so on. The funny thing is, having fought so hard to get student representation at departmental and course level, we rarely see the representatives."

●

Another irony is that the achievements of the student education reformers could tend towards the conservatism of which they now complain. One of the great cries of the '60s was abolition of exams, or at least a diminution in the importance of end of year exams.

Academics have heeded the arguments put forward, and today most degrees are awarded on a basis of continual assessment during the year.

"They've got to work much harder," admits Paddy Dawson, who returned to university a couple of years ago. "You can't just roll up at the end of the third term and sit for the exam — you've got essays to write, and seminar papers to give, all of which contribute to your final mark."

The professors agree that, even if the amount of course work to be covered is the same, continual assessment means more of that course is actually covered.

Professor Encel remarks that in fact the content of the courses has increased. "These students are the victims of the information explosion," he says. "Fifteen years ago, the literature in sociology was tiny; today there are thousands of books coming out every year. In science you have to run to keep up with the changes. In the last 10 years, there've been some four million new chemical compounds described. The students have just so much more to learn."

SEPTEMBER 5, 1970

BRISBANE, Friday — About 600 university students brawled with police after an address by a South Vietnam Embassy official today.

Fist fights broke out, students tried to overturn one police car, and one officer was taken to hospital.

The first police car arrived at 3.25pm. Students blocked the car by sitting in front and placing a student's car behind it.

The detectives called for help and a second car arrived, but it too was blocked in...

But does all this explain why students are no longer revolting? American universities had continuous assessment during the '60s, yet still the students managed to find time to get themselves shot at Kent State or stoned at Berkeley.

Even if they haven't got the *time* to revolt, why do they insist on electing conservative students, as their leaders, and refusing to endorse what they call "the extremist policies" of the Australian Union of Students?

Some observers trace the decline of student militancy to the decline of AUS. This grand coalition of student politicians was solidly Left-wing throughout much of the period of the Vietnam War and, well supplied with funds and full-time officials, played an important educational and organising role.

"It dug its own grave," argues Paddy Dawson. "The Aquarius Festival in 1972 was the beginning of the end, when everyone went off and became hippies. They forgot the amount of work that had to be done to keep the movement active, the hard slog of meetings and newsletters and keeping issues up.They inherited a Left-wing organisation but forgot the base of that power structure, the student body. They left that student base behind, got out of touch, and were finally voted out."

Since 1975, most Australian universities have voted — two or three times — to have nothing to do with AUS.

The militants are still around at universities. The walls are plastered with posters condemning US bases, South American dictators, B-52 flights over Darwin, and all the other issues of the Left.

"They have meetings and lectures," says student Steve Kelly, "but who goes?"

> *The students of today are those kids who, unlike students of the Vietnam era, were weaned on television, that proven trivialiser of issues.*

The main body of students don't care that much. Perhaps their real feelings can be read from the graffiti in the toilets. In the women's toilets, abortion seems to be the big issue, and in the men's, it's anti-Asian racism.

Although much of the racist graffiti is probably the work of a non-student lunatic fringe, which has taken up the idea long held by the Left that universities are fertile ground for recruiting, student feelings towards Asians are not as liberal as the Asians would like.

"It's all a bit of a joke really," said one engineering student, "although they (the Asian students) do get on your nerves a bit. But we're not into Ku Klux Klan or anything. FOAFOU is just like Brian Westlake or Ralph the Bong — just a name on toilet walls." (FOAFOU, he explains stands for: Fuck Off Asians From Our University.)

But what did he feel about politics? That was just a game the arts students played. But when I asked the arts students, they couldn't really say, being in too much of a rush to get to the next lecture.

So where's the rebellion of youth, the generation gap, the youth culture, the student demonstrations we were led to believe during the '60s and '70s were either the dawning of a new age or just an ordinary manifestation of adolescence? Why wouldn't I go to university if I wanted a good time; why wouldn't Mike Mathieson expect the students to free him from his police handcuffs?

Is it a result, as some have suggested, of different practices of rearing children? The student demonstrators, they used to say, were the result of Dr Spock's theories on child-raising; maybe today's students were raised with more discipline.

Or maybe it is the changing nature of the student body — there are more mature age students, and more students born of European parents than before; both groups are more serious, it is said, and less willing to engage in student protest.

MAY 22, 1971

CANBERRA, Friday — In Canberra's biggest ever mass arrest, police today arrested 187 students during a violent anti-war demonstration.

Two policemen are in hospital, a third has suspected broken ribs and a fourth, a broken finger.

The demonstration, termed by students a "day of rage", was the culmination of the week-long Aquarius Festival of University Arts being held here. . .

Perhaps it is the pervading gloom, the depressed economy that keeps the kids at their studies and off the streets; although this writer for one finds it amusing, to say the least, that when the capitalist system was working well, the students wanted to tear it down, but now that it is working badly, they want to become part of it.

Perhaps the revolution in primary and secondary school education that has occurred, we are led to believe, over the past two decades, has made the students more sophisticated, more liberated, so that no longer do they see student protest as a successful mode of achieving reform, nor do they need the catharsis of riot and arrest. There is still youth rebellion, but it doesn't happen at the universities. You see very few punks on campus.

Perhaps it is television. The decline in student militancy correlates with the entrance into universities of the TV age children. The students of today are those kids who, unlike the students of the Vietnam era, were weaned on television, that great replacer of imagination, that proven trivialiser of issues.

These are the kids who saw the Vietnam war footage at an age when they were less able to distinguish newsreels from Yogi Bear; who are used to scenes of 20 or 30-seconds duration, who let the TV moguls do the work of their imagination, who see police in terms of *Cop Shop,* Nazis in terms of *Hogan's Heroes,* and conspiracies in terms of *Batman* and *Get Smart.*

Why protest? Just change the channel!

VERY...PERSONAL...COMPUTERS

you can't date a databank but, boy, can it perform

PERSONAL COMPUTERS entered my life the day Noeline, the all-too-human typist, left. After one particularly disastrous encounter ("Do I *really* have to re-type it?"), Noeline went on the dole and I went looking for a better way. Soon I discovered personal computers and life has never been the same since. The computing system that edited and typed several drafts of this article (without a single complaint, I might add) has five main parts.

The first part, the computer itself, contains a silicon chip called the central processing unit or CPU. The CPU is the computer's "brain". It executes programmed instructions and controls everything that happens in the system. Although devastatingly clever (it can execute thousands of instructions per second), the CPU can only deal with one instruction at a time. The remaining instructions and anything else of importance must be kept in the computer's memory. My computer has two types. Read only memory (ROM) stores instructions that are used repeatedly. It cannot be altered and it isn't erased when the power is switched off. Random access memory (RAM), on the other hand, can be manipulated, replaced and erased. My computer has 64K of RAM. Each K represents 1024 bytes of information. A byte is a single character: a letter, digit, or a symbol. This means that the computer can store and manipulate over 64,000 items.

Since anything held in random access memory will be lost when the computer is switched off, the second element in my system is a pair of floppy disc drives designed to store whatever I happen to be working on for future use. The drives accept magnetised plastic discs about the size of a small record. Each floppy disc in my system can hold 175K of information. When one gets full, I merely pull it out and slide in another.

Some floppy disc systems hold twice as much information as mine, some hold less — it depends on the manufacturer.

In addition to small floppy discs, there are also large floppies that correspondingly hold more information. Those who cannot afford $1500, or more, for good floppy disc drives can always make do with ordinary cassette tapes. Tapes are quite a bit cheaper than discs. Unfortunately they are also much slower. This article would take more than 10 minutes to load from a tape, 20 seconds from a disc. Ten minutes may not seem very long, but it can be an eternity when everything else occurs almost instantly. Tapes are also notoriously unreliable. There are padded cells full of writers who found, after an interminable wait, that half the manuscript of their novel had gone missing.

Perhaps the best external storage device, and certainly the most expensive, is the hard disc. The type usually found on personal computers is called a Winchester. Winchester is neither a brand name, nor the name of the disc's inventor. Actually, it's a nickname bestowed by some computer humorist because the early versions bore model number 3030 reminding him of the famous Winchester rifle. (Who says computer science lacks humor?) Hard discs do not get pulled out like floppies; they remain permanently in place. This hardly presents a problem since even the smallest hard disc holds 2,000,000 bytes; the largest hold 30,000,000 or more.

The third principal ingredient of my computing system is the terminal or visual display unit. Mine consists of a black screen with white characters. Newer units have light green characters on a dark green background which is supposed to be easier on the eyes. Attached to the screen is a keyboard that closely resembles, but does not duplicate, the standard typewriter arrangement. The main difference is a calculator keypad to the right of the letters and several extra keys bearing cryptic instructions like BREAK, CNTRL, and HOME. Not surprisingly, experienced typists have difficulty typing on the keyboard, at least until they learn the new arrangement.

The fourth part of my system, the printer, was also one of the most expensive. Anyone who wants to produce "hard copy", (computer jargon for paper with ink on it) must have a printer. There are two main types: dot matrix and daisy wheel. Dot matrix printers are cheaper and faster than daisy wheel, but they produce print similar to that found on supermarket receipts. Anyone who wants their "output" (computer jargon is infectious) to look presentable, must have a daisy wheel like mine. The daisy wheel works by a hammer striking a constantly spinning disc. The finished product is indistinguishable from typed copy.

The four machines described so far — the computer, disc drives, visual display unit and printer — constitute my system's "hardware". The fifth element is not really equipment, but it is just as important. It's the computer program whose instructions guide the computer and tell it how to accomplish its task. Without programs, computers are only so much wire and metal. Programs, known as "software" to distinguish them from the hardware already described, are often ignored by those shopping for a personal computer. This is a mistake. While it is true that software costs have been reduced in recent years (mostly because of the opportunity to sell in volume), it should not be assumed that programs will run equally well on all machines — they won't. The wise buyer picks out the software he wants to run first and then finds the computer best able to run it.

My word-processing program has many powerful features designed to take the drudgery out of writing and editing. About the only thing the program doesn't do is decide what to write. The editing process begins with a first draft typed into the computer. As I type, the words appear on the screen. Typing goes very quickly, because there is no need to hit return at the end of a line; the computer does this automatically. There is also no need to worry about the end of a page. When the screen fills up, the top line moves off and a new line is inserted at the bottom.

Once the draft is complete, the software's power becomes noticeable. By issuing a series of one button commands from the keyboard, I can delete letters, words, lines or whole paragraphs. New material can be inserted anywhere and sections can be moved about. And this is not all. Headings may be centred, footnotes placed at the bottom of the proper page, an index can be constructed, and misspelled words can be corrected, all automatically. When editing is done, the entire manuscript can be evaluated by a spelling checker program that not only finds and corrects spelling errors but corrects punctuation and picks up grammatical errors as well. The final version may be stored on a disc or printed by the daisy wheel printer.

Although I have been extolling the virtues of a computing system for preparing manuscripts, one of the joys of using a general-purpose computer rather than a single-purpose word processor is that you can use it for other things. Investors use personal computers to keep track of their portfolios; clubs use them to organise membership rolls; businesses use them to

article by seth gregory

vision-I
POWER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE SKELTON

balance books and record inventory and many families use them to play games and educate the kids.

Programs to accomplish these and many other tasks are available packaged and ready to run on most popular personal computers. For example, VisiCalc, one of the most popular programs ever written, is a "spread-sheet" financial planner. The user can construct a table, say a yearly budget, with headings for each category of expenditure (rent, food, car, and so forth). Each category is then assigned a particular part of the budget (10 percent to savings, for example). Using the program's "what if" function, VisiCalc can determine what effect buying a house would have on each budget category.

Anyone who owns a computer will eventually want to try writing original programs. This requires learning to use a programming language. Computers operate at a very simple level. If you communicate with them in their own language, just getting them to add two numbers can involve a whole series of instructions. The beauty of high level languages is that they permit communication with computers in a language much like our own. Each high level language command is translated by a program stored in the computer into a series of commands that the computer understands, all without the user being aware of what is happening.

There are several languages available for personal computers. By far the most common (although probably not the best) is BASIC. Although BASIC was originally written for beginners who were expected to move on to other languages when they became proficient, it is adequate for most programming tasks. I have used BASIC to program mathematical equations, play games and even simulate a horse race — all without any problems. Unfortunately, not all BASICs are the same. Sometimes programs written for one BASIC will not run on a computer that uses another version. This brings up the general issue of incompatibility.

Today's personal computer industry is a lot like the motor car business earlier this century. Hundreds of manufacturers (some with very little experience and even less capital) are hustling for a piece of the market. The product range is bewildering. Each month, the American computer magazine *BYTE* carries 300 pages of ads, most from small companies with new gadgets to sell. But times are changing. Multinational giants such as IBM and Hitachi have entered the field, and already a shakeout of the weaker companies has begun. A few years from now, many of today's computers will be as rare and seem as exotic as the steam engines, starter cranks and rumble seats of vintage cars.

Up until a few years ago, it was common to find that programs ran on one type of computer only. This was because each computer had a different operating system. An operating system consists of the coded instructions necessary to synchronise ("interface", in computer jargon) the CPU with the disc drives, visual display unit, printer and any other devices hung on to the system. Several manufacturers had their own ideas about what a good operating system should look like but ultimately one called CP/M (Control Program for Microcomputers) won out.

Today, most computers use CP/M and it would be foolish to buy a computer that does not. Possible exceptions are the computers produced by large companies, like Tandy. Because of their popularity and the large amount of software written for them, their non-standard operating systems should not present a great hardship.

Which of the many computers on the market should you buy? None, if all you really need is a calculator or an electric typewriter. If your main interest is games, there are also simpler and cheaper alternatives. Don't complicate your life. What you buy should depend on what you need and on how much money you have. Don't be fooled by $10 chip stories; you can buy computers for $200 but don't expect them to do very much. Duplicating my system would cost $5000 or more. You must also be prepared to devote a fair amount of time to learning how your system works. The clarity of most computing manuals (called "documentation" in the industry) is not particularly high. The entrance of Japanese models has made the situation even worse. ("Operation of Japanese computer requires great peace of mind.")

A few years from now, many of today's computers will be as rare and seem as exotic as starter cranks and rumble seats of vintage cars.

Before suggesting that you spend money on a personal computer, it is only fair to note that whatever you buy will soon be obsolete. Personal computers are changing so rapidly that only a fool would try to predict what will happen in the next year or two. The most important new element on the scene is the introduction of 16-bit computers. A bit is one item of information. Until now, most computers have used eight bits to form one byte. The new personal computers can handle twice as much information at one time, address a bigger memory and go faster than the older machines. The 16 bit computers are fairly expensive but it will not be a long time before their price comes down.

Many companies design their machines to be upgradeable, so you may not have to toss your old machine out for a new one. However, it's best to inquire before you buy. If you are in the market, here is an idiosyncratic shopping list. There is considerable discounting, so it pays to shop around.

LOW PRICE MODELS

Under $1000 but you will have to add your own TV or terminal:

- **Sinclair ZX81** An extremely simple, but expandable computer aimed at hobbyists or newcomers to computing. Its appearance is decidedly low-rent, it does not support the CP/M system, and it can only address 16K memory.
- **VIC-20** Given its low price, this is an amazing machine. The computer includes a full-size keyboard and is expandable to 32K of memory. It comes with a powerful set of graphic characters that makes drawing color pictures a breeze. It doesn't run CP/M.
- **TRS-80 Color Computer** Sold by the giant Tandy chain, this computer is for those interested in graphics and games. There is a large amount of software available through Tandy so that the non-CP/M operating system is not a big drawback.

MEDIUM PRICE MODELS

$1000 to $3500:

- **Osborne 1** Although odd in appearance, this is an excellent machine. It can be folded up into a sort of suitcase and carried about. When in use, it performs like a much more expensive machine. It has 64K of memory, two floppy disc drives, a CP/M operating system and comes with over $1000 worth of software.
- **TRS-80 (Levels 1,2, etc.)** The Tandy company makes a variety of computers within this price range. They are sold world-wide. In fact, they are the most popular personal computers on the market. Service is readily available and software is abundant. The CP/M operating system is not standard although the machines can be rigged to use it.
- **Apple (in various versions)** Today's personal computer industry began life when several out-of-work visionaries put together the first Apple in a Californian garage. Apples are somewhat more difficult to operate than Tandy's computers but they have very good graphics, and a host of software available. They do not support CP/M, however, which is a drawback.

HIGH PRICE MODELS

Over $3500:

There are quite a few machines in this category; they are primarily sold to businesses and laboratories. If you are interested in this price range, consider the **IBM Personal Computer,** the **Hitachi Peach** or any of the other models currently being introduced by the large multinationals. Their track record, backup support and ability to outlast competition make them sure survivors in this lucrative and competitive market.

ARTHUR JONES

(continued from page 106)

"My balls are not crystal. As far as I'm concerned, when I'm dead it's over."

video? Did you feel that only Arthur Jones could do justice to the Arthur Jones story?

JONES: Back in the '40s, I was doing something that has never been done in recorded history, something that no one at the time believed was even possible: capturing adult crocodiles. I made a trip to Africa and captured 189 crocodiles in excess of 11 feet and thousands smaller than that and I brought them back to America. I made a film of that for my own amusement with no idea that I would ever sell it. But I did sell it to ABC, and it was used and rerun many times and it became something of a classic. They asked me if I had any more films so I went back to Africa and captured gorillas and chimpanzees and made a film of that. One thing led to another and eventually I found myself making films full time. I did everything just short of manufacturing and processing the film stock. I designed special photographic vehicles and camera mounts and lenses and edited the films.

Altogether, I made more than 300 films, mostly for television. I had my own national series, *Wild Cargo.* When we started Nautilus, we began making films for advertising and promotional purposes and then, as more sophisticated electronic video equipment became available, we switched over to video tape.

(17.)

PLAYBOY: Your inventory of TV production equipment appears rather large. Do you intend to penetrate the world's living rooms with programming the way you've penetrated our gyms with Nautilus?

JONES: I'm going to try. I'm not greedy. I just want it all. We own the largest television production facility in the world. Our facilities make NBC's look like a shithouse. That's not my opinion. It's their opinion. They've been here and looked and were stunned and went away in a state of shock. I'm sure we own more video equipment, more electronics than anyone else in the world. Television is proliferating — new networks, direct-to-home satellite broadcasting, video discs and video tapes. The first thing all those developments will require is programming — massive amounts of it. So you've got to have production facilities. There's no surplus of them in the world. Today, you might have to book a facility six months' ahead. You just don't buy that kind of equipment off the shelf: some of it you have to order years ahead, and it takes a long time to wire it up and get your people trained. By the time things really begin to happen, we'll be just about the only game in town.

(18.)

PLAYBOY: Can Arthur Jones prosper in a field that has tripped up the likes of Freddie Silverman? Will we be tuning in Nautilus sitcoms before long?

JONES: Highly unlikely. I'm not uninterested in entertainment. Gordon Liddy and I have made a deal for a talk show; we're working on a pilot. We don't yet have what we feel is ready to be released, but if and when we do, we'll release it. I hope I can bring people something of value that will be interesting, but it must have an entertainment component. Labelling a presentation "educational" is generally the kiss of death.

Eventually, the networks will attempt to compete with me. Intelligent people don't watch television very much for the simple reason that there's nothing on there fit to watch and they have the brains enough to realise it. Wait till they have something to watch!

(19.)

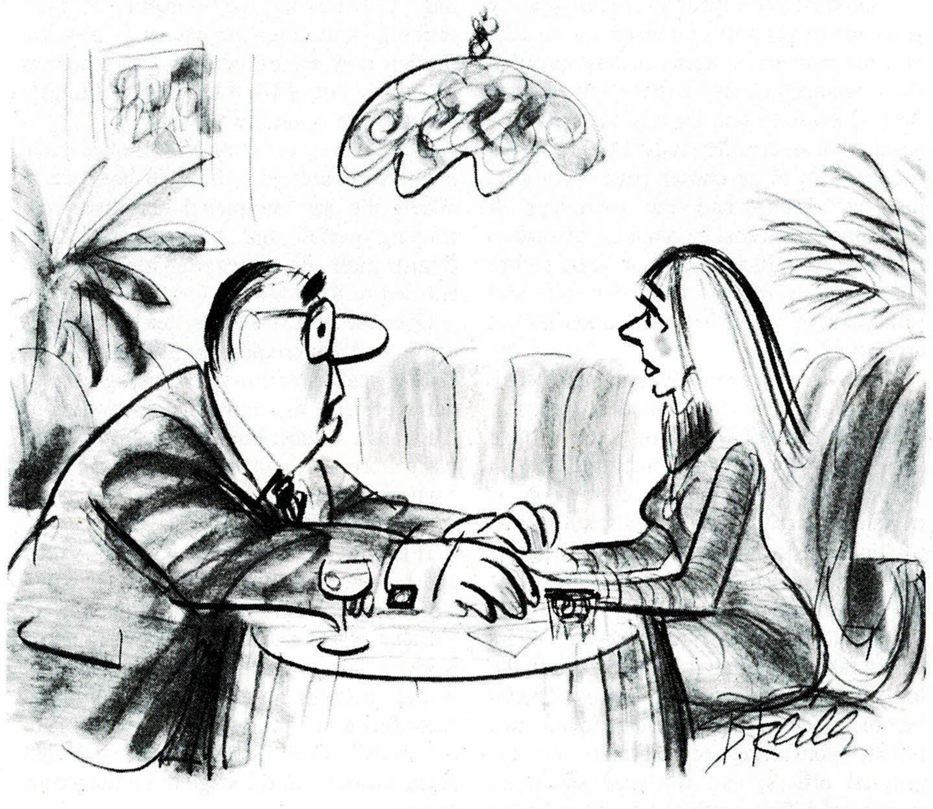
PLAYBOY: So there is life for Arthur Jones after Nautilus and crocodiles?

JONES: My balls are not crystal. As far as I'm concerned, when I'm dead it's over. There is no longer a universe; it doesn't exist and it never did. So I would like to live as long as possible and mind my own business and do things that matter — younger women, faster aeroplanes and bigger crocodiles. That's the bottom line.

(20.)

PLAYBOY: "Younger women" places first among that trinity. Would that be a reference to your 20-year-old wife?

JONES: Yup. Certainly is. I'm living one of my fantasies. Terri has obvious attributes. She would certainly be on anyone's list of the most beautiful women on the planet. People notice her. About three years ago, we walked into a restaurant in Las Vegas and Terri was all spiffed up, of course, and you know how people glance around a restaurant when other people walk in — well, about 100 men stood up and gave Terri a spontaneous ovation. I don't think they even noticed me. Later that night, we went to one of the big shows and there were 50 stark-naked women — no dogs — prancing around up on the stage, and half the male members of the audience were turned clear around in their seats looking at Terri, turning their backs on the 50 women on the stage! I take great pride in my wife's appearance. But I don't have Terri as something to show off. She's got a fine brain. She drives me, she encourages me, she gives me the motivation to keep doing things that perhaps otherwise I would have lost.



"Some people, Miss Phillips, simply don't understand corporate pain."

MALCOLM FRASER'S

(continued from page 41)

Who is earning big enough bickies to squander four figures on a round-or-two of uninhibited sex?

than $200 an hour. This might be a little less than that entertainer of another ilk, Marcia Hines, can command for a one-night concert stand, but it is a hell of a lot more than the 19-year-old teller where Robyn banks her loot. The second-year bank clerk receives $4.48 an hour and if she sticks round for another 11 years she will be paid, allowing for inflation, at the comparative equivalent of $7.88 an hour.

Marcia Hines and her co-star in the Peter Rix stable, Jon English, can each demand and get $6000 for one night of song, but I fancy that after allowing for their promoter's cut, the band's expenses, rehearsal time and wardrobes, Australia's highest paid pop artists are not netting much more than the Robyns in our society.

No matter how broad-minded we might be, there is a strange sense of values there somewhere, and it set me wondering who is earning enough money to knock on Robyn's door in the expectation that the earth will shake for a few seconds. I mean, at a time when the masters of industrial behemoths like BHP and the General are digging deeper into their economic foxholes, who is earning big enough bickies to squander four figures on dinner, wine and a round-or-two of uninhibited sex?

Well, says Robyn, her most frequent customers in descending order of numbers are in advertising, the rag trade and cosmetics. This revelation makes sense of the old maxims which decree that, in the midst of a recession, you have to sell harder to get your survival share of the shrinking dollar, and you have to dress and tart yourself up to at least give the impression that you are doing nicely while all those around you are withering on the economic vine.

In fact, apropos of SFA, the beauty industry has a tradition of booming while others are busting. The theory is that a whole lot of copulating goes on in a depression and the ladies figure that if they are going to get laid they might as well look as pretty as they can.

Incidentally, rag-traders don't earn all that much that they can hire the services of a call girl whenever they feel the sap rising. The sex is a straight perk — a payoff from a manufacturer keen to clinch a sale. "It is an unwritten privilege of the business," says a lady friend whose job it is to court the wholesalers and big retail chain buyers in the trade.

"Two hundred dollars is nothing. We pay that for their dinner before they get their rocks off. The lady's fee goes straight on to our entertainment bill."

Beauty care and products and fashions, of course, have to be sold and this brings us back to the big spenders in advertising. The pay rates in few industries are scaled as high across the board as they are in advertising. It wasn't so long ago that the father of ockerism, John Singleton, reportedly sold his principal share in an agency for $1 million plus and was retained at a not insignificant fee as a consultant. A comfortable partnership in the firm of Monahan Dayman Adams has long allowed Phillip Adams to indulge his passion for films, whimsy and expensively casual, basic black. But if the partners in the successful agencies are wallowing in lettuce, they are generous in their investment in the fertiliser of creativity that produces the images that sell soap powder, pizzas and perfume. Media and account directors feel they are sliding down the flagpole if they are not on $70,000 a year, while the bidding for those dream merchants, the creative directors, opens at between $80,000 and $100,000.

If beauty is a salve in hard times, then these days it goes a lot further than skin-deep. Cosmetic surgery has catapulted plastic surgeons to the top of the medical earning fee. Plastic surgeons are grossing around $225,000 a year. But to be fair, the figures for the highest paid medicos present a distortion of a profession and its members who care for the health and, indirectly, the wealth of the nation.

A detailed submission made last year by surgeons in support of a claim for an 18.4 percent increase in gross income profiled the surgeon as a man who has spent 30 of his first 35 years in one form of classroom or another, or as an understudy. Depending on the intricacy of his chosen path of surgery, his own health and the patronage of referring physicians, he can look forward to no more than 20 peak earning years before the referrals begin to taper off and retirement is virtually forced upon him at around 60.

Whatever your yardstick, his productive working life represents a modest return in terms of time and cash on such a huge investment in study and preparation.

The average income for all surgeons is currently running at around $133,000, with plastic surgeons at the top end of the scale and opthalmic surgeons (about $90,000) at the smaller end of the line. Yet, comfortable though those gross figures sound, overheads take a whacking 55 percent off the top, leaving the surgeon with $58,000 before tax. Those overheads include two private consulting rooms and two in-hospital offices, two full-time staffs, an average of $7000 worth of bought or leased equipment and two cars — one as a back-up to ensure he always has wheels to answer an emergency call.

Continuing studies, regular attendances at conferences to keep abreast of technological and procedural developments and subscriptions to medical and surgical literature all cost him time and money. To keep pace with the professional and honorary demands placed upon him, the surgeon works a minimum of 56.5 hours a week, about 45 percent of which is non-income producing.

Even allowing for doctors' affinity to trust funds and other tax reducing schemes, their return is quite modest when you realise that a hooker can clear more for an enjoyable weekend's work than the surgeon can pocket after 170 hours of mentally-draining labor. Still, I guess the hooker is also in the therapeutic business.

Of all the medicos, none has had it sweeter over the past few years than the pathologists and radiologists in private practice, especially in those halcyon days of Bill Hayden's Medibank and blanket referrals for just about every laboratory test and scan devised.

The return to private insurance and increasingly tighter controls has seen a sharp drop in their incomes, but they are still among the profession's tall poppies. Certainly hospitals and universities find it difficult to woo experienced pathologists from private practice. For more than three years, the faculty of medicine at the University of Sydney has been dangling the professorial chair of pathology before private clinicians, but that high seat of learning remains embarrassingly vacant.

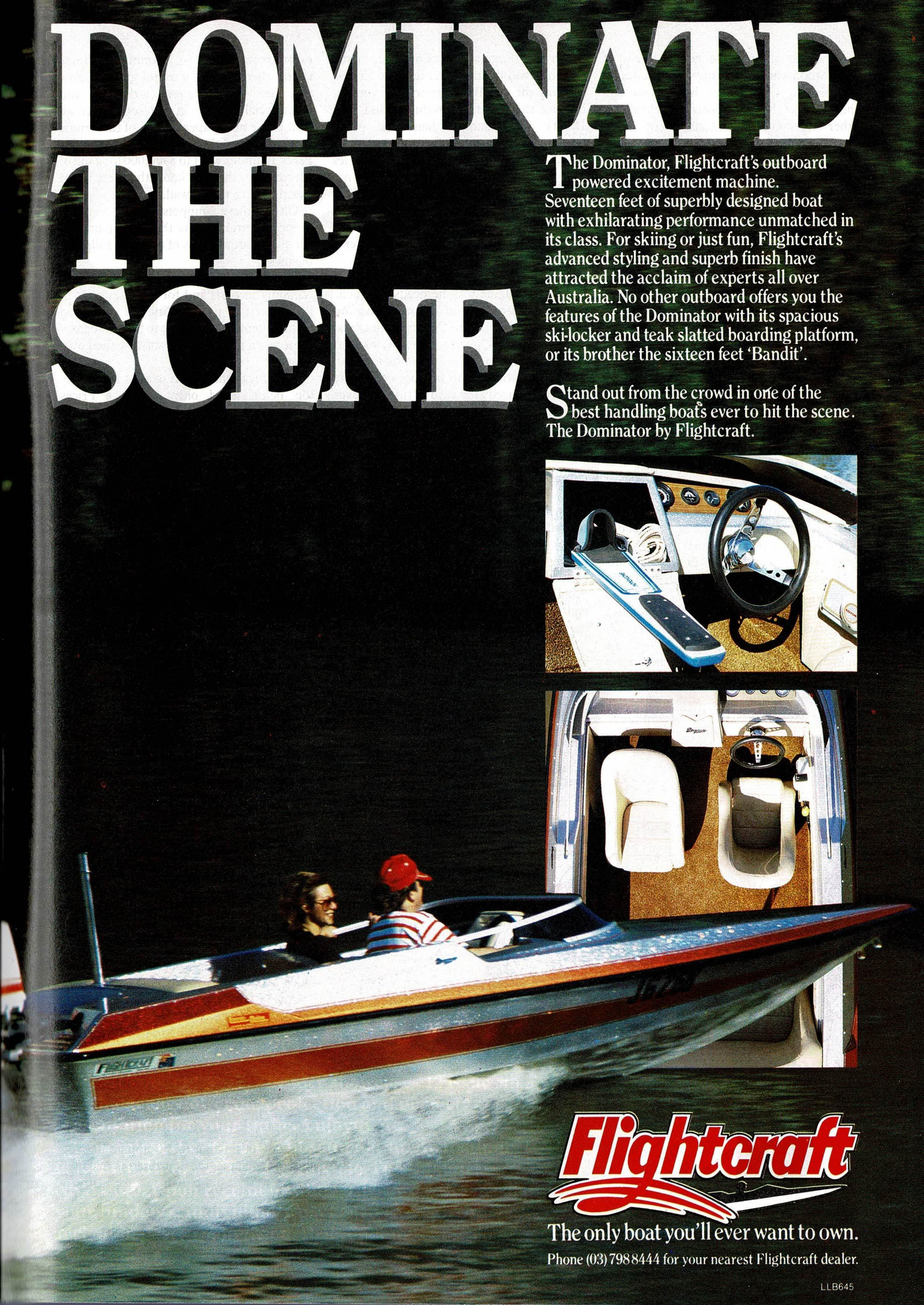
By comparison with their handmaidens, the nurses, doctors are eating high on the hog. Considering the demands of their training and the mental and physical burden they are expected to carry, nurses are barely out of the Florence Nightingale class on the general wage scale.

The base rate for a first-year trainee nurse in NSW is around $185 a 40-hour week. When she has completed her three-year training period and passed her Nurses Registration Board examination, she is entitled to $270 a week.

Over the next five years, her wage creeps up in yearly increments until she peaks at $311 a week as a fifth-year nursing sister. I don't pretend to know what it says about Australian values, but this means that we place more worth on one hour in the arms of a whore than 40 hours duty in an intensive care ward.

It is now 100 years since Karl Marx died and I see no indication that the world is any closer to that day when he predicted in his *Critique of the Gotha Programme* that the workers would take power and society would "inscribe on its banners: from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs". There is certainly no such sign at the brothel, on the stage or on the tennis court.

Down through the years, writers have



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been obsessed with the golden years of Hollywood, shove-ha'penny, cricket, quoits and tennis. I trust they have exhausted these subjects because sportsmen and all the other superstars of "entertainment" have priced themselves way beyond the gold standard.

Can anyone *need* the kind of money the Borgs, the McEnroes and the Navratilovas earn? Bjorn Borg has made two fleeting visits to Australia in two years for the Paul Dainty Gold Challenge series and the word is that on each occasion he has left with a $30,000 gold tennis racket and $500,000 in appearance money. Martina Navratilova picked up a few baubles and some pin money in last year's NSW and Australian Opens and pushed her 1982 winnings just that little bit closer to $1.5 million.

Borg's man in Australia, James Erskine, of the International Management Group, refuses to comment "on what some journalists claim Borg has earned in Australia".

"But," he says, "it is not unheard of of tennis players being paid $100,000 a day." Erskine says he can understand how an out-of-work taxi driver reduced to receiving the dole might get uptight when he reads about a tennis player picking up six figures for a few hours' work, but Erskine claims everyone's earning power is related directly to the market forces.

"When it is pointed out that Ronald Reagan is paid $250,000 for the toughest job in the world while Roger Moore gets $4 million for eight weeks' work shooting a James Bond movie, I know it is theoretically crazy," says Erskine.

"But people will pay their money to watch the Borgs and McEnroes do battle and they will queue to get into the cinema showing the new Bond movie. And you can be sure that the film producers and Paul Dainty are making a handsome profit despite what they pay their stars. Otherwise, they wouldn't be making Bond movies or promoting round-robin tennis tournaments.

"There is only one Bjorn Borg. His like only comes round once in a decade. I don't think anyone can begrudge him whatever it is he earns."

I don't begrudge Bjorn Borg one cent. I just can't imagine why he needs so much.

There is also only one Malcolm Johnston —one of the handful of Australian jockeys, including Ron Quinton, Peter Cook and Brent Thomson who earn more than $100,000 a year — and he does *need* all he can get. He needs the cash to tide him over those regular suspensions imposed on him by stewards who have given him 27 rest periods in 10 years of riding.

For my mind, the jockeys, champs and chumps, deserve whatever money they earn. They have to get up at sparrow fart every day of their working lives; they have to control beasts 10 and 15 times their own body weight while subsisting on strict, boring diets that eventually force them into early retirement; and insurance covers are prohibitive in a business that kills, maims and scares the bejesus out of everyone of them at some time in his or her career.

Moreover, jockeys are an essential ingredient in the perpetuation of that great Australian industry that makes a few rich or richer, many poorer but which helps governments keep taxes just below the extortionate level — gambling. Horse racing also provides a useful guide to how rich are the business, industrial and commercial moguls in our society. If we read in the newspaper reports of the annual yearling sales of thoroughbred stock that Sir Percy Bounder went to $900,000 for a son of Bletchingly, then we know that Perc is not exactly going to the wall.

Often, these snippets about pony or property purchases are the only inkling we get of the liquid assets of our high rollers in business.

Outspoken as they are on the needs for economy in costs and for wage restraint in the interest of profitability and continued employment, they are true to the old secrecy game when it comes to discussing their own salaries.

I can recall the veil on salaries at the very top being lifted only during a Prices Justification Tribunal hearing on stevedoring rates back in 1976, when it was disclosed that the late Sir Reginald Reed, then governing director of James Patrick and Company, received more than $600,000 a year in pay and commissions. A year later, the wage watchers estimated that the white-collar waterfront boss was getting $800,000 a year.

Unwillingness to declare personal salary details, which might give a rival vital information or a friend the shits, might also go a lot deeper than mere economic reasons. In *Life Against Death,* Norman O. Brown theorises that to the human psyche, money represents, among other things, death, guilt, magic, the Child, Satan, the sacred, separation anxiety, and the detached penis. Struth!

Freud was even more basic. He linked money with excrement, which he describes as the first medium of exchange. "Faeces are the child's first gift. . .a part of his own body which he is ready to part with, but only for the sake of someone he loves."

Francis Bacon's 16th Century observation that, "Money is like muck, not good except it be spread," gave new meaning to the entrepreneurs of the Industrial Revolution, but I've got a feeling that Bacon and Freud were on about the same thing.

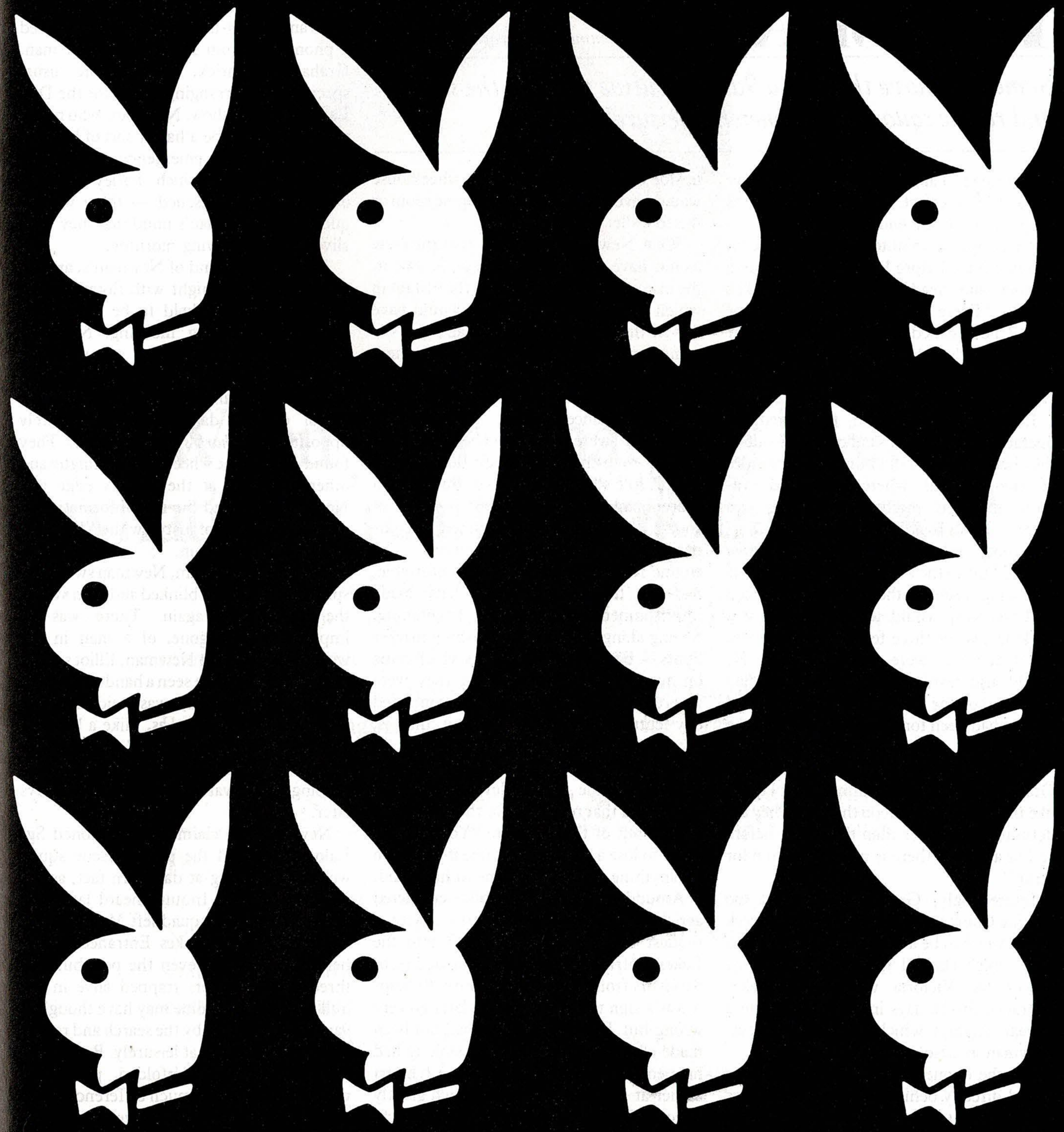
When you happen to live in an unsewered area of Sydney, as I do, then you appreciate the direct association between money and muck and/or shit.

Once a fortnight the contractor calls to pump out the effluent from a holding tank. It takes him about 10 minutes to remove 4500 litres of sullage at the rate of 62.43 cents per 100 litres. On the one call he can knock off mine and the tanks of three neighbors within an hour.

Assuming that they pull the chain as regularly as we do, I reckon he is grossing at least $112.00 an hour for pumping shit. Not quite as much as the courtesan is making, but a whole lot more than a banker with 13 years' experience.

LOST AND FOUND
Val

"Any distinguishing features about your hat?"



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THE SHARK

(continued from page 46)

Some may have thought a 9am executive start by the search and rescue squad to be somewhat leisurely.

'We are over.' I am not sure of the words but words to that effect. The conversation was chopped off at the end."

There was a minute's delay, a leaden, frozen minute before Joiner started his own engines and headed out to the stricken *Shark*. "There were no survivors to be seen," he testified, "nobody in the water and very little debris. She (the *Shark*) was inside the bar. . .possibly on the side of the channel. . .very close to it anyway."

Later, Joiner testified that dredging operations had placed sand on either side of the channel. If you did bump into the sides of the channel where the sand was dumped. . .you might broach? he was asked. "It is possible. . . " he answered.

Twenty minutes later, the *Charisma* steamed up to the bar to see a mass of boats swarming around the *Shark's* upturned hull. Grassby would testify the keel was sticking two or three feet out of the water and that waves were washing over it. He would also testify that the *Charisma* had grounded on the bar on his way through and that he had been fortunate to get a lull in the sea.

Asked to testify about the dredging, Grassby said: "The only thing is that I don't like the sand strips put on the side. They are definitely shallower than they were before and in a big sea there is not much room for error."

Interestingly, Grassby would tell the Marine Court he did not consider the wreck of the *Shark* to be a navigational hazard — a view which clashed with that of the port officer for Victoria who closed Lakes Entrance for 16 days in the preamble to a salvage attempt which could leave Geoff Newman as desolate as his boat.

For the moment, he and the police were seated directly behind a screaming siren as they tore — at 80 mph — along the winding 35km road connecting Bairnsdale and Lakes Entrance. "We pulled over at the top of the hill," Newman recalled. "The *Shark* was almost straight upside down. She stuck up six or seven feet and the sea had dropped off because of the flood tide."

When Newman arrived at the public works and harbormaster's office on Bullock Island moments later, local police sergeant, Adrian Lalor, was already in charge. Lalor, six-feet-three and built like a front row forward, was in fact involved with a local football club — an involvement which would leave great bitterness in the desperate hours following the sinking of the *Shark*. Lalor had been in Lakes Entrance just three years when the tragedy struck.

According to Newman, he (Newman) expressed the opinion that if the boat turned upside down, the blokes in the wheelhouse would have wound up in the engine room or the fo'c's'le.

What Newman meant was that the crew would have no choice. The way he saw it, the instant the *Shark* flipped is the instant in which the pure force of water would have driven them into the engine and fo'c's'le compartments. What's more, he reasoned, the compartments would still hold air — even upside down — and there was an excellent chance Farley, Bilowski and Alexander were alive — perhaps even unhurt — in the hull of their dead boat.

The fo'c's'le contained six bunks with spare blankets and the floor — now of course the ceiling — contained a compartment with emergency rations. The engine room, though far less comfortable, had one feature that would have made imprisonment there the less frightening. Strung along the walls were fishing marker lights — battery powered lights which came on automatically, the moment they were inverted. The engine room also contained oxy cutting gear — everything that is, except for the gas cylinders to power it, which were stored on deck.

At the same time, Newman said he recognised that rescue — for the time being — was out of the question. "You're more likely to lose a life than save one if you try to do anything now," he claims to have said.

Around the same time, police contacted aerial fish spotter, Vern Turner, with a request to fly his Piper aircraft into the Lakes Entrance area to look for bodies or survivors from the *Shark* calamity. Perhaps it was a sign that things might later go very wrong but Turner testified it had not been made clear to him whether the sinking had happened at about 2.30pm or 12 hours earlier at 2.30am — a factor which greatly affected his decision on where to search. Nor was he given any information about tides.

At the same time, because Telecom were in the middle of changing the regulations concerning side band frequencies, Turner did not have direct radio contact with the Lakes Entrance fishing fleet or with search headquarters. Asked at the Marine Court of Inquiry what he thought of the dredging at the port, Turner said: ". . .there was quite a considerable alteration on the western spit to the sand formation, which I could say maybe was contributed to by the *April Hamer* dredging, maybe by weather."

At about 5pm, Newman claims to have left search headquarters to make his own arrangements for that night and for the Sunday morning when his own figuring told him the weather may have improved. He rang local diesel mechanic, Don Elliot, to arrange an all-night vigil and he received a phone call from Melbourne stunt man, Graham Mathrick, whose more usual speciality was arranging stunts for the Don Lane television show. Newman, who might seem to some to be a handy sort of bloke to have around in an emergency, was already figuring ways in which Farley and the others could be rescued — there was no question in Newman's mind that they were alive — the following morning.

Mathrick, a friend of Newman's, arrived about 10.30 that night with flotation bags and other devices held to be of possible value the following morning. Newman, Mathrick and Elliot rigged a four-wheel-drive vehicle with sand tyres, a spotlight and a CB radio and spent the night in lonely patrol on the dark beach immediately opposite the *Shark's* resting place. They found parts of the wheelhouse, a dinghy and other wreckage at the water's edge and Newman absorbed the new information to refine his picture of just how the *Shark* was resting on the bottom.

Shortly after 2.30am, Newman swung his spotlight out to sea, blinked and then swung the beam back again. There was an impression, now gone, of a man in the water. According to Newman, Elliot said he thought he may have seen a hand. Mathrick, on the other hand, was said to have described what he saw as, "like a bloke in motion but really buggered".

The first body, Bilowski, was found floating in the water 60km away, four days later.

Newman also claims he telephoned Sgt Lalor to be told the police rescue squad would be arriving at dawn. In fact, as the Marine Court of Inquiry heard later, the search and rescue squad left Melbourne at dawn, arriving at Lakes Entrance shortly before 9am. Given even the possibility of three crew members trapped alive in the hull of the *Shark*, some may have thought a 9am executive start by the search and rescue squad to be somewhat leisurely. But then as the following days unfolded, perhaps it wouldn't have made much difference, since the much-vaunted police divers never put so much as a toe in the water.

If there is one thing the Marine Court of Inquiry did prove, it is that two people can look at the same thing through totally different eyes.

Geoff Newman saw parts of Sunday as "flat calm" — almost perfect weather indeed for the dramatic rescue bid he had in mind. Mathrick, too, considered the weather "perfect", while Mike Joiner testified it had "moderated considerably" and Scott Horton thought it was "quite good". Newman's brother, Lance, thought conditions were good enough to tap the hull and to put divers into the water. Rescue boat driver, Ian Long, thought conditions were "very good" and was surprised the weather had moderated so much. Search pilot, Vern Turner, formed the impression

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When you're making love, what's she really thinking about?

You? How wonderful it is?

Or maybe she's worrying about contraception. These days many women are looking for an alternative to the pill.

And they're well aware of the limitations of foams, jellies, IUD's and diaphragms. So if the lady in your life is taking full responsibility for contraception, she may well be a little preoccupied.

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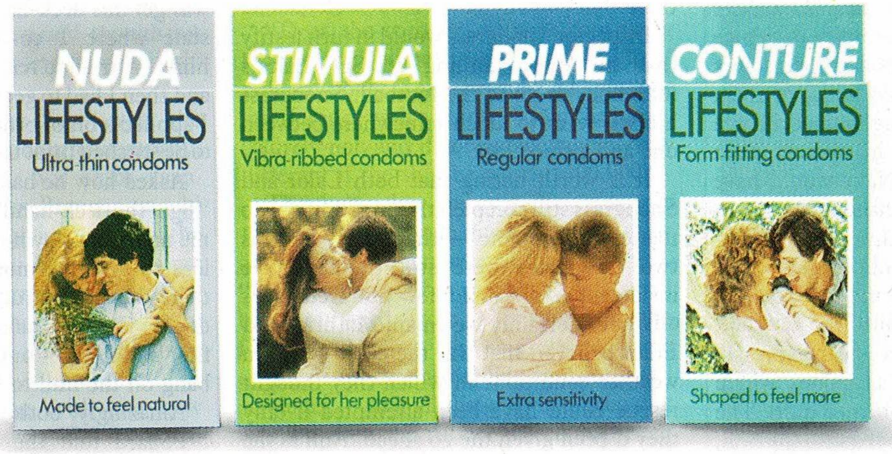


O&M/ANS0307

of a calm period during the middle of the day while Don Elliot thought the weather just good enough to tap the hull of the *Shark* in the hope of a response.

Senior Sergeant Lalor, on the other hand, thought it was too rough to do anything; his assistant, Senior Constable Keith Machen, thought the weather just plain rough, while *April Hamer* dredge Captain Francis said the conditions were so bad he couldn't even leave the wharf. Inspector Kevan Snodgrass, the police rescue and boat squad chief who told the Marine Inquiry that diving wasn't his cup of tea, also thought the weather was too rough.

Certainly their views explain why the police divers did nothing on the Sunday — or any other day, for that matter. Of considerable interest, however, was testimony that the police expressly stopped anyone else doing anything, either.

Sgt Lalor testified that Inspector Snodgrass had instructed him to let no civilians near the *Shark*. Amplifying the evidence, he said: "It had been made clear to me the day before (Saturday) by my own Divisional Inspector that I was not to engage or suggest or authorise the use of any civilian divers or civilian personnel in rescue."

Later in testimony, Lalor agreed he had no legal authority to stop Newman and others diving on the *Shark*, though one can well imagine the authority of a six-foot, three-inch police officer ordering you to stay away whether he actually had the law book behind him or not. Nor was Lalor prepared to consider suggestions that perhaps the Navy — which is held to be rather good at sea rescue work — be called in, either.

At the Marine Inquiry, Sgt Lalor said he recollected a suggestion that a Navy helicopter be used to lower someone on to the hull of the *Shark*.

Asked why the idea had been discarded, he replied: ". . .(police) departmental policy is not to use them, for reasons which are above and beyond me. . .it is just instruction or policy the department has, and probably there is a good reason behind it."

Good or not, it is sure to have been a reason Farley, Bilowski and Alexander would have liked an opportunity to debate — especially since the police themselves had decided they could do nothing. Even more distressing, according to the evidence of former Navy diving instructor, Tom McNabb, the Australian Navy would have been delighted to lend a hand.

McNabb, who was to dive on the *Shark* the following week in conditions the court heard were worse than on the Sunday, also testified about a device called the Cox bolt gun which appeared to have been expressly designed for helping in situations where people were trapped in upturned hulls. The gun allows an airline to be fed into the hull, thus increasing the chances of the people inside staying alive. Mr McNabb went so far as to say that in his understanding of the conditions on Sunday, the use of the Cox bolt gun would have been no problem.

According to Newman, he and others had been trying to convince Lalor throughout Sunday morning that the best opportunity to get to the *Shark* was already upon them. Newman testified he said to Lalor, "Listen. It is flat calm out there at the moment. It's as calm as you could ever wish to get it."

Asked whether Newman had made such remarks, Lalor replied: "I would say 'no'. Had he made such a remark I would have immediately referred him to Inspector Snodgrass."

According to Newman, Lalor then said to him, "It has been called off till four o'clock this afternoon" to which Newman testified he replied, "That is bloody ridiculous. . . you have got three hours. . .from now until the tide changes. When that tide starts to run out. . .there will be that much tide running over that boat you won't get divers near it."

Again according to Newman's testimony, Lalor replied, "I told you it is called off until four o'clock this afternoon and if anybody wants me between now and then I'll be round at the football."

Later in testimony, Senior Sergeant Lalor agreed he had no legal authority to stop Newman and others diving on the Shark.

Asked whether he had told Newman the search was called off till 4pm, Lalor said: "It is possible I did but I would imagine Mr Newman would have been present when that decision was made by Mr Snodgrass." Lalor said in evidence he told Constable Machen that if he was wanted he could be contacted at the football. Asked whether he made the game, Lalor replied: "I went there but the game had finished before I got there."

Inspector Snodgrass would in turn testify that he knew nothing of Sgt Lalor's intentions to go to the football. Snodgrass himself went to lunch somewhere between one and two o'clock.

It is worth noting that both Lalor and Snodgrass still accepted the possibility —no matter how remote — that Farley and his two crewmates were still trapped alive inside the *Shark* just a few hundred yards offshore. Certainly Newman, Mathrick and Elliot believed that was the case — and in weather conditions in which they thought rescue could have been attempted if only they'd been given the go ahead. And as the Marine Court of Inquiry would hear, their beliefs may not have been quite as preposterous as you might imagine.

Department of Transport safety expert, Robert Herd, effectively testified that on the basis of his calculations the *Shark* crew had enough air to survive for about 30 hours — that is until about 8 o'clock on Sunday night — assuming they were able to relax completely and move around as little as possible. In a panic situation, Farley, Bilowski and Alexander had enough air for about four hours each. In a flat panic, they'd have been dead by nightfall Saturday.

Nor was survival in an upturned fishing boat unprecedented. In a chilling account of a similar incident that had some frightening parallels with the *Shark* calamity, Lakes Entrance fishing skipper, Lindsay Pollard, told the Court of Inquiry he had been the master of the 48ft *Denise Star* when it floundered coming into Lakes Entrance in December, 1969. Pollard, 46 and a seaman since he was a teenager, told the court the dredge *Matthew Flinders* had been at work immediately prior to the disaster. There was a south-easterly breeze blowing — the very wind that would prevail nine years later when the *Shark* sank.

In almost an exact replay of what would later happen to the *Shark*, Pollard said: "I picked a period when I thought it was safe to come in and we were surfing on the sea and I realised we were going too fast. I put it astern. I realised it was going to broach and that is why I put it astern. . .at the same time I hit the bottom and then in a matter of a second — I did not realise it — I was upside down."

Amid frequent objections from Department of Public Works barrister, Mr H. Ball, Pollard went on to describe what happened after the *Denise Star* had overturned on the western side of the channel — again, the same location that would claim the *Shark*.

"I do not know what happened for a period. . .when visibility went to nil until we both wound up in the engine room, presumably swept in there by the water entering the hatch."

Indicating there was about six or seven feet of air in the upturned hull and that they had been trapped for about 20 minutes, Pollard said: "The first thing I had to do was get this deck-hand who panicked into a state where I could communicate with him. . .I tried to reason with him to no avail and then I had to get rough with him. . .yes, I applied a bit of brute force because he had to be stitched up at the doctor's afterwards."

Asked how he had escaped, Pollard said: "I got the deck-hand to get in the hatch with me and went down and grabbed one of his legs to give me more reach. I discovered there was no obstruction in the wheelhouse door. . .It was arranged that I was going out first and if I got out to sound on the hull, bang on the hull to let him know."

Amazingly, both men survived.

Pollard told the Court of Inquiry he believed the dredge *Matthew Flinders* had affected his judgement in crossing the bar because it "altered the wave action" to which the unhappy Mr Ball said: "I object to this. He (Newman's barrister, Charles Francis QC) has not got anything from the witness about the way of dredging. I have information that the dredging was entirely of a different type."

Later, Pollard was asked if he had noticed an accumulation of sand after the *Matthew Flinders'* replacement, the *April Hamer,* had been dredging. Before he could reply, Mr Ball was on his feet objecting once again. Nevertheless, Pollard would testify that on his last trip (perhaps a year after the *Shark* catastrophe) he had hit the bottom three times on the western side of the channel.

But again we move too far ahead, too far beyond the immediate pressures that were building almost hourly on the fateful Sunday after the *Shark* had gone down. It is the day authorities would decide to close the port of Lakes Entrance, though the Marine Court of Inquiry would later hear conflicting evidence as to whether the *Shark* had constituted a hazard. The closure meant that every fisherman in the close-knit community was now directly involved in the *Shark* incident, through the most powerful nerve of all — the one that runs through the hip pocket.

And the following day, Newman would receive an official notice under the Marine Act giving him seven days notice to remove the *Shark* from the port.

"Two men turned up at Geoff's house regarding the telegram (notice) and said. . . (it) was merely a formality and they would be lenient regarding the removal of the vessel," Graham Mathrick would later claim in a sworn statement. "I thought that was kind of them," continued Mathrick, who may have changed his mind the following week when the Department of Public Works seized the *Shark* in the beginning of a manoeuvre Newman would claim had finally wrecked him along with his boat.

And it is around this time that Newman would say he contacted the prestigious United Salvage, the Melbourne based salvage team then at work on the *Queen Elizabeth* in Hong Kong.

"They told me the salvage job was too trivial for them," Newman said, though not even that would turn out later to be strictly true.

But if United Salvage didn't want the job, the far smaller Melbourne company, South Eastern Salvage, was razor keen. South Eastern diver, Len Brennan, would testify he made a thorough inspection of the *Shark* on Wednesday, by which time nobody believed the crew could still be alive. In conditions he believed were rougher than those on Sunday, Brennan described what he saw.

"The boat was lying with the bow towards the shore," he said. "The starboard side was approximately three to four feet off the ocean floor. Some of the wheelhouse was there. The welds had broken across the seams. . .probably five feet up the side of the wheelhouse. Almost every weld had split to some extent...The bow had split open where the anchor goes out and the bulwarks were spread over the ocean floor. . .You could not get a very good look underneath at that stage because the boat was rising and falling. . .it was slamming down very heavily on the steelwork left on the ocean floor and there were reels from along the side that were lying on the bottom.

"There would have been a lot of diesel oil on the surface (in the engine room) which would have made it extremely painful on the eyes and general organs but. . .I believe there would have been sufficient light to make it liveable and not too scary," he told the Marine Court of Inquiry. "There was a lot of light in under the boat. They would not have been in the dark and had quite a lot of air."

On his Wednesday dive, however, a macabre discovery must have convinced Brennan that the survival of the *Shark's* crew was no longer a question of much relevance. "I observed what I thought to be a human leg through, I think it would have been, the engine room opening," the 44-year-old salvage diver testified. Divers did not see the leg again the following day.

On April 2, 1978, 15 days after the *Shark* calamity and the day before the port would finally be re-opened, the body of Alexander was found face up, 30 feet from the water on a stretch of Victoria's Ninety Mile Beach. The body, dressed only in long trousers, was in an advanced state of decomposition.

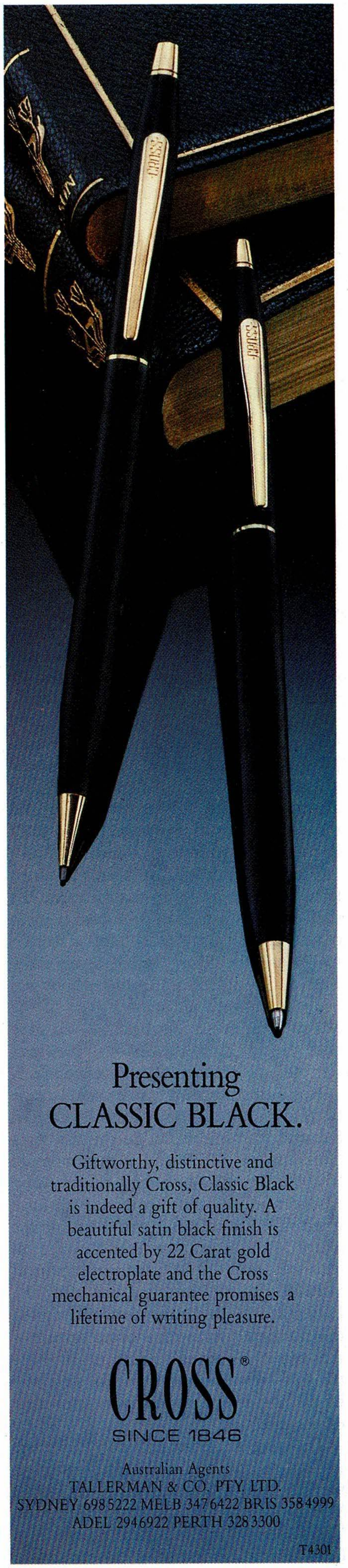
It was the observation of the leg in the engine room which led to Newman's second run-in with Sgt Lalor. Newman recalled he had wanted to use a small amount of explosives to free the *Shark* from the seabed on the Thursday. He received a call from Lalor, however, in which he said he was prohibited from using explosives because of the possibility of a body in the hull.

Lalor said in his own testimony he had been acting on the instructions of the coroner who was himself subject to some criticism in the judgement of Marine Court of Inquiry President, Judge Southwell.

"Does the coroner, without consulting the owner, hinder the salvage of a 10 million dollar ship because of possible interference with a corpse?" said the judge. "Surely not, and if not, is the principle any different if the ship be worth $100,000?"

That same day, however, Newman told PLAYBOY that salvage diver, Dave Hoskins had made an even more macabre discovery. "Hoskins reported to me that the glass had been removed from a porthole in the fo'c's'le hatch. He said there were scratches on the inside, hundreds of small scratches. . .that all the glass had been dug out and even the rubber inserts had been pulled out."

According to Newman, Hoskins also told him the work had not been done in a few



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hours. "Somebody had painstakingly removed the glass," Newman said he was told, though the real tragedy of the porthole was its 12-inch diameter — just one inch short of the minimum size Newman believes would be necessary for a man to crawl through.

Hoskins, unfortunately, was said to be abalone diving off Tasmania during the Court of Inquiry and despite the attempts of Newman's lawyers, he could not be found to testify. Newman's attorney, Charles Francis, did, however, raise another matter of some interest.

"We understand that during the course of the salvage. . .life-jackets were found in the engine room and the position in which they were placed and the manner in which they were tied raises a presumption of the possibility that somebody was alive in the engine room after this casualty had occurred."

Though Judge Southwell decided the life-jacket question was relevant to the Court of Inquiry, he said Newman should not testify about what he had been told until the evidence of another man had been called.

Still later, in the dying hours of the 13-day inquiry, Mr Francis said, "The only other piece of information I have to give the court is this: we understand. . .that in the salvage operation there was a man named Colquhoun, who in fact found the life-jackets inside the engine room where the salvaging was being done. We have attempted to communicate with him and the response which my instructing solicitor had was, to say the least, impolite."

Though Newman had been prevented from using explosives on his own wreck, the shell-shocked fishing skipper was trying in other ways to comply with the official order to remove the *Shark* within seven days. Even as Gavan Farley's T-shirted body was being discovered on another part of the Ninety Mile Beach that Friday — six days after the sinking of the *Shark* — Newman was calling for tenders to remove the wreck.

Not surprisingly, a quote would come from Len Brennan at South Eastern Salvage, who offered to do the job for a minimum of $4800 and a maximum of $20,000, depending on how things went. Another Melbourne company, whose director Peter Lansell, had been at the *Shark* during the week, offered to do the job for a minimum of $1000 and a maximum of $10,000. In the interim, however, the Public Works Department short-circuited this frantic activity with a formal seizure of the vessel — though some might have thought Newman was doing all that was humanly possible to comply with their earlier direction.

The sting would not end there, however. After a no doubt careful consideration of the Lansell and Brennan offers, the Public Works Department decided to appoint United Salvage to the job. And not on a fixed fee, either.

United Salvage, the company Newman claimed had told him the salvage job was too trivial and who had not even bothered to tender, was awarded an open-ended contract. They could charge, in effect, whatever they could later demonstrate was a fair thing. Of equal interest was their use of Fortuna Diving, the unsuccessful Lansell tenderer who had been prepared to do the job for a maximum of $10,000.

Five months later, the salvage attempt would be called off, the *Shark* in the same spot in which she had come to grief, but now, according to the Public Works Department, no longer a navigational hazard.

The cost for this five-month frantic unsalvage turned out to be $167,977.47 — and if you have guessed that Geoff Newman got the bill, then you are beginning to understand why he is a little unhappy with the whole affair. Living in a modest sea cottage with an elderly car, a wife and two teenage daughters to support, Newman of course had no chance of paying the bill. But just to be sure no tricks were pulled, the Public Works Department placed a lien over his house and over the insurance which he might otherwise have expected to collect. That lien is there to this day.

> *Newman has gone from fishing to the dole; his two teenage daughters pay off the mortgage; his wife has a cleaning job at the local motel.*

In December, 1978, the Coroner returned an open verdict over the *Shark* incident. In early 1979, after questions in the Victorian Parliament, the State Minister for Public Works, Mr Tom Austin, announced a Marine Board of Inquiry which he said would be as wide-ranging as possible. The claim was just a little exaggerated, because on the fifth day of the hearing — just nine days short of the first anniversary of the *Shark's* sinking — the inquiry board would decide not to investigate the salvage saga which some might have thought would have been of interest.

On March 30, Judge Southwell concluded the *Shark* had foundered because Gavan Farley had made an error of judgement and that the *April Hamer* could bear no responsibility. The judge concluded the *Shark* had come to rest on or near the sand at the edge of the channel but that this had resulted after she drifted upside down. He said Sgt Lalor had acted in disregard of his duty when he left search headquarters intending to go to the football but he said that until Snodgrass's arrival on the Sunday, "Mr Lalor carried out his duties in exemplary fashion, perhaps taxing himself beyond the call of duty."

The court also found that it could not decide whether the weather improved sufficiently on the Sunday for the hull to have been tapped but that, in any event, the crew were dead.

Perhaps the most blistering attack was reserved for Newman himself, who was found to have been a "thoroughly unsatisfactory witness". Judge Southwell said Newman had given him, "the impression that he was propelled by an almost obsessional desire to blame someone other than himself for his loss", and that this had caused him to be partly untruthful "to believe what he wants to believe, to draw inferences having no sound factual basis and to form conclusions which fly in the face of the evidence."

No sooner had the judgement been published than a committee of Newman supporters began to look at some of the evidence placed before the Marine Court. Led by Melbourne businessman, Ray Woodroffe, the so-called Shark Committee began to investigate charts that were put before the Inquiry.

Within a month, Labor Party politician, Rod MacKenzie, would tell the State Parliament of discrepancies in the charts which he said had been put before the Marine Court to show there were no sand dumps or build-up on the edge of the Lakes Entrance channel. "They (the charts) were supposed to have all been taken on the one day. . .but one finds different dates and even that a different brand of paper had been used. . ." MacKenzie told the Parliament.

Earlier, Public Works Minister Austin had been quoted as describing the alleged irregularity as, "very insignificant, indeed." However, Austin later decided to appoint barrister, John Winneke, son of the then State Governor, Sir Henry Winneke, to review the evidence. Mr Winneke found no improprieties.

He did recommend, however, that the lien over Newman's property be removed. Neither the Liberal Government of the time, nor the Labor Government which came to power seven months later, have done so.

Newman himself has gone from fishing to the dole; his two teenage daughters pay off the mortgage on his house; his wife, Andrea, has won an intermittent cleaning job at a local motel. "I've lost everything," he said. "It's as though I was on the boat myself but managed to stagger ashore with nothing left."

But once again, he is wrong. He does have something left.

There is the small matter of a bill for $167,977. And one day he may even get a job.

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SNAKE CHARMER

"Some people keep hamsters, some prefer rabbits or furry little dogs," notes exotic zoologist Liz Penbrooke. "I like long, lean, muscular pets — that's why I have Monte. Besides, snakes are very affectionate, once they get over their initial shyness."

"I had a boyfriend once who was a psychologist," our scientist relates. "He said there was something Freudian about my attraction to Monte. I told him he was just jealous. Ah, well. Boyfriends are easy to come by — but a good reptile is hard to find."

HOLLYWOOD

(continued from page 67)

The producer giving the party owes Babe $17,000. He hasn't seen Babe or called him for months.

safe-cracking; two busts for marijuana dealing (a few hundred *pounds* of grass); several years on Federal probation.

"If they want to lock me up again, they'll have a hard time finding me. Nobody knows where I am. I've got no property in my own name, no bank accounts. I never stay in one place for very long. As far as this society is concerned, I don't exist. Sure, I make a lot of money. Thousands of dollars a week. But I never know where to put it, you know? I keep it around. I carry some of it with me. Mostly, it's in attics and basements. With friends. The only thing I worry about is fire. A couple of fires and I'd be wiped out."

The next afternoon, when we talk, Babe has had some sleep. A strange kind of sleep, granted. He has just scored 2000 bootleg Quaaludes at $2 each. Street value? $5 each. He tried one, just to test it. Cocaine gets him up; he needs 'ludes to bring him down.

We have planned to go out to dinner at a sushi bar. Babe stumbles around trying to get dressed. The tranquilliser is still in effect and it takes him a long time to put on his pants. "This is shit," he mumbles. "This is no way to live." He toots some coke and brightens up.

"Straight is the best," he says. "I know that. I'm going to get balanced one day. This life ain't worth it. If anybody asked my advice, I'd say don't toot. It costs too much and the shit is no good. Maybe if you could get to Peru and chew the leaf, it would be OK. But what we got here is lousy." He stands up, moves in slow motion, struggles to pull up his pants. "I lost $500,000 on the horses in the past five years. Can you believe that? I lost $27,000 last week on them. I should have so much money now. Millions. But I don't — I got maybe $200,000 total in cash spread around. I gamble it or I toot it. That's where my money goes." He makes it into his trousers.

The scene at the sushi bar is both funny and sad. Babe tries to talk about his career. He talks money: he pays about $68,000 for a kilo of coke today, he sells it for about $85,000. He's had as many as six kilos at a time, but that's rare. He sells some coke to smaller dealers at about $2200 per ounce, and they pass it on for $300-$500 more, or they can give it another cut and add to their profit. There's one thing Babe doesn't do: he doesn't cut his cocaine with the crap you usually find on the street these days — coke mixed with angel dust or quinine or procaine or heroin or ephedrine or STP. "May God strike me dead if I ever do that," he says.

The problem is that as Babe talks, his eyes water and his nose starts to run. He wipes his face with a napkin, goes to the rest room and comes back with a huge wad of toilet paper. "I forgot to bring a toot," he whispers. He presses his sinuses, rubs his face again. He is clearly in pain. We rush the meal, drive carefully but rapidly back to his room, and he quickly snorts several lines of cocaine, one thin white line after another. Within minutes he is better.

●

The party is up in the Hollywood hills. The house itself belongs in Hawaii in Kahala, near Black Point, not here above the California smog. It is huge, modern, tropical, with plants inside and out. There are tiki torches, a trim lawn with a large pool, tables set under a huge tent, a combo playing music of no identity save smooth. Waiters serve drinks: champagne, whiskey, rum, all on trays. The producer throwing this dinner is magnanimous, understated, a wonderful host and unassuming man. He makes introductions that aren't introductions — call them charcoal sketches, brief lines drawn with words that sum up a person's best profile — a little Daumier of language, so the lowly writer can meet an Academy Award winner or a German director or a high-powered agent on somewhat equal terms. If there is a class system functioning here, it certainly isn't obvious. People seem interested in other people. Full stop.

And the talk? It's magnificent, not in a witty, superficial way but in a direct, professional way. You can learn from the conversations around you. This is a working party, a business party. Want a Hollywood orgy with hot tubs and naked starlets? Forget it. Not here. These people have produced and worked with the best, and their lives, they convey, are not wasted. In a very real sense, you sit at their feet. Their credits include many films you've loved in the past 10 years. They tell stories about making those pictures. They critique current work, trade news of who's in and who's out, listen to you when you speak your opinions.

If drugs are consumed, it is done very privately, behind bathroom doors, upstairs in the bedrooms, no outward sign that people are getting loaded on anything. The pleasant atmosphere gives the lie to the idea that all Hollywood socialisation is corrupt and meaningless.

The producer giving the party owes Babe $17,000. He hasn't seen Babe or called him for months. There are indications that he is going to stiff Babe, politely at first, then toughly.

Other people at the party owe Babe, too. Some of them are nice to him, setting up time payments, giving him clothing and jewellery for barter if they don't have the cash, keeping him posted about their finances. But others avoid him like the plague, cross the street when they see him coming, change their phone numbers, tell their secretaries to freeze him out.

Without knowing you know, the producer has invited you to a party that is populated, in part, by Babe's clients. It is difficult to keep a straight face when a person who hides from his own dealer carries on a high-flown conversation about life and truth and drama. And it is even funnier when he launches into a discussion of dramatic irony as defined by Aristotle.

"Right," you nod, "the audience knows what the characters don't."

"The basis for all suspense," the person says.

"Riiiight," you say.

●

Mel moves several million dollars' worth of cocaine into Hollywood every year. "Moves" is the word he prefers. "I'm a mover, not a dealer," he says. "I only have a few clients. I get it to them and they go out and do the dealing. It's a skeletal system. It's in place and it activates at the right time. I get a call. I go pick up some kilos and pass them around. The whole thing is dormant until it's called for. I move stuff maybe once a week on the average." Mel speaks mildly, objectively. We are sitting in his modest apartment in West Hollywood. He seems continually amused at the situation in which he finds himself, and he has some interesting thoughts on the quality of life in the LA cocaine world.

"I've been dealing for eight years. I came out here looking for work, something in the music or movie business, but it was obvious that what people really wanted was cocaine.

"Cocaine is the oil in the machinery of Hollywood. But it's fucking up the creative process. Especially free-basing. Free-basing caught me by surprise. It started in a big way here in Hollywood about three years ago. It's very expensive to do, but I think it's the next big drug habit in the country. It's ruining people here. Did you see *1941?* Those people were basing all the time on that set. Did you think that movie was funny? It was chaotic, that's all. They did more than $1,000,000 of base on that film. They made a movie that basically said, 'Look at me, ma, I'm high.' Basing is a junkie drug and it's going to kill the cocaine business. And the movie business. And the *people* in the movie business.

"John Belushi, of course, was doing a lot of basing. That lady he was with the night he died was known on the street as Night Angel. She liked to stick people. She got off on that. You can bet Belushi didn't stick himself. He was afraid of needles." Mel has a slight stutter sometimes. When it occurs, he stays silent for a second.

"There were more people with Belushi that night than you ever read about. Nick Nolte was there. You never saw his name, did you? See, Hollywood PR people have a different job now than they used to have. They used to dream up stunts to get their clients' names into the papers. Now they work at keeping names out.

"I think what we had for a long time was a situation unique to LA. There was a lot of loose money hanging around. Cocaine was inevitable here. The nature of this town is stimulative. Coke's the focal point. You can tell when you see movies these days, can't you? Where do you get to see movies like John Huston used to make? Basing interferes with production. It screws up the writers who can't come up with a logical script, and the cinematographers, who make a mess of the visuals, and the sound men, who lose their ears. The crew chases a high and the film falls apart. It happens all the time."

●

"I'm not in the drug business, I'm in the *people* business," Marty says. "Cocaine is the vehicle. Money is the tool. But it's a people business, very intimate and very close. If we ever forget that, we might as well pack up and go away."

Marty's house is in the desert beyond Los Angeles. Somehow, that is appropriate. Marty's business circles spread up and down the West Coast; they are wider than the city itself.

Other dealers have confirmed that Marty is Big. "Marty?" one of them laughs. "He's something else. He brings in 2000 keys at a time." To understand the awe in his voice, you should understand that 2000 kilos of cocaine have a street value of about $140,000,000.

The word is that Marty has run into some problems, however. "Internal and external," he nods when asked. The problems almost put him out of commission. Right now, he's making his move back into big league dealing. His presence will, by definition, cut some other people out. The question of who will survive and who will not hangs like a cloud over his desert hideaway.

The house has high adobe walls, TV surveillance, a master control on the TV set in the living room, a set that is always on and that carries the picture of any outside camera chosen. Jack, Marty's friend, switches from site to site, moving from front door to back door to yard to pool to garage to roadway to roof. This switching goes on all evening.

Marty and Jack are both in their late 30s. They dress casually, T-shirts and wash pants and shower slippers. Their studied ease is sometimes broken as we talk. Once, when a shadow flits across the picture of the driveway, Jack bolts out of the room, comes back a few minutes later and laughs at my concern. "It's not cops we're looking for, man," he says. "It's in-laws."

Marty is known in "Family" circles as a mediator, a good negotiator, the man they call if there are two factions that want to settle a dispute without blowing up people. He is also known as an extremely tough cookie.

"Free-basing," he says. "I do it. I think it's physically addictive. But you have to understand something. I've been dealing for 11 years. And I've been doing coke all that time. Basing is the only thing that can give me some kind of lift. I have a tremendous tolerance for drugs. It scares me. I can't get off on drugs anymore. Basing is not for most people. I'm very concerned about the direction coke is going."

Marty describes a day in his life. His day is longer than our day — by about five or six days. That's his time between naps. "I don't sleep much," he laughs. "And when I go out of town to set something up, it gets even worse. I operate on a 25-day cycle then. I might get 50 hours sleep over that time. I set people up, the drug goes out, then the dollars start to come back in. You'd be surprised; it takes 25 days, no matter where you are, to see the money start to roll in. I'm a very finicky person. I keep close tabs on my people. You can't keep track of your people if you're asleep. So I do base to stay awake. If you sleep too much, things can get out of control. You might get surprised. And I hate surprises.

"If you and I were doing business, you'd

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never come to me. You wouldn't know where I live, what my home is like, nothing. And I wouldn't do business with you unless you were ready to take a minimum of 30-40 keys. Right now, I'd sell you 40 keys at $61,000 per key. That's about $2,500,000. If you can't handle that much, I don't talk to you.

"I deliver to you. That's part of the service. I know where you live. If you screw me, the first thing I want to do is get my money back. That's the goal. If I can't do that," Marty laughs, "then unless you're my cousin and your mother's still alive, I'll waste you if I have to." He pauses. "But that's bad business."

Throughout the evening, Marty leaves the room at variable intervals. He carries a battered leather address book and goes into another room to make calls, to talk to his woman, to free-base. Jack doesn't often leave the living room, but he is restless. He drinks beer. He has more surface energy than Marty and a humor that cuts strange ways. For example, when I explain to him that nothing I write will allow people to locate or label either Marty or him, Jack smiles and says, "You like living?"

When Marty comes back, he tells Jack to put on a tape: *Just Another Day in Paradise,* Bertie Higgins, the man who sings of cocaine and smuggling and tropical love. The songs fit Marty's history.

He started in the cocaine business down in the Florida Keys, running boats filled with coke past the Coast Guard's nose, using his years as a Navy man to good advantage.

Those were the good old days, racing a $100,000 speed-boat from Bimini to Miami, unloading the coke and heading back for the Blue Moon Hotel, living a tan and fast and salty life. That's what Marty and Jack remember, the life Bertie Higgins sings about:

Been working down South
The old Caribbean boy
Been burning the Coast Guard
From St. Pete to St. Croix
Freedom is my wager
Smuggling is my game
Cocaine is my pleasure
'Bout to drive me insane. . .

Their life then, in retrospect, makes them smile. But not their life now, not when the DEA and IRS are sniffing around waiting to bust you, not when one of your brothers has been killed recently in an automobile accident on his way to a methadone clinic, when all your role models are dead and the cocaine you used to love can't do a thing for you anymore, when you're stuck inside a desert house that is wired like a spaceship and is as much of a deathtrap as it is a home, when you've got $500,000 worth of coke out on the street in the hands of a dealer who thinks he can screw you, who thinks he is invulnerable, immortal, invisible and has dared you to come out and get him, and you have to do it to prove you can't be fucked with.

Indeed, irony of ironies, it is not a good life when you have become basically anti-drug, fed up with the crap they put in the white lady, frightened at your own huge tolerance for free-base, spending your life by a little blue flame in a shiny lamp that cooks your powder for you, frightened even more by the fact that a few months ago you were clinically dead, that's right, *dead,* all vital signs gone. The doctor brought you back, but he couldn't believe the lab tests. The toxins in your body broke all records for living things.

As I get ready to leave, and after Jack has made one more sweep of the surveillance cameras, Marty and I stand outside in the night air of the California desert. The sky over Los Angeles glows in the distance. Marty is pale, from a fatigue that goes beyond tiredness.

Behind us, the front door is open. Jack stands there. He still isn't sure about me. He says, apropos of nothing, "You know, Marty, the friendlier they are, the deadlier." Jack doesn't trust my smile.

There is a silence. Marty and I are cool. We like each other. He understands my job, I understand his weariness and loneliness. Bertie Higgins punches through the desert space. I lean against the railing and listen. It's a good song:

Gonna get me a room
Down at the Blue Moon
Gonna get real real high
Won't you send me a tune
Down at the Blue Moon
So belly up boys
Let's make some noise
Tomorrow we may die.

•

Montegazza, one of the earliest writers on the subject of cocaine, made the inflated claim that he saw 77,438 worlds during one especially wonderful trip on the stuff. Chances are that he had entered a time warp and was flying over modern Hollywood.

There are arguments about the status of the drug. Some people think it's just now peaking in popularity, others that it's as passe as disco and mechanical bulls. But most observers admit that cocaine is around in a big way and that it's causing problems.

Probably the best conversation I had about it was a brief one held in the Hollywood office of a powerful producer, a man with millions of dollars to sock into film projects that please him, a gentle man who speaks in a whisper and who looks older than he really is.

"I had a friend who wanted me to try free-basing," the producer says softly. His face is heavy, pale, deceptively calm, a quick mind under a turtle's features. "He wanted me to try it because he was doing it and he loved it. He said it was the best experience of his life, better than any other drug, better than sex. I told him I wanted to ask a question first: 'What's the down?' I asked.

" 'What do you mean?' he asked me back.

" 'What's the down?' I asked again. 'Every drug has a down.'

" 'I've never had one with free-basing,' he argued.

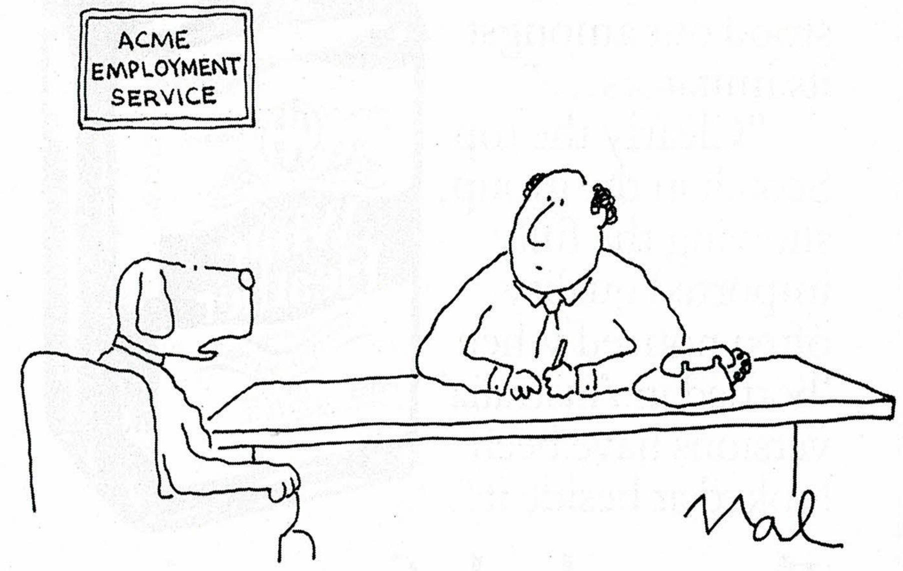
" 'How long have you been basing?' I asked him.

" 'Six months,' he said, 'and I swear to you, I've never been down.' "

The producer sits on his sofa, gazing sadly out the window like a pasha at a funeral. "He was telling me the truth, of course. He'd been basing steadily for half a year without stopping. No breaks, no coming up for air. With basing, even if you only do it for a day, there's a terrible down afterward. But he couldn't face that, so he just kept on basing. He looked like death warmed over. Which is what he was."

Up in the hills, near a firebreak on the ridge line, a house is burning. You can see it from the office. You and the producer watch silently as the flames leap from the roof and catch in trees.

"Death warmed over," the producer says quietly, with only a touch of irony.



"And I've received special training in 'fetching', 'rolling over' and 'playing dead'."

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LIMPING

(continued from page 103)

I was in a trance. I saw the leader tear down the road the other way. He too, was in a trance.

below my hotel window in Kuhio Street. Unable to sleep, I limped — yes, goddammit, limped — the short distance to Rudy's Italian Restaurant, an establishment not famous for its fine cuisine but for the number of photographs of Jack Lord adorning the walls. Apparently Lord wandered in one night after a hard day making Dano book'em, a photographer snapped him and Rudy felt his attire looked good enough to be wallpaper. But I digress. . .

I ordered a lasagna and a Heineken. I'd already had dinner, twice. What the hell. Halfway through my meal there was a loud disturbance at another table. A guy in a blue Aloha shirt was going through the roof. "Whaddya mean there's no goddamn bread? What kind of lousy Italian restaurant doesn't have bread?" he stormed. What kind of restaurant has Jack Lord wallpaper? I thought.

The waiter was quick with a reply. "I'm sorry sir, I can explain. The marathon runners were in earlier and they ate all the bread. And all the ravioli. And they drank all the light beer. Then they left without tipping." Jesus, I thought to myself, I've heard of bad ratbaggery but these runners take the cake. And everything else. Deeply disturbed, I went back to my hotel and lay on the bed watching Saturday Night Live with one eye. With the other I read my notes, the literary inspiration I'd picked up along the way. One Jim Hackleman, for example, had explained the running craze in the official program for the 10th Honolulu Marathon. "Once the multitudes realised that running took only those skills and capacities that virtually everyone had. . .a sport for the few became an addiction for the many." Of course, that was it! It's like the Melbourne Cup for mules. And as for the type of people who became addicted, well Dr Hunter S. Thompson, that well-known fitness fanatic, had summed up the kind in an article he wrote for *Running* magazine. "The same people who burned their draft cards in the '60s," wrote the good doctor, "and got divorced in the '70s are now into running. When politics failed and personal relationships proved unmanageable. . .the time had come to see who had teeth and who didn't."

I've often been cheered by Dr Thompson, but this night I was just depressed. In little more than four hours I'd be starting to count my teeth.

●

Ten thousand two hundred and fifty seven people actually ran the 26.2 mile 1982 Honolulu Marathon, but it might have been 10 times that number for all the sense I could make of the scene at Aloha Tower when our bus arrived at 4.50am.

Tropical rain was lashing the night sky and giant beams of light shafted across the starting line. We runners shuffled to our appointed starting areas (mine, ha ha, was with the three-and-a-half hour finishers) oblivious to the elements. I stumbled into a broiler and ordered a cup of coffee. I used it to wash down four extra-strength aspirin and watched the runners file in to empty their bladders in the roadhouse loo. I felt vaguely nauseous. This was my second ever race and I'd felt nauseous the first time, too. As 6am approached, we lined up on the highway. The scene was somehow apocalyptic, as if Coppola had stage-managed it. Choppers flew low overhead, and when a contralto spewed forth with The Star Spangled Banner — oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light — there was a murmur, then a loud murmur, then a full-blown German beer hall singalong. Mums, dads, marines, clergymen, magazine editors, possibly even child molesters and axe murderers, we sang in the predawn rain and the cannon went off and fireworks lit up the sky and holy shit we were off. . .and still singing.

What a scene as we ran through the streets of Waikiki, people lining the road and hanging out of hotel windows. For every painful stride I took, I heard an encouraging word from someone. Not to get too carried away with this, I have to say that I felt I understood at last the "spirit of aloha" which you are supposed to feel when you step from the Customs hall and some robber's dog throws a lei around your neck.

The humidity, however, was appalling and I was drenched with sweat as we headed up to Diamond Head. At the six-mile mark, I realised that the pain in my right calf was getting worse, not better. I pulled into an aid station and surrendered to a man with one of those awful mid-Pac drawls that Aussie tennis players affect. I showed him my leg and he asked me how the Bears had done last season. Bottom of the pack, I said. He stuck his fingers deep into the muscle. I screamed in pain. "Damn it," he said. "Used to live in Mosman. Always root for the Bears." I took off down the hill, still hurting but somehow with a better perspective on the pain.

By nine miles, as we turned into the freeway past some hula dancers, I had begun to think in terms of finishing, not in when to quit. I'd talked the pain down to a dull ache and I was still on time for a three hours forty-five finish, with the right kind of luck. Every mile or two I downed a cup of flat Coke and poured a sponge over my head. I was in a trance. I saw the leader tear down the road the other way. He too, was in a trance. Other runners soon followed and we, the mules, cheered them on. Hawaii Kai, the turnaround, came and went. We were coming home. I began to notice other runners. I was keeping company with some very unfit-looking people. I stepped on the gas until I could no longer see the flab. I hurt like buggery.

At the 18-mile marker I knew I could do it. Halfway to the 19 I fell down in a heap. My calf had given up the ghost. Whichever way I turned it, the muscle cramped. I stumbled on to an aid station and lay down and cried. Jesus, it hurt! A nurse and a medic fixed up an ice pack and loaded me up with aspirin. The race was over for me. For more than 20 minutes I sat in despair. Six months of flagellation to come to this ignominious end. A thousand training miles to arrive here, in the Niu Valley. And I had been looking so good. Two hours fifty when I fell down and certain to get in under four hours. I staggered to my feet and watched the four-hour finishers file past, like the cavalry coming home. There were old men, and old ladies, for Chrissake. I watched and I watched as the physical wrecks filed past. Finally, I could stand no more. I threw down my sponge and limped off into the distance.

At first I ran, more or less. Then I ran for two minutes and hobbled for two minutes. When finally I began the murderous ascent up Heartbreak Hill, I was strictly hobbling. My heel was blistered badly from taking the weight. Halfway up the hill I saw my wife, or rather she saw me. This was not the man she married. We made it up the hill and, with the finish almost in sight we broke into a kind of arthritic jog. It gathered momentum when I saw the banner that said SMILE — HALF A MILE TO GO. The last hundred yards was fantastic, beyond pain, people screaming, cheering. I thought they would have all gone home. The timer said four hours fifty. I was helped through the chutes and onto the grass. It was over!

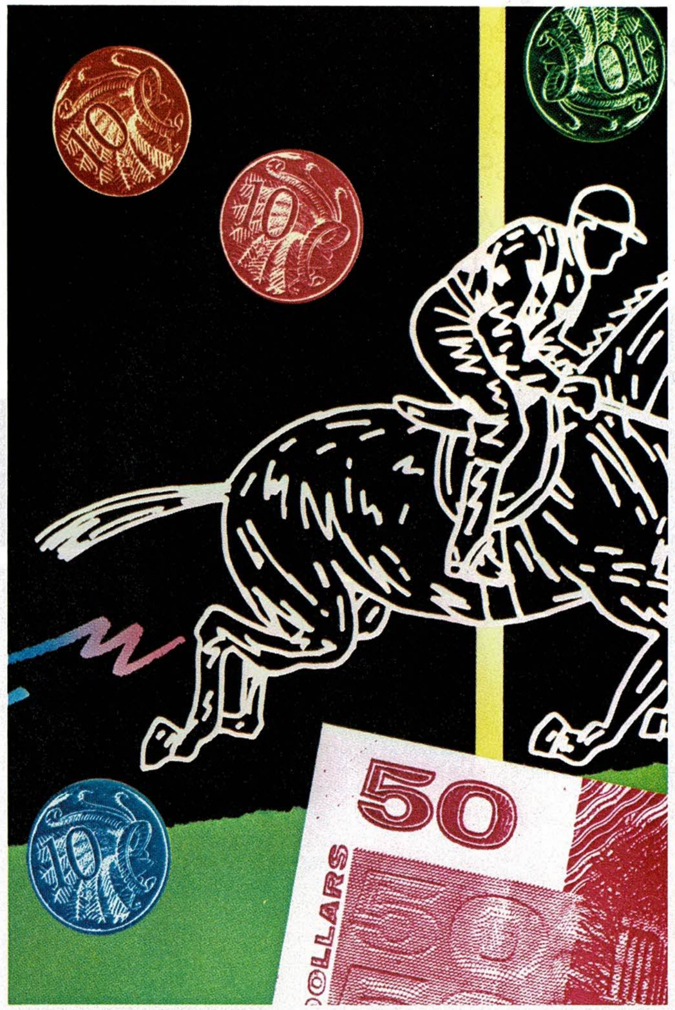
●

The record books will show that Dave Gordon, 23, won the 1982 Honolulu Marathon in the course record time of two hours 15.30. Now, Gordon clearly ran a great race, but my money goes to Mrs Grace Miji of Honolulu, who performed splendidly to take out third place in the Women's 60-69 Years division, but, at just a shade under four hours fifty-one, not quite well enough to beat home the greatest marathon runner that Australian PLAYBOY has ever produced.

FOOTNOTE: Australian Playboy's Honolulu Marathon attempt was sponsored by Pan Am and Walshes World Funrunner Tours. Running clobber, courtesy of Hot Buttered Sportswear.

RACING FIELDS

hot tips for assessing starters and riders



DESPITE the fact that racing is so much a part of many of our lives, there are still legions of Australians whose knowledge of the racing pages goes no farther than a pony would carry Queensland's larger-than-life Minister for Racing, Russ Hinze.

For many, this blissful ignorance is no loss at all — until that first Tuesday in November when everybody pretends expertise in matters of the turf. Real punters of course say they ignore the Melbourne Cup, arguing that the distance is too long and the field too big for the true champions to win. The real difference between the Melbourne Cup and 99 percent of other races is that nearly all the horses entered in the Cup are trying. Sad to say, there is no asterisk placed against the names of horses which aren't trying.

But, if you wish to punt during the rest of the year, it is possible for a non-racing man to extract sufficient information out of the daily newspaper race guide to have a fun day at the track — if he knows how to read it.

First, take the fields. These are the lists of the various races, with the horses' and jockeys' names, and a whole host of numbers. The fields can be used to give you a rough idea of the chances, but you'll need ten or twenty minutes to read up on the nag's recent performance, to make your final selection.

The layout of the field is the same for all newspapers. At the top, there's the number of the race, its name, the distance to be run, the prize money, the time the TAB stops taking bets, sometimes a comment on the helpfulness or otherwise of the barrier position, and a note on what sorts of horses are eligible. Probably the major point to be noted is the prize money. If it's big, most horses will be trying. If it's not big, well. Winning prize money is not what racing's about. Winning money from the bookies is.

The distance of the race is important only when you go to study the details. You see, there are two basic types of horses: sprinters and stayers. You don't expect Robert de Castella, the marathon runner, to win a 100m dash, right? There's also a third kind of horse, the middle distance specialist, but these are either champions, when they can do anything, or nags, which will never do anything, unless their competitors let them.

Now let's look at a line from the field itself. It's the same format for every horse, in every race, in every paper.

1 21x7 RIDICULOUS (12) . . . (a2.5) B. Crook 53

The first figure is the TAB number, which you shouldn't worry about unless you're a sheila or betting at home, in which case you don't need me. The TAB, being a governmental instrument, uses numbers instead of names.

The next four numbers, or, in this example, three numbers and an 'x', indicate the horse's most recent form. This horse apparently had a second, a win, then a spell (i.e. a holiday of at least three months) and on its first appearance back from the spell, finished seventh. This is not unusual. Many horses need a run before getting back to winning form, although you'll find the true champions usually do well first up, as they say.

Next comes the horse's name, and the figure in brackets is the barrier number. The starting stalls are numbered from the inside rail out, and in short races, or at tracks with a tight turn soon after the start, an inside barrier can be a real advantage. Have a look at how athletes start a 400m race. They're staggered, right? Not so in horse racing.

However, as the horses aren't running flat out all the time in a longish race, the extra couple of metres the outside draw requires becomes less important.

Sometimes about here in the field the newspaper puts in little letters, like 't', 'd' or 'm'. They're usually explained somewhere on the page and are useful quick indicators of the horse's long-term form. On wet Saturday mornings 'm' is the letter to look for, as it indicates a gee-gee with webbed feet.

After the dotted line comes the jockey's name. In the example, it is preceded by (a2.5), which indicates the jockey is still an apprentice, and because he's supposedly not as good as the older blokes, he has a "claim" of 2.5 kilograms. That is, whatever weight the horse is supposed to carry can be reduced by 2.5kg. This can be a very useful figure, because when you later compare horses which have similar form and are considered fairly equal by the handicapper, the apprentice's claim can provide the winning margin. Of course apprentices *do* usually have a lot to learn, but in the normal $800 stakes at a mid-week provincial, the kid from Gulargambone is just as likely to belt the milk-horse first across the line as the 'Professor' riding hands and heels on Phar Lap.

Anyway, after the jockey's name — and it is, generally speaking, okay to give the horse a plus if he's got a top hoop on board — comes the weight the horse is supposed to carry. The better the form of the horse, the bigger the weight. In this case, I've loaded Ridiculous with 53kg, the top weight in this event. After the claim he'll carry only 50.5 kg — that is, if the cheeky little runt B. Crook has laid off the Mars Bars and chips during the week. Okay. So now you understand the newspaper field. How do you pick a winner? I'll tell you another time. In the meantime, a pin will do. — P.D. JACK

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DEADEND

(continued from page 98)

Cops have a way of spotting men who are in a similar line of work and of being nasty to them.

"Name's Hardy, from Australia." I pulled out the investigator's licence and was just balanced and quick enough to avoid the kick he aimed at my head. I stepped back and he came after me, leaping with the hands out, ready to smash me down. The leap took him through the doorway but left him a bit close to the wall. I used the space I had to push him into it, hard. He hadn't learned coming-off-walls and I showed him lesson one, which is to avoid going-into-same-wall-again. Lesson two is much the same and it can go on until someone gets tired.

He did.

"All right," he gasped, "you're bruising me."

"Truce," I said. "Parley."

"Okay." He got to his feet and I watched all of him carefully.

"Why did you do that?"

"For practice. You guys are supposed to be on guard at all times aren't you? It's hard to find anyone on guard."

"Shit." I stuffed my hands down tight into the pockets of my jeans. "I am officially off guard — all right?"

"Sure. You're good, man, what was that you wanted to know?"

"About Vin, my compatriot."

He nodded and ushered me straight into a room, which was like a good-sized motel room, except that it had a bookcase, which I've never seen in a motel.

"Beer?" He bent to the door of a compact fridge that fitted in between the bookcase and the stereo system.

"Thanks." He handed me a can with more pictures on it than a Waltons' catalogue. Coors didn't seem like much of a name for a beer, but it was good. He watched me as I took the first sip.

"Terrific," I said.

"That's what Vin thought."

"Good man, is he?"

"Was."

"And you are. . .?"

"Percy Holmes." He flexed a bicep and jutted his jaw. "More Holmes than Percy, if you take my meaning."

"I do. You know Vin well?"

He scratched his chin and stayed in the squatting position, giving the thighs a workout. "Just because you whipped me doesn't mean I'll spill my guts to you. What's the problem?"

"I'm not sure." I drank some more of the beer and decided it was *very* good. "Diane Holt's father hired me to find her. You know her?"

He nodded. "Sure, a young fox. She was around when Vin came back and pulled outa here. And gave up beer. He was different, like, weird."

I'd seen a photograph of Harvey courtesy of Raymond Evans. He had dark hair, a short beard and what you might call brooding eyes, but he didn't look weird.

"This is nothing heavy," I said. I waved the near-empty beer can and tried a smile. "Di's Dad seems like a man of the world to me, know what I mean?"

His dark brown brow furrowed. "No."

"I want to find out if the girl's okay and what's happening. I won't touch Vin or even speak to him in a loud voice unless he's making her do what she doesn't want to do."

He seemed to find that very funny. He let out a short laugh and then a longer one. He reached into the fridge, got out two cans of Coors, tossed one to me and popped the other himself.

"You got it round the wrong way, man. That Di, she's got him here." He gripped his crotch.

We both drank some beer and I started to put together an easy scenario for myself: Australian-raised girl with fantasies about America grabs the first chance she gets to take the trip, rages for a while, gets sick of it and is happy to come back to good old Sydney U with dinkum detective. Then he had to go and complicate it.

"She wanted to go to Santa Cruz," Holmes said. "That was the place for her, Dreamland she called it. They had the biggest fight right here."

"Santa Cruz — what's that?"

"UC campus — south of here, funky place."

"Harvey can't transfer his PhD there, can he?"

He shook his head. "No way. Look, I roomed awhile with Vin, he's okay. You sure that's all straight — just findin' the chick and all?"

"Yes." I finished the beer to prove it.

"Okay. Vin, he's through with the PhD he says. He says it's meaningless, I'm not sure why. He's pretty freaked out, that's why he put Santa Cruz down so hard. A cop-out he says. He's into, like, anarchy, you know? And the chick wants to hang out in Santa Cruz. Shit."

He seemed to remember that he wasn't exercising anything at the moment while sitting on the floor. He did some squats. It was time to go, before he started shadow-boxing in the confined space.

"So where did they go?" I said.

"San Francisco — where else?"

"Driving what, Percy? Living where?"

He grinned. "Drives a Volkswagen van. Ah'm sorry, suh, ah don' know the number."

"Okay, okay, sorry. Do you happen to know where he lives in San Francisco, Mr Holmes?"

"No, Mr Hardy, I don't, but you're in luck, he's going to be right here tonight." He got up and rummaged among papers on top of the bookcase. He handed me a roughly printed notice which said that Harvey would be giving a lecture entitled "Owning the Air", on the subject of the media and politics. The lecture was sponsored by the Stanford Committee for Responsible Social Science and was scheduled for that evening at 8pm.

"Will you be there?"

"Not me. I'll be playing basketball."

"Are you tall enough for basketball?"

"No, I play for fun."

●

I drove back to Palo Alto and found a place called a Creamery, in which you could eat and drink and read. I ate a salad, drank a beer and read the *San Francisco Chronicle.* The food and drink were better than the paper but I did learn that Michael Spinks was defending his cruiserweight title against nobody that afternoon on TV. I asked the kid behind the counter if I could watch it and he nodded and turned on the set, mounted high on the wall.

"Who's Michael Spinks?" he said.

"Brother of Leon."

I let him bring me another beer while I watched the fight. The beer was fine but Spinks wasn't so good. His opponent was a dark, chunky guy who looked like a blown-up middleweight and Spinks took about three rounds longer than he should to put him away.

I did the crossword in the paper, had another beer, walked around for a while and filled up with gas. I drove very cautiously; all the cops I'd seen so far wore black uniforms with big guns tucked up high, wicked-looked nightsticks and discontented expressions. Cops have a way of spotting men who are in a similar line of work and of being nasty to them. I wasn't licensed to blow my nose in California and I knew what one of those nightsticks in sweaty hands could do to a sensitive man like me.

I gave a boy and his girlfriend a ride to the campus because they looked so forlorn walking. Everyone else was in a car or on a 10-speed cycle.

I asked the kid if he was going to the media lecture.

"Naw," he said.

"Freaks," the girl said.

A campus patrol car came alongside and the boy waved insolently at the driver. I swore silently at him but the cop just gunned his motor and cruised past.

"Pigs," the girl said. I wondered if they limited themselves to one-word statements. I dropped them near one of the student dormitories. The boy waved, he was a good waver; the girl said, "Thanks."

I was a bit late finding the lecture room and I wasn't ready for Vin Harvey. Evans' photograph was the sort that would let you recognise someone in the street and not much more. Harvey appeared, a dark-haired young man with a heavyish face and a short beard. His eyes were said to be blue and his build was said to be light but all that did was distinguish him from brown-eyed truck drivers. The man addressing the crowd in the room might have been dark with blue eyes and slight build but why hadn't anyone said anything about charisma? He had it. He was tall unless he was standing on a high box, and his beard-framed face didn't look heavy.

He worked at talking — his voice was pleasing with a mid-Pacific accent and he moved his shoulders a little for emphasis. He wore jeans and a white T-shirt and his arms and hands moved like an orchestra conductor's. I took a seat up at the back of the steeply-sloped room and listened.

"They are not faceless," Harvey said. "Never think that. You can see their faces in the business magazines and newspapers they own. Their faces are on the screens, coming at you from the TV stations they own. Then there are the faces of the men and women they own — the lawyers, politicians and newsreaders." He suddenly stood quite still and the movement dramatically underlined his words. "But more important than the faces are the words." His voice went a bit deeper as if concern were forcing it down. "Last year there was a meeting. It was held in Sydney, Australia. All the media corporations had representatives there, the political people, a few of the union people. You'd recognise some of the names if I mentioned them. For public consumption, the meeting was to organise aid for the under-privileged of the Pacific. That's a hell of a lot of people and for all I know they might get some water to villages in the Philippines. But the real talks, the ones the journalists didn't get in on, weren't about water — they were about direct access to your minds."

The room was very quiet and still, everyone was listening and I had to jerk my attention away to check the audience. When I'd been bored rigid in my law lectures 20 years before I used to count all the people in the room. That's why I'd sit up the back with the widest view I could command. Then I'd split them up into groups: sex, rebels, conformists. It passed the time. I sometimes did bad sketches of people who took my eye. The old habit re-surfaced, and as Harvey went on I found myself sketching.

"At that meeting they agreed to experiment with subliminal advertising and propaganda through TV. A couple of scientists there had been researching it for years." He paused. "They can make you believe things and disbelieve things, they can make you angry or passive." For the first time he lifted the volume. "They can tune you like a TV set and they're doing it right now."

One sketch showed two men sitting together near the front. They had an air of forced casualness, as if the denim shirt of one and the T-shirt of the other weren't their normal dress. The T-shirted one made a tie-straightening movement twice and the other plucked at the hair which sat on top of his ears. The T-shirt was taking shorthand notes.

My second drawing was of a young woman with blonde hair pulled back into a frizzy pony tail. She was in the front now and stared up at Harvey as if she was trying to count the pores in his nose. I caught the glint of a gold chain around her neck above the creased and stained collar of the shirt that had DO IT printed on it in big red letters on dirty grey. *End of the road,* I thought, but it didn't feel like that, not with her looking at Harvey like that and the other two keeping a record and with him saying what he was saying.

"I have tapes from that meeting and photographs of the participants." He held up his hands, palms out. "Not here, not any one place for very long. It moves, like the rockets in the silos, or did they decide not to move them? Or did they decide not to decide? Or not to tell you whether they decided? One thing's sure, they won't tell you the truth."

I bought a .38 Smith & Wesson at a place I'd been told about, where the only credentials they care about have numbers on them and fold easily.

He had them all now — the blacks and the whites, the students and the faculty. He went on spelling out the details of the nastiness and I surveyed the audience again. Sitting next to Diane Holt were three guys who looked a little like cleaned-up Hell's Angels. They had that same air of being there for the beer and ready for trouble. One was prematurely bald, the other two were fair, they looked middling tough. Next to them was a dark Hispanic character I dubbed the Dark Stranger. He wore dark blue clothes, was slim and looked very tough indeed.

"You can do something," Harvey was saying, "you can refuse to read their papers, you can turn off the tube and tell them so at ratings time. You can stop putting classifieds in the papers and you can protest against people who *do* advertise. There are lots of ways to do that. But there's a bigger and better protest you can mount, a protest that can be immediately and massively effective. If you've been convinced by what I've said tonight, you'll want to be part of it and I'm sorry for this, but you're going to have to wait. I'll tell you soon about it, real soon, and I'll tell you in San Francisco where it's going to happen. Be there! Goodnight."

The muscle moved fast, they were up and blanketing Harvey before anyone else moved. The T-shirt put away his shorthand pad and sat still. I moved as fast as I could but Harvey and Diane Holt and the minders were getting into a Volkswagen van by the time I got out. I couldn't walk up to him and say I was taking his sheila back to Bondi; I couldn't do anything. My car was a mile away. One of the boys handed a bundle of paper down to someone in the crowd and then the van groaned and choked itself into life. As it churned away, I saw the two men in disguise follow it in a dark Buick that made hardly any noise at all.

The bundle turned out to be a roughly-printed handbill for an "event" in San Francisco in three days' time. The message was a little vague but the faithful were urged to be at Golden Gate Park at noon. I took one of the sheets back to a motel in Palo Alto, where I drank most of a six-pack of Coors and watched *Guns of the Magnificent Seven,* which had none of the panache of the original.

I started early the next day, driving back to San Francisco, checking into a cheap hotel on Sutter Street and surrendering the Pinto because I knew I'd be spending money and wanted to make it stretch. I bought a .38 Smith & Wesson at a place I'd been told about, where the only credentials they care about have numbers on them and fold easily. Then I bought an imitation leather holder and a star that looked so real I felt like going out and eating a couple of steaks and drinking a lot of beer.

Instead, I went to the Goldwasser Printing Shop, the name of which had been stamped in small letters on the handbill. I found it on my tourist map and walked there — more economising. The print shop was jammed in at the back of a supermarket and accessible only from the lane behind. It had a furtive air but that might have been because it still used ink and moving machinery instead of fancy photography. As I went up the narrow wooden stairs, I could hear the thin sound of a pinched cough from the printshop — that was good. I wasn't feeling at all physical and the morning fog had brought me close to coughing myself.

He was dark, small and stooped from bending over his work. He straightened up as far as he could and peered at me over his half-glasses.

"Yeah?"

I put the handbill down on the cluttered bench, where it became about the millionth piece of paper.

"So?"

"I want to know who you did it for."

"Who wants to know?"

I let him see the gun in its holster when I got out the shield which I flapped open and shut in front of him. It made a flip-flop sound like thong sandals on cement.

"Trouble?"

"Not for you. No dirty words, no pictures. Who was the customer?"

"You talk funny."

"I used to be a tennis player, we pick this talk up from the Aussies."

He reached for a rag he had hanging out his back pocket, wiped his hands and took a few shuffling steps across to an old grey filing cabinet under the dusty window. The boards creaked under his 110 pounds or so and I wondered how safe it was to have the heavy old press here in the room — I was doing fine at feeling like an official.

"I got it here." He held up a docket and I got further into the role by pulling out my notebook and getting set to write.

"Give me the name and address."

"Enquiry fee $10."

I looked at him for a minute and then got out a ten. He reached and I let him take it while I grabbed the docket. He said, "Shit," but the cough started and shut him up. I wrote Pedro Moreno and the address. There was no phone number. I handed the docket back.

"Thanks."

"I think that shield's a fake," he said.

I turned back on my way to the door. "Do you care?"

He shook his head. "Get you a better one."

●

The address was in the district up behind the University of San Francisco. I gave it to the taxi driver and asked him what kind of neighborhood it was.

"Boho," he said.

"Huh?"

"Kinda slummy but not a jungle. I'll take you right there. Some places I'd just drop you close."

We went over some hills and I got glimpses of the water before the next dip snatched it away. The street was a mixture of residential — apartments dating I guessed from the 1920s when they re-built after the earthquake — and shops and blank, anonymous buildings whose functions I couldn't guess at. The number I had was one of the apartment blocks; stucco with gray peeping through the white paint and water-stained from the rusted guttering. I told the cabbie to go on a little.

"Undercover, huh?" he said as he made change.

"Mafia."

He struck his forehead lightly. "I shoulda known. Spread to South Africa, eh?"

I didn't tip him.

Brave men march up to the front door, men in their 40s who think it might be interesting to live into their 50s go around the back first. Along the street and down the lane and we weren't boho anymore. The back part of the apartment building had been scarred and broken by a fire. Windows were boarded up, woodwork was scorched and charred and the wooden handrail that had run beside the metal fire-escape was gone, leaving the steps naked and dangerous.

I stood behind a car in the lane and looked at the ruin and let the bad feeling creep over me. There was no VW van, but sticking out of an open window on the top floor was a hand. The hand wasn't stuck out to feel for rain; it wasn't doing anything.

I went up the fire escape feeling like a tightrope walker without his pole. I had the gun, but you use a gun for ballast rather than balance. The back door to the top apartment was half-open and I listened at it for what seemed like an hour. There was nothing to listen to there, and nothing down below where the building had been gutted. Up here there were signs of life of a sort, if you counted an ashtray brim full of butts on a window ledge inside.

I pushed open the door and walked down the short passageway on broken boards laid like a walkway on top of charred bearers and between water-streaked walls. In the kitchen, the water came in through a hose and went out through a hole. The floor was a sea of wine jugs, newspapers and takeaway food containers.

In the room at the back I got my first sight of American flies in any number. They had four bodies to swarm over. Two men lay on their faces along one wall. Big pieces of their backs were missing and their T-shirts were gory ruins. The hand sticking out the window belonged to the Dark Stranger; his dark clothes were darker and glistened where the blood had soaked in. He'd taken two in the body but had still made it to the window. He and the other pair were neat compared with Vin Harvey: he was lying naked on his back in the middle of the room. He'd been worked on with cigarettes and razor blades. One eye was a black ruin. Thin and bearded, he looked like something El Greco might have dreamed up on a bad afternoon. All the fingernails were missing on one hand and I recognised the object nestling in the congealed blood of his left nostril as a front tooth.

Two men lay on their faces along one wall. Big pieces of their backs were missing and their T-shirts were gory ruins.

I went over to the window for some air and after I'd got some and was trying for some more, I heard the dark man speak.

"Muerto," he whispered, or something like that.

I bent down; it seemed impossible that he could still be alive.

"English," I said, "no Spanish."

"Ozzie," he said, like in the Nelsons.

"That's right, where's the girl?"

"Away. Afortunado."

"Harvey told them?"

The movement he made was slight but it looked like a nod. Some blood seeped out of his mouth to join all the blood from everywhere. The flies buzzed so loudly I had to put my ear down near his mouth.

"Agua," he whispered. I knew that much and went out to the kitchen to the hose. I brought it in a throwaway cup that should have been thrown away. His lips were nearly black and the glint in his slitted eyes was from pain. I wet the lips but he couldn't swallow.

"Priest?" I said.

"Shoot me. I beg you."

I realised I still had the .38 in my hand although I could have been holding it by the barrel for all I knew.

"Where's the girl, where did she go?"

"Shoot."

"I can't."

"Shoot," he breathed.

"The girl?" I didn't mean to make it sound like a condition but maybe it did.

"Dreamland." He'd echoed Percy Holmes. His voice was just a touch stronger as if it had synched with the last beat of his pulse. There was no need to shoot him.

The smell of the guns was still faintly in the air, the dead were still warm and the vomit around Vin Harvey's body was fresh. The killing and torturing had happened a few hours ago at most. There was a light dusting of something on the floor near the wall where the two dead men lay. I didn't touch it and haven't seen enough of it to be sure, but it looked like heroin. Insurance. The thing could look like a drug dispute, a little extreme maybe.

There wasn't much else in the place. Every possible hiding place had been ripped apart. Books, notes and manuscripts were torn and there were a couple of piles of ashes. There were student clothes, student food and a little grass. There was a .22 handgun in the kitchen in a drawer that stuck. Vin Harvey had seriously over-matched himself.

Two things worried me: the poster on the wall in the passageway was the same one I'd seen at Stanford, singing the praises of the Santa Cruz boardwalk. The hit men might make something of that. The second thing was the absence of the third muscle man I'd seen at the lecture. That could mean a lot.

I felt like Bony, examining the road and car marks in the dimming light. It wasn't hard to read: a big oil stain showed where the van usually stood and fresh oil drops showed where it had stood briefly. These led away over the rubber laid down by a car leaving in a hurry.

No one saw me in the apartment or the lane, or if they did, they decided not to make it their business. I got a taxi back to my hotel, picked up some money and hired another Pinto. I bought a jug of wine with a narrow, drinkable-from neck, and a box of oatmeal cookies and set them up carefully on the passenger seat. I studied the map carefully and set out for Dreamland.

After some false turns around Daly City I picked up the Cabrillo highway, which hugs the coast all the way south to Santa Cruz. Along the way, Moss Beach and Half Moon Bay were nice names to roll off the tongue and the road had that hopeful, optimistic feel coast roads have. I drove just above the speed limit and drank wine from time to time. I felt more at home when I passed the greyhound track and had some wine and a cookie on the strength of that. A signpost to Bonny Doon amused me more than it should have and I laid off the wine.

Santa Cruz was quiet; it was after 11 and everyone was inside watching the news about the poisonings and muggings and the fires in the trailer parks. I drove fast along Pacific Avenue, down past the back of the Greyhound depot. The town shops were mostly new and or newly-appointed and half of them seemed to sell things made of leather. Beach Street was at the end of Front, past the used car yards and the tyre repair place that had been in business since 1937.

It was a wide, palm tree-lined boulevard swinging around in front of three-quarters of a mile of beach. I drove slowly south past closed cafes, a big parking lot and several motels. The VW van was parked just short of where the road followed a narrow bridge across a creek. I stopped on the other side of the street a block away and watched. There were a couple of other cars in the street under a high, half-moon and some desultory street lights; nothing moved. I took the gun out of the glove box, put it in my jacket pocket and walked up to the van. It smelled of oil and food and age but there were no bodies in it.

At this end, the boardwalk was given over to a roller coaster and other rides and it was locked up. I went down onto the sand and walked along parallel to the boardwalk wall, looking for a way up. Two men with torches and two dogs were running a metal detector over the sand. It beeped and hummed and they paid me no attention. A set of wooden steps took me up onto the boardwalk where there wasn't a board in sight; it was a concrete walkway about 25 yards wide with the sand on one side and a long row of amusement places on the other — shooting galleries, ice cream parlors, a haunted castle. All closed, all deserted except for the castle, which had a drunk sleeping with his back up against the portcullis and a wine bottle clutched to his chest.

I moved quickly, checking the dark recesses. The ferris wheel cast a giant shadow like a spiderweb across the cement and I could hear rats rustling in concealment. The boardwalk ended at a vast amusement parlor which was locked. I jumped down onto the sand and skirted the building which had a high, Moorish dome topped by a Gothic turret with a flagpole on top of that. The stars and stripes hung limply in the still air.

Up ahead, the pier was like a dark finger against the moonlit sea and sky. I squinted and saw movement on it. I sprinted across the sand, dodging the volleyball posts, and took the steps up to the wharf three at a time. It was about 50 yards wide with a solid white fence running along both sides. A crane loomed up about halfway out and I saw a public works sign. Then there was a flat, no-cover stretch with patches of light and shade formed by the wharf lights, of which about one in four was burning. I ran, crouched and ducking out of the light. Past a low line of fish cafes and anglers' needs shops, the wharf narrowed to its last stretch, which was about 75 yards long by 25 wide. The water slapped against the pylons and I could hear a strange barking sound further on.

A woman with blonde hair was bending over the end rail, looking out west over the dark Pacific. The barking was louder as I got nearer and there was splashing with it. There were some openings in the tarred surface of the pier about 10 feet square with waist-high post and rail fences around them. At the first opening I found out about the noise: seals were jumping on and off the pylons twenty feet below. At the second opening a man was crouched with a gun resting on the rail; he was sighting along it at the blonde woman's back.

I moved quickly up behind him and tried to slam the side of his head with my gun butt. He heard me, very late; he fired but the flash went high.

I moved quickly up behind him and tried to slam the side of his head with my gun butt. He heard me, very late; he fired but the flash went high, he ducked a little and my blow hit him high and glancing. He swung around, trying to bring the gun to bear on me. I recognised him as the third minder at the lecture just as I dug my left into his gut. He went "oomph", bent over and shot himself up through the chin. I already had another punch travelling; I pulled it and it turned into a push and he went over the rail. He bounced once on a cross beam and a seal barked and jumped into the water and then he went in, too.

She was standing with her back to the rail, facing America with Australia over her shoulder. I put my gun away and walked forward.

"Diane Holt?"

She nodded. "Are you going to kill me?"

"No," I said. I pointed down to the water. "But he was."

The seals, which had gone quiet after the big splash, started barking again. Closer up, I saw that she had a lot of blood on her face and that she was rigid with fright.

"Your father sent me. It's all right."

"My father," she said.

"Are you hurt?"

She touched her face and looked at the blood. "No, I get bloody noses when I'm upset."

I took her arm and brought her away from the rail. We passed the opening and she pointed.

"What's what?"

I looked down and saw his gun lying on the tar. I kicked it into the water and a seal barked.

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We got back to the van and I told her to take off her blouse and a shoe. She did it like an automaton. I wiped blood from her face with the blouse and her nose started up again and the cotton got well soaked. I put the shoe and the blouse in the VW, muffled up my .38 and fired a shot into the passenger seat.

She came out of her trance at the sound of the shot. "Why did you do that?"

"We need a mystery here," I said. "We want some people to stop worrying about you. I hope it works."

She grabbed a bag out of the van and we left Santa Cruz in a hurry.

She filled me in on the drive to San Francisco. Harvey was getting together a big show for his day in the park. He was going to put some of his films on a big screen and play some of his tapes. He was going to name names.

"Some of the biggest people," she said. "Top people."

"Don't tell me," I said. "Forget them."

"I got scared, and I didn't trust Ramsay. He's the one. . .back there. Vin and me had a fight and I split."

When she came back to the apartment she saw what I'd seen.

"Pedro was still alive," I said.

"I just ran."

"It was too late anyway, but he helped me to find you."

She cried then, deep and long, most of the way to San Francisco airport. She stopped crying and wiped her face.

"Why did you go to Santa Cruz? That boardwalk looked pretty tacky to me."

"It's innocent," she said.

She had some clothes in the bag and she cleaned up while I bought her a ticket to Los Angeles, where she had an aunt. She was in some kind of shock but there was a strength in her that kept her functioning. She phoned the aunt.

"Go straight home," I said. "Tomorrow, today, whatever. I'll cable your dad."

She nodded, said "Thanks," in broad Australian and caught the flight.

I sent a wire to Wesley Holt from the hotel and worried about the untidy ends. I worried about things like the muscle man's car, the clean slug in the VW seat and the tides off the Santa Cruz beach. But there was nothing I could do about any of them.

MARQUEZ

(continued from page 37)

I detest solemnness and I am capable of saying the most atrocious things with a straight face.

GARCIA MARQUEZ: No, no, no. That hasn't happened by any great design. It's more by a series of accidents in my life. Yes, it's true that I now live half the year in Mexico and the other half in Europe. This began in 1955, when I left Colombia during the dictatorship of (Gustavo) Rojas Pinilla. When I left, it was to work in Europe as a journalist. But then Rojas Pinilla closed down my newspaper, and I found myself stranded in Paris — where I stayed for three years. After that time, I returned to South America and married Mercedes, and we moved to Venezuela, where I worked as a journalist. Then, after the triumph of the Cuban revolution, I worked for the Cuban news agency, *Prensa Latina,* in New York. Later, the family lived in Mexico, where I worked on movie scripts, and, eventually, on *One Hundred Years of Solitude.* Well, one thing led to another, and I just never found myself returning to Colombia for more than a few months. After the success of *One Hundred Years of Solitude,* I had the resources to live anywhere in the world I wanted. But then Colombia became a problem for me. In Colombia, I am national property, national patrimony. All Colombians act accordingly. I have not one ounce of privacy. Nevertheless, until that recent mishap I had, I returned to Colombia periodically — for a few months, for a year, to live.

PLAYBOY: What "recent mishap"?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Well, the Colombian government — like several other governments — refuses to believe that I talk with Fidel Castro only about fish and seafood. So, when I was in Colombia in 1981, there was a very unpleasant incident. I had just seen Fidel in Cuba two or three weeks earlier. One day, while I was in Colombia, a left-wing guerrilla group, M-19, staged a landing in the southern part of the country. After the guerrillas were captured, the government tried to get them to declare that *I* had co-ordinated the landing with Fidel Castro. *Me, personally!* Fortunately, I have many friends in Bogota, and whenever anything is said in front of more than three people, one of them tells me. Three sources told me of attempts being made to link me to M-19. There was, apparently, a dinner at the presidential palace, where, in the presence of the President and the top military chiefs, my alleged involvement with that group was discussed. The guerrillas, meanwhile, were being held, tortured and told to sign confessions implicating me.

Well, when I heard that, I was alarmed, to say the least. My sources told me not to worry — the government wouldn't dare touch me, because I was too important. But it seemed to me that it might like to make an example out of me to show that it had no respect for *anyone*. What I did was go immediately to the Mexican Embassy and ask for diplomatic protection in order to leave Colombia.

Now, that caused a great scandal for the Colombian government. It officially stated there was nothing against me and that I was just probably trying to get publicity for my new book. There has since been a trial of the guerrillas, and several of them said they were tortured and asked to sign those confessions. One did sign. What I've done, as a result, is sue the Colombian military for abuse of authority.

PLAYBOY: When you had to flee Colombia, were you frightened? Death squads, after all, seem to have become a major South American institution.

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Not at all. The government just wanted to make a gesture at my expense — it was nothing more than that. If it wanted to kill me, it could have just done it on any street corner.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to a discussion of your work. Some admirers of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* have said that in telling the saga of the Buendia family, you've managed to tell the complete history of Latin America. Are the critics exaggerating?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is not a history of Latin America, it is a *metaphor* for Latin America.

PLAYBOY: In one of your short stories, *The Incredible and Sad Tale of Innocent Erendira and Her Heartless Grandmother,* a young prostitute tells her lover, "What I like best about you is the incredible way you make up nonsense." Is that Gabriel Garcia Marquez talking about himself?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Yes, that is an absolutely autobiographical statement. It is not only a definition of my work, it is a definition of my *character*. I detest solemnness, and I am capable of saying the most atrocious things, the most fantastic things, with a completely straight face. This is a talent I inherited from my grandmother — my mother's mother — *Dona* Tranquilina. She was a fabulous storyteller who told wild tales of the supernatural with a most solemn expression on her face. As I was growing up, I often wondered whether or not her stories were truthful. Usually, I tended to believe her because of her serious, deadpan facial expression. Now, as a writer, I do the same thing; I say extraordinary things in a serious tone. It's possible to get away with *anything* as long as you make it believable. That is something my grandmother taught me.

PLAYBOY: For our readers who may need a summary, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* traces six generations of the Buendia family in the mythical village of Macondo. It begins with the founding of the village in a time "when the world was so recent that many things lacked names," and ends with the last of the Buendias, an infant born with the tail of a pig, being carried away by ants as the Buendia line is extinguished. Between all that, Macondo experiences the "banana fever", the "insomnia plague", 32 civil wars, revolution, counter-revolution, strikes and a rain that lasts nearly five years. You describe these events in a style of magic realism, in which the fantastical and mythical are blended with the everyday — a priest who levitates when he drinks chocolate, for instance — so let's begin by asking you how much of your fiction has a basis in real life.

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Every single line in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, in all my books, has a starting point in reality. I provide a magnifying glass so readers can understand reality better. Let me give you an example. In the *Erendira* story, again, I have the character Ulises make glass change color every times he touches it. Now, that can't be true. But so much has already been said about love that I had to find a new way of saying that this boy is in love. So I have the colors of the glass change, and I have his mother say, "Those things happen only because of love. . . Who is it?" Mine is just another way of saying the same thing that has always been said about love: how it upsets life, how it upsets everything.

PLAYBOY: Over the past 20 years, we've seen an explosion of magic-realist novels from Latin America. What is it about the Latin world that encourages writers to work in this wild mixture of the real and the surreal?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Clearly, the Latin-American environment is marvellous. Particularly the Caribbean. I happen to come from the Caribbean part of Colombia, which is a fantastic place — completely different from the Andean part, the highlands. During the colonial period of Colombian history, all the people who considered themselves respectable went to the interior — to Bogota. On the coast, all that were left were bandits and dancers — bandits in the good sense — adventurers, people full of gaiety. The coastal people were descendants of pirates and smugglers, with a mixture of black slaves. To grow up in such an environment is to have fantastic resources for poetry. Also, in the Caribbean, we are capable of believing anything, because we have the influences of all those different cultures, mixed in with Catholicism and our own local beliefs. I think that gives us an open-mindedness to look beyond apparent reality. As a child growing up in the Caribbean village of Aracataca, I heard wonderful stories of people who were able to move chairs by simply looking at them. There was a man in Aracataca who

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TAX SHELTERS

a good tax shelter is a good investment — it gives back more than it costs

THE FOLLOWING discussion is for all readers who think "bottom-of-the-harbor" tax avoidance schemes require fancy scuba diving equipment and whose only familiarity with "asset stripping" was watching the exotic dancer at that memorable buck's night several years ago. The subject is tax shelters.

Let's start with a few definitions. Tax evasion is not paying tax legally owed to the government; it is illegal and punishable by fines or even prison. Every time a tradesman gets paid in cash, puts the money in his pocket and fails to tell the tax commissioner about it, he is committing the crime of tax evasion. In contrast, minimising tax by taking advantage of legal deductions and exemptions is not only perfectly legal, it is also common sense. This is where tax shelters come in.

Now that the government has stopped indexing tax tables, inflation is pushing many salary earners into higher brackets. Not surprisingly, people resent having to pay 50 cents or more out of every dollar in income tax. (Who wants to be the minority partner in his own life?) Before handing over the cash, it's only natural to give the government a run for its money. There are several ways to do this. You can invest in a superannuation scheme, arrange to have children receive their maximum share of income and keep careful medical records. These are easy and sensible tax deduction methods. But they are not tax shelters.

The most important aspect of a tax shelter is that it gives back more than it actually costs. Tax shelters are investments — they belong to the investor — but they make use of two very important devices in order to make them work. The first device is gearing. If you buy a farm or an office building or a block of flats you borrow much of the purchase price from a bank or some other lending institution. Some people borrow as much as 90 percent of the price (others manage to borrow 110 percent but that is the subject of another essay). The second important aspect of a tax shelter is its tendency to disintegrate with time. The office building you bought as an investment is some day going to get old and fall down, leaving you with nothing. Acknowledging this, the tax commissioner permits you to deduct from your income tax a certain amount of the building's value (recently raised) each year as depreciation.

Depreciation is a fine concept and makes a lot of sense. The important fact for understanding tax shelters is that depreciation is calculated on the entire value of the investment, not just the deposit paid by the investor but on the part the bank lends as well. Say you put down $10,000 on a $100,000 office building and the bank puts up the remaining $90,000. Your income tax shows depreciation on the entire $100,000 even though you only invested $10,000. This is the fundamental beauty of a tax shelter. Your share of the depreciation may actually be greater than the money you invested. This creates a loss which can be balanced against your income from other sources. Not only buildings but anything that can be borrowed against — cattle, aeroplanes, machinery — can be a tax shelter.

As you have probably already figured out, something that depreciates each year will eventually become worthless. When this happens, the investor usually sells out and begins another shelter. Profits made when the asset is sold may be taxable, (it depends on the original purpose of the investment) but many investors avoid even this tax by continually devising new shelters as the old ones run down.

Tax shelters are obviously a good deal for their owners. What may not be immediately apparent is that they benefit the rest of us as well. The country needs buildings, aeroplanes, and cattle; the tax laws have been written to see that we get them. Of course, not everyone's values are mirrored in the tax laws. Books and paintings cannot serve as shelters, movies and oil wells can.

Shelters are not for those who have their tax returns completed by store-front accountants. You must first have money before you can even think of investing in a tax shelter. Also, it pays to remember that the rich always get in first on these deals, the rest of us must take whatever is left. There are many stories of otherwise conservative people who sign cleverly worded partnership papers leaving them with nothing but dying cows, leaky buildings and bone-dry oil wells. This happens when investors go into a tax shelter solely to avoid paying tax.

It is important you are able to feel safe with whatever professional advice you receive. If in doubt, do what you would do with the medical profession: get a second opinion. There are accountants and accountants, and the sort of advice you require costs a bit more than that delivered by the average store-front tax return man.

At the top end of the scale is the guy equipped to give the tax department a hard but honest run for your money.

A good rule of thumb is never to invest in anything just to avoid paying tax. If the investment is not viable on its own merits, don't get involved. Also avoid any deals based out of the country or any that sound too good to be true (they usually are). It's only natural to want to pay less tax, but remember, in trying to save that extra 50 cents, it is not difficult to lose the whole dollar.

— STEVEN SCHWARTZ

had the facility for deworming cows — for healing their infections — by standing in front of the beasts. He would stand in front of the cow and the worms would start coming out of the head of the cow. Now, it's true that I once saw that.

PLAYBOY: Is your contemporary life less interesting than your childhood?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: It has less mystery. I don't have a grandmother to make up marvellous things for me.

PLAYBOY: The Aracataca of your childhood must have been a marvellous place.

GARCIA MARQUEZ: I think of it as a horrible boom town. It was a banana centre for the United Fruit Company — a place where people came to enrich themselves as quickly as possible. But what happens in such a place is that when it suddenly turns into a crossroads for the world, it inevitably fills up with fantastic elements.

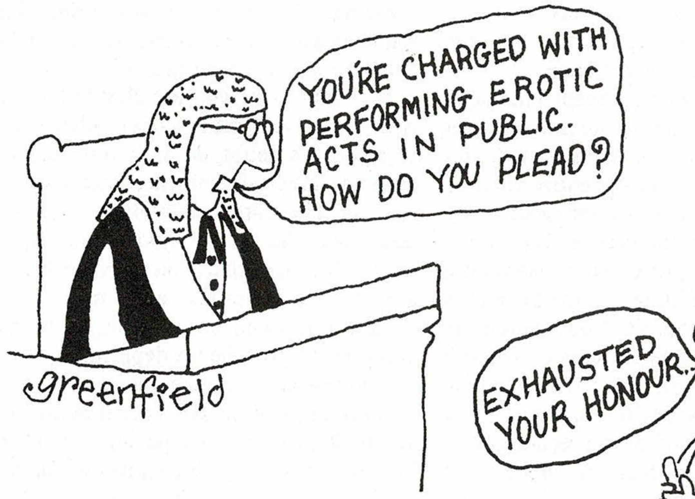
PLAYBOY: It's odd that you call Aracataca a horrible boom town. Macondo, the mythic town you created out of Aracataca, is thought to be one of the most charming villages in literature.

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Well, what has happened is that Macondo is a town built with nostalgia. The virtue of nostalgia is that it eliminates all the disagreeable aspects from one's memories and leaves only the pleasant ones.

PLAYBOY: How did the idea come to you to create Macondo out of memories of Aracataca?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Well, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* really began when I was a very young man — perhaps 20 years old. I tried to write a novel about the Buendia family titled *La Casa:* the house. The entire drama was to take place in the house — nothing outside. After writing a few chapters, I felt I was not yet ready to write a book as big as that. What I decided to do was start something easier and progressively learn how to write. Mostly, I wrote short stories. Around that time, when I was about 21, my mother asked me to take a trip with her to Aracataca — and that visit had a decisive impact on my career as a writer. You see, at that point, I was living in Barranquilla, a Caribbean city not far from Aracataca. My grandparents had both died, and my mother wanted to sell their house.

At first, I was very happy with the idea of returning to Aracataca. But when we got there, I was staggered. The town had not changed at all. I had the sensation that I had left time, that what had separated me from the town was not distance but *time.* So I walked along the streets with my mother and I realised that she was going through something similar. We walked to the pharmacy, which belonged to people who'd been close friends of the family. Behind the counter sat a lady working on a sewing machine. My mother said, "How are you, my friend?" When the woman finally recognised her, she stood up, and they embraced and cried and said absolutely nothing for more than half an hour. So I had the feeling that the whole town was dead — even those who were alive. I remembered everyone as they had been before, and now they were dead. That day, I realised that all the short stories I had written to that point were simply intellectual elaborations, nothing to do with my reality. When I returned to Barranquilla I immediately sat down and wrote my first novel (*Leaf Storm*), which takes place in Macondo. Incidentally, on the way back to Barranquilla, my mother and I passed a banana plantation that I had often seen as a child. There was a sign on the place: it was called Macondo.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PLAYBOY: When did *One Hundred Years* finally begin taking shape in your mind?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: The trip I described took place around 1950. After that first effort, I made a second try at the novel in Mexico in 1963. I had, by then, a clearer idea of the structure but not of the tone. I didn't know yet how to tell the story so that it would be believed. So, again, I took to writing short stories. But one day, in 1965, I think, I was going to Acapulco by car. And all of a sudden — I don't know why — I had this illumination as to how to write the book. I had the tone, everything!

PLAYBOY: It came to you as a vision?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Sort of. It was as if I had read everything that was to be in it. So I returned to Mexico City and sat down for the next 18 months to write from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon. I had a family — a wife and two small sons — and I had been supporting them by working in public relations and fixing up movie scripts. All that had to cease so I could write my book. But we had no income, so I pawned our car and gave Mercedes the money. From then on, Mercedes had to be like the women in the Colombian civil wars: she had to run the household and keep life going while I campaigned.

She performed all kinds of wondrous feats. Everyday, somehow, she made sure I had my cigarettes, paper, everything I needed to write. She borrowed money. She got credit from stores. When the book was finished, it turned out that we owed the butcher some 5000 pesos — which was an enormous sum. Somehow, the rumor had gotten around the neighborhood that I was writing a very important book, and all the shopkeepers wanted to collaborate. At one point, I realised that Mercedes could not go on anymore alone. I then dropped work on the novel and did a radio script. But the minute I started doing that, it gave me an unbearable migraine headache. Nothing could cure it — the doctors gave me all kinds of things.

Finally, when I went back to my novel, the pain went right away. It took 18 months for the book to be finished. But when it was done, we still had all kinds of problems. Once, towards the end of it all, the typist who had the only copies of many of the chapters of the book was hit by a bus. So the only copies of half the book went flying all over a Mexico City street. Fortunately, the bus didn't kill her, and she was able to get up and reassemble the manuscript. Finally, when it was finished, we needed 160 pesos to send it off to the publisher in Buenos Aires. Mercedes had only 80 pesos left. So I divided the manuscript in half, mailed half off and then pawned Mercedes' Mixmaster and hairdryer to pay for the other half. When Mercedes heard that the last of our possessions had gone into postage, she said, "Well, now all we need is for this novel to be bad!"

PLAYBOY: Will *One Hundred Years of Solitude* ever be made into a movie, as rumored?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Never. Producers keep offering me enormous sums for the rights, but I refuse. The last offer, I believe, was $2,000,000. I don't want to see it turned into a movie, because I want readers to go on imagining the characters as they see them. That isn't possible in the cinema. In movies, the image is so definite that the spectator can no longer imagine the character as he wants to, only as the screen imposes it on him.

When I studied the way movies were made, I realised there are limitations in the form that do not exist in literature. I've become convinced that the novelist's work is the freest work that exists. You are totally your own master.

PLAYBOY: We've talked extensively about *One Hundred Years of Solitude.* Does it offend you when readers act as if it is the only book you've written?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Deeply. I've often read reviews that said that *One Hundred Years* was the definitive Latin-American novel. That's ridiculous! If it were the definitive book, I wouldn't have gone on writing. Frankly, I think *The Autumn of the Patriarch* is, as a literary work, much more important. It's more important as an experimental book. It was a book I couldn't complete until I had the financial security provided by *One Hundred Years of Solitude,* because it was a book that required a lot of time and money to do.

PLAYBOY: When scholars and critics have tried to make elaborate interpretations of your work, you've always put them off. Once, you said something like this: "*One Hundred Years* is not the universal book it is made out to be. It is just the story of the Buendia family, of whom it is prophesied that they shall have a son with a pig's tail; and in doing everything to avoid this, the Buendias *do* end up with a son with a pig's tail." Now, surely, you were doing a little leg-pulling there?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Well, that *is* the plot. But it is an exaggeration about as large as that of critics who try to find explanations and symbols where there are none. I maintain that in the entire book, there isn't a single conscious symbol.

PLAYBOY: So you're amused by your many followers who read *One Hundred Years* word for word.

GARCIA MARQUEZ: No. I rather feel a sort of compassion for them. Books are not meant to be read word for word. There is an academic tendency to find not what is in a book but what is beyond the book. In other words, an autopsy.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, Alistair Reid, the *New Yorker* writer who is one of the great scholars of your work, claims that the real meaning of *One Hundred Years* is that "no one will ever know us. We all live alone on this earth in our own glass bubbles." Has Reid read your book correctly?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Absolutely correctly. I'm convinced that everyone has a totally secret and personal part of his personality that is never communicated or revealed. Mercedes and I, for instance, have a very good relationship — we've been together for 25 years. Yet we are both aware that we have obscure areas that neither person can enter. And we've been respectful of that, because we know there's no way to fight it. For instance, I don't know how old Mercedes is. I didn't know her age when we married, and she was very young then. When we travel, I *never* look at her passport or identity card. On aeroplanes, I'll fill out our landing cards and leave blank the section on hers that requires the birth date. Of course, this is a game. But it's a game that represents very well how there are impenetrable areas that none of us can ever go near. I am absolutely sure that it is impossible to know a person completely.

PLAYBOY: Do things happen to you that don't happen to other people? A mutual friend told us he believed you were telepathic.

The environment I grew up in was very repressive and it wasn't easy to have a relationship with a woman who wasn't *a prostitute.*

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Extraordinary things *do* happen to me. I can imagine they happen to others. The bad thing is that none of this can be systematised. You don't know what a premonition or a telepathic phenomenon is until after it happens. That happens with almost all prophecies — prophecies are always coded. For example, I was on a train recently, travelling to Barcelona. Back home in Mexico, a girl who works in our house was expecting a baby at any moment. So on the train, as I was taking my shoe off, I had the impression that something concerning us was happening in Mexico. I said to Mercedes, "Teresa has just given birth." When we arrived in Barcelona, we telephoned and they told us the exact time when Teresa had given birth. It was more or less when I had said it was in my premonition. Visions are not precise, but they are like magic whispers. I think this happens to practically everyone, but because of their cultural background, people don't believe it or they don't appreciate it or they don't recognise it. You really need a kind of innocence about the world to see those things.

PLAYBOY: One memorable scene in *One Hundred Years* is of a priest who levitates when he drinks hot chocolate. How did that idea come to you?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Well, there was a real priest in Aracataca who was thought to be so saintly that people said he rose off the ground whenever he raised the chalice during Mass. When I took that episode and wrote about it, it just didn't sound believable to me. If I don't believe something, neither will the reader. So I decided to see how believable it was with other vessels and liquids. Well, he drank all sorts of things and nothing worked. Finally, I had him drink Coca-Cola and that seemed to be just the thing! However, I didn't want to give Coca-Cola free advertising, so I gave him hot chocolate, which also proved believable. Truly, if he'd gone with Coca-Cola, we would have seen billboards in Latin America that said, GET OFF THE GROUND WITH COCA-COLA.

PLAYBOY: Your latest novel, *Chronicle of a Death Foretold,* is being published this year. Didn't we read somewhere that you said you'd never publish another novel while the Pinochet government remained in power in Chile? Pinochet is still running Chile and your book is out. What happened?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Oh, that was just something I said to the press after *The Autumn of the Patriarch* was published. I was angry. I'd worked seven years on that book, and the first thing they asked me was, "What are you doing next?" When I get asked questions like that, I invent all sorts of answers — anything to make them happy. As it happened, when I finished *The Autumn of the Patriarch,* I didn't have plans for another novel. That answer eliminated that disagreeable question from many an interview.

PLAYBOY: Good. Can we return for a moment to *Chronicle of a Death Foretold?* In that work — indeed, in almost all your books — you write with great warmth about prostitutes. Is there a particular reason for that?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Well, I have fond memories of prostitutes and I write about them for sentimental reasons.

PLAYBOY: Is the brothel the place where young Latin-American men learn about sex?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: No, it's more feudal than that. Brothels cost money, and so they are places for older men. Sexual initiation actually starts with servants at home. And with cousins. And with aunts. Women begin with nephews, because the women have to start with someone. But the prostitutes were friends to me when I was a young man. Real friends. The environment I grew up in was very repressive. It wasn't easy to have a relationship with a woman who *wasn't* a prostitute. When I went to see prostitutes, it wasn't really to make love but more to be with someone, not to be alone. The prostitutes in my books are always very human and they are very good company. They are solitary women who hate their

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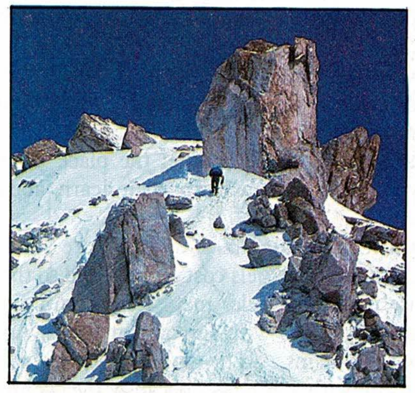

EXPLORES NEW HIGHS IN THE ALASKAN WILDERNESS.

JOHN HOLMES — THE SORDID SAGA OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE WORLD'S MOST CELEBRATED AND EXPOSED PRICK.

work. With prostitutes — including some I did not go to bed with — I always had some good friendships. I could sleep with them because it was horrible to sleep alone. Or I could not. I have always said, as a joke, that I married not to eat lunch alone. Of course, Mercedes says that I'm a son of a bitch.

PLAYBOY: The women in your books are very strong. They are the ones who take care of the business of life.

GARCIA MARQUEZ: It's true in my house as well. Mercedes takes care of everything. And my literary agent is also a woman. I am completely supported by women. For me, it's almost a superstition. When I know a woman is involved in something, I know it will turn out well. For me, it is very clear that women hold up the world.

PLAYBOY: The whole world — not half of it?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Women are concerned with daily reality, while men go around doing all sorts of crazy things. I find that women have a great virtue in that they lack historical sense. They're interested in the reality of today, the security of today.

PLAYBOY: They don't go off and make 35 civil wars, like Aureliano Buendia, you mean.

GARCIA MARQUEZ: No, they stay at home, run the house, bake animal candies — so that the men can go off and make wars. Another virtue women have is that they are much more loyal than men. The only thing women won't forgive is being betrayed. If, from the beginning, one sets the rules of the game, no matter what they are, women generally accept them. But what they can't stand is if the rules are broken somewhere along the way. If that happens, they can be absolutely unmerciful. On the other hand, men's major virtue is tenderness.

PLAYBOY: Tenderness?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Right. Tenderness is inherent, not to women, but to men. Women know that life is very hard.

PLAYBOY: If women have no historic sense, as you said, how do you explain such women as Eva Peron, Indira Gandhi and Golda Meir? Not to mention Joan of Arc?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Well, I'm speaking in general terms. You bring up fine and great exceptions.

PLAYBOY: Are you glad to see your sons growing up in a world where men and women are more at ease with one another?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: Ah, this is wonderful. I'm dying of envy. Sometimes, when I tell my sons of what it was like for me when I was young, they hardly believe me. For instance, they read *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*, which is the story of an atrocious crime in which two brothers kill a man. A girl is married, and on her wedding night, her husband returns her to her parents because she is not a virgin. So the two brothers kill the man they believe deflowered her. Now, that was a totally common drama in Latin America during my time. But when my sons read it, it seems like science fiction to them.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Mercedes?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: The whole story is in *Chronicle of a Death Foretold.* We lived in the same town, Sucre, when we were young. We became engaged in 1952, when I was working for the Bogota newspaper, *El Espectator.* Before the wedding, the paper gave me the opportunity to go to Europe as its foreign correspondent. So I had to choose between doing something I'd always wanted to do and the wedding. When I discussed this with Mercedes, she said, "It's better for you to go to Europe, because if you don't you'll blame me for the rest of our lives." And so I went. The original plan was for me to stay only a month. However, I wasn't in Europe very long when the dictator Rojas Pinella shut down *El Espectator*, leaving me stranded in Paris and broke. So I cashed in the return part of my aeroplane ticket and used the money to continue living in Europe. I stayed three years.

PLAYBOY: How did Mercedes react to that?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: This is one of the mysteries of her personality that will never be clear to me — even now. She was absolutely certain I'd return. Everyone told her she was crazy, that I'd find someone new in Europe. And in Paris, I did lead a totally free life. But I knew when it was over, I'd return to her. It wasn't a matter of honor but more like natural destiny, like something that had already happened. From Paris, I wrote to Mercedes every week. And after we were married, whenever something happened that she was unhappy with, she'd say, "You can't do this, because in your letter from Paris, you said you would never do such a thing." Finally, I told her, "I want to buy back all your letters." *[Mercedes has been quietly listening to this part of the conversation]* How much did I pay for them, Merce?

MERCEDES BARCHA: One hundred Bolivars.

GARCIA MARQUEZ: That was cheap.

MERCEDES BARCHA: It sure was.

PLAYBOY: What did Mercedes do with the money?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: I have no idea. *[Mercedes smiles]* What *I* did was burn the letters. And now, I'm truly glad I did that, because if the letters still existed, someone would be after them for publication.

PLAYBOY: What do you think the meaning of your life has been so far?

GARCIA MARQUEZ: I can answer you, perhaps, by telling you what I would like to have been in life if I had not become a writer. I'd want to have been a piano player in a bar.

That way, I would have made a contribution to making lovers feel even more loving toward each other. If I can achieve that much as a writer — to have people love one another more because of my books — I think that's the meaning I've wanted for my life.

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